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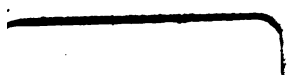
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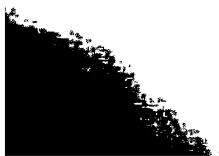


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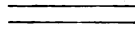
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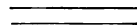
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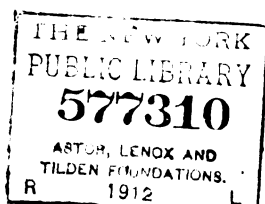
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THE MOTHER AND HER INFLUENCE UPON SOCIETY.

By Hugh Hughes, Waterville, N. Y.

Among the various instrumentalities that have been appointed for the preservation, development and perfection of life, none is more important than the mother. She is an integral part of the universal order.

Says Tennyson:

"Look! how this love, this mother, runs
thro' all
The world God made—even the beast—
the bird."

During the adolescent period in the life of beast or bird, as well as man, the ministrations of the mother are absolutely necessary, and any pretermission on her part would throw the whole of life's economy into disorder. Her essential character is aptly expressed in the audacious Jewish saying: "God could not be everywhere, so he made mothers."

The quality that differentiates and fits the mother for her duties, is her affection for her offspring. Love is her equipment, the source of her power and influence. It should be observed, however, that a wide gulf separates the human from the brute mother. One is under the dominion of instinct; instinct, supplemented

by reason, governs the other. The human mother is a mother always to her offspring; neither separation nor time effaces it from her memory, and among a thousand she would recognize its voice. The brute mother, on the other hand, withdraws her fondness for her young when they are able to provide for themselves.

An instinctive, inherent attribute, is the affection of a mother for her child. In its essence it is the same in all the various gradations and conditions of civilization, but intelligence, correct and lofty ideals, and a magnanimous temperament, broaden its scope, elevate and diversify its interests. In the savage mother it is as intense and capable of sacrifice as in her more gentle sister of a higher culture, but in the latter it has higher aims and motives. Considerations affecting the spiritual, moral and intellectual welfare of her child appeal to the highest type of mother, whereas the mother of low intelligence is satisfied with the gratification of the physical needs of her offspring. The



ter, as an examination of the literature of the church will reveal, has been reclaimed by the memory of a mother's prayers. Men pay a higher respect to woman because of their mothers. "Do you know why so often I speak what must seem to some of you rhapsody of woman?" says Henry Ward Beecher, "It is because I had a mother, and I can never say enough for woman for my mother's sake." The sacred thoughts, engendered by the tenderness and sympathy, the loving care and faithfulness of mother, heighten the joys of existence. Her consolation encourages and inspires the despairing, and her example as shown in her self-abnegation in behalf of others, reveals in operation the principle which should underlie conduct and govern men in their relation with each other. As Jupiter and his moons, on a small scale, reveal the law of the universe, so

the mother, as she is seen in the home and with her children, reveals what should be the character of the government of the moral world. In a word, she is the moral law in microcosm.

The mother is the most effective agency for the elevation of society, and as her efficiency is increased by training, no advantages of education and culture, and whatever makes for higher character, should be withheld from her. It is not exaggerating to say, in the words of another, that a succession of well instructed, judicious, and virtuous Christian mothers, would practically transform society. The laws of statesmen and the lessons of the divine, would be but feeble instruments of prevention and reformation, in comparison with the hallowed, all-prevailing agency of a maternal wisdom, energy and affection.

THE NEW CENTURY.

As in a dream I heard the sound
Of the passing away of Time;
I heard the solemn bells around—
No more the cheerful chime;
Then seemed the sound to wane and wane
Far, far into the past;
Then touched my soul the sad refrain
The passing of the last.

Then was all hushed and sadness reigned
A moment o'er the scene,
The Past my saddened soul retained
In the time of what has been;
But soon th' angelic anthems stirred
My soul with sudden glee
"All hail! It's now with us," I heard
"The New-Born Century!"

Rev. Morgan Rees, then resident in Philadelphia:

"I have now finished my tour through the greater part of the United States, the south and north-western territories; in the course of last year I travelled, at least, on this continent between four and five thousand miles. It would but spoil the narrative to begin a relation of it here; should you at any future period wish to obtain my particular account of this part of the world, I shall be ready to relate it, according to the dictates of truth.

"You have heard I expect, before this time, that John Evans is at length gone up the Missouri river. I was, the beginning of last May, within about three hundred miles of him, I had a full account of his peregrinations to that time, from G. Turner, one of the supreme judges for the northwestern territory, who saw him at St. Louis, northwest of the Mississippi, and twelve miles below the mouth of the Missouri. Poor John Evans had been imprisoned, by the order of the commandant of St. Louis, and had it not been for the interference of Judge Turner, this enterprising spirit must have died in that place. Turner pleaded for him to good purpose; he has obtained from the commandant passports in Spanish, French and English, to go on his journey. He has likewise gone up the Missouri, with the Indian traders, with proper articles to introduce himself to the different tribes. According to his present directions, he is to trace the Mis-

souri to its source; to approach the burning mountain as near as he can; to follow the western waters to the Pacific, and whether he meets with the Welsh Madogians or not, he will receive, on his return, two or three thousand dollars from the Spanish government.

"I have heard many additional tales concerning the Welsh Indians. I have conversed with the acting partner in the Missouri company; he has been among more Indians than any other white man on this continent; he knows nothing of the Welsh language, but by conversing in it, he could not say that he recognized the words or the idiom among the Indians north of the Missouri. He thinks that the Cadouces are out of the question; however, I delivered to him a Welsh vocabulary, and begged of him to give all the assistance he could to John Evans should he meet him. This man is to remain on the Missouri for three or four years, to trade with the Indians. He has promised to write to me from time to time, and I do assure you, it afforded me much pleasure in meeting a man of his disposition and information, engaged in the Indian trade. It is a confirmed fact that there are Welsh Indians on the Missouri, and in many places far west of the Mississippi I have seen deer and buffalo skins, with various other articles, dressed by them in a most capital manner.

"A Frenchman has lately been up the Missouri for fifteen hundred miles, and by what he could judge

of the stream, and the country, that river must be about two thousand four hundred miles in length. I have seen a map likewise of the Mississippi by actual survey, to its source. It forms an elbow and runs westward long before it meets the line appointed for the limits of the United States.

"Every part of this continent affords sufficient proofs of a more civilized people having existed here than the present Indians.

"At the last treaty, northwest of the Ohio, I had an opportunity of conversing with and seeing the manners of a greater number of chiefs than ever was seen together on this continent. I began a vocabulary of their different languages, the finishing part of which I was obliged to leave to the chaplain of the army, and one of the surgeons.

"I have heard from a friend in the north of England that an attempt is to be made to enlighten the world with respect to Welsh affairs, through the medium of the "*Cam-brian Register*." Should it be carried into execution, perhaps I may be able to give a little assistance, by relating some Indian tale, or by giving a description of the ancient fortifications, mounds, barrows;

graves, and the curiosities found in them, on the Ohio and other places. I have seen some of the finest crystals, ising-glass, some sheets of copper, with stone polished in very great perfection, taken lately out of a grave at Cincinnati on the Ohio. I have likewise seen the ruins of an old fort, part of it fallen into the same river, the mortar being exactly of the same quality with that in the old castles of Wales. Several other articles I have seen, which prove to demonstration that the arts were either cultivated in this country, or else the people must have a regular importation from other countries."

The John Evans mentioned was an adventurous young man, who was a native of Carnarvonshire, Wales. About the year 1790 he went to America with a view of discovering the Welsh Indians, or descendants of Madoc and his followers. After experiencing the difficulties stated by Rev. Morgan J. Rees, he was obliged to return to St. Louis, and died there of a fever about 1797, leaving no trace of having accomplished anything towards the discovery of the "Welsh Indians."



THE PAN AMERICAN EXPOSITION AT BUFFALO, N. Y.

The hand of the artist has labored without restraint in arranging the grounds and grouping the buildings for the great Pan-American Exposition, to be held at Buffalo in 1901. The plan was completed after protracted and painstaking study of the grounds and their surroundings, and with a keen appreciation of all the requirements of an Expo-

Delaware Park. The grounds are about one mile from north to south, and a half mile from east to west. Their situation is in the northern part of the city, accessible from every direction. The park lands form the southern part of the extensive grounds, and are pronounced by expert landscape architects to be among the most beauti-



sition upon the scale of magnificence here contemplated. The completed work will be a masterpiece, in which the designer of buildings and the landscape architect will alike share the honors. American architectural genius has indeed here produced glorious results. If one were to see only the exterior of this splendid Exposition he would find himself abundantly repaid for his visit to Buffalo in the Pan-American year.

The Exposition grounds include 350 acres, of which 133 acres are improved park lands, a part of

ful in the world. The trees and shrubbery in wonderful variety, the romantic foot-paths leading in all directions among the thick foliage, the loveliest of lakes, on whose surface numberless swams and other water fowl of immaculate plumage are constantly at sport the wide reaches of lawn and the rich embroidery of flowers, everywhere to be seen, all combine to refresh and restore the mind of him who tarries within these delectable precincts.

The accompanying views give some idea of the work upon the buildings for the Pan-American Ex-

position to be held in Buffalo this year. All of the large buildings of the Exposition include, also those here represented, the Agriculture Building, Manufactures and

Building and the Albright Gallery of Art. The Service Building, which is the administrative headquarters of the Exposition, was completed early last fall. The process of build-



Liberal Arts Building, Graphic Arts, Forestry and Mines, Horticulture, the large group of three Government Buildings, Temple of

ing a great Exposition has a charm to every one who has an interest in the development of any grand enterprise. It represents a vast organization, with its director-general and assistant directors, superintendents, contractors, care-takers, foremen, and an army of workmen under the discipline necessary to carry on rapidly and successfully a great work.



Music, Ethnology Building, Stadium, Midway entrances and concession buildings, New York State

The visitor who approaches the Exposition from the south will enter the grounds on Lincoln Parkway, a broad, beautiful, shaded boulevard. Nature has been assisted with consummate skill by the landscape architect, and here she presents her varied colors with the grace and refinement that years of culture have given her. Presently, the views widen and the water scenes meet the eye. On the right is the refectory. The lake is dotted with boats. On the left is the Albright

Art Gallery, presented by a Buffalo citizen, who has taken this opportune time to make the city a magnificent gift. It is a permanent building of white marble, designed to be the future home of Buffalo's best art treasures, and serving the purposes of an Art Building for the Exposition. Its cost is placed at upwards of \$350,000.

The dignified and stately beauty of the great Electric Tower, which will form the conspicuous centerpiece of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo this year, will command the rapt admiration of every visitor. The genius of the architect has been taxed to preserve lines and elements of beauty in a work of such tall proportions, but the problem has been well mastered. The height of the tower is 375 feet above the surface of the broad basin in which it stands. Its position is between the Court of the Fountains and the Plaza, on the north side of the Mall. It looks down upon the Agriculture Building at the east and the Electricity Building on the west. The tower proper is flanked on the east and west by long curved colonnades, which sweep to the southward and terminates in airy pavillions, forming a semi-circular space 200 feet across. Within the space and in a high niche in the main body of the Tower are cascades, while all about the basin are leaping jets and countless playful figures, each with its spurt of water combining to make a brilliant water scene. At the center of the niche is a tall geyser

fountain, whose waters find their way from the high basin within the niche over successive ledges and among a multitude of vases to the level of the pool. The main body of the tower is eighty feet square. From the surface of the water to the top of the colonnades is seventy-five feet. This portion of the structure is enriched by a system of decorative rusticated bands, which give an aspect of great solidity to the base. The shaft of the tower is treated with great simplicity. The center of each side is paneled with fantastically perforated work, through which is indistinctly revealed the massive framework of the tower. This feature is calculated to produce a remarkable effect when lighted from within, as it is the intention to do. The main shaft of the tower terminates in an elaborate entablature at the height of 200 feet. The crown of the tower rests upon this entablature, and is composed of three stories of diminishing proportions and varying design. The lower of these stories is an arcaded loggia, rich in ornamentation, and having the wall surfaces brilliantly colored. The second stage, or lantern of the tower crown, is in the form of a high, circular colonnade, entirely open, so as to allow the effect of the sky to be seen between the columns. A spiral staircase within the colonnade leads to the last stage of the tower, the cupola, over whose soaring dome is poised the superb figure of the Goddess of Light, in hammered brass, thus dominating the entire Exposition,

which owes so much to her generously exerted power.

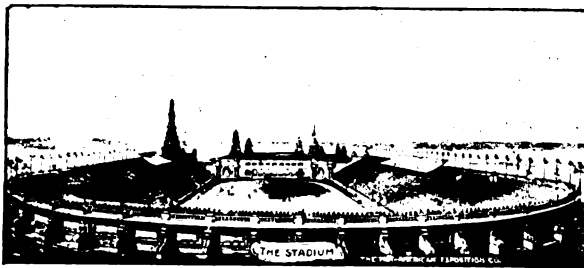
The entrance to the tower is across an ornamented bridge from the Plaza, on the north side. Eleva-

From the cupola the eye can sweep the whole Niagara Frontier, and look far into Canada, beyond the majestic river that separates that country from the States.



tors will carry passengers to the various floors, which will be devoted to different purposes of the Exposition, such as reception rooms, offices, restaurants, belvederes and

While the Stadium at the Pan-American Exposition was designed primarily for athletic and sporting events, it is intended also for the parade and judging of live stock,



amusement halls. A large restaurant and roof garden, at a height of 200 feet, will give the diner a broad and beautiful view of the Exposition and the surrounding landscape.

and for the exhibition of farm and road machinery, traction engines, automobiles and other vehicles in motion. It will be the most magnificent arena ever erected in Ameri-

ca. The seating capacity is estimated for 25,000 spectators. In its exterior dimensions it is larger than the famous Colosseum at Rome. It will contain a quarter mile track and abundant space for all the popular athletic games and sports. The architectural adornment of the Stadium is very elaborate and beautiful, having the aspect of massiveness and durability. The exterior is covered with staff, and the sides are broken by ornamental columns and richly moulded brackets and panels. The arrangement of the Stadium is that of a vast amphitheatre, the top row of seats being 60 feet above ground. At convenient points standards are to be placed for the support of awnings to insure greater comfort of the spectators. The entrance of the Stadium is a large building whose upper floors will be used for restaurant purposes. This building is 241 feet long by 52 feet wide, with towers 164 feet high. The architecture is very picturesque and appropriate for the use for which it is intended. The style is that of the Spanish Renaissance in conformity with the general style of Exposition buildings. The lower story is an arcaded arrangement. The red tile roof has broad eaves. Bright colors will be used in the further decoration of the building and the old Spanish towers give it a finish beauty and make it one of the most prominent features of the Exposition. It is said that no exhibitor has ever had such a splendid arena

in which to make displays of live stock, machinery or vehicles.

The Stadium will cover several acres of land and its situation is on the east side of the Plaza opposite the Midway. It is near the great northern entrance to the Exposition, adjacent to the steam and trolley railway stations. The Stadium will also be used for exhibition purposes, the space under the seats being the equivalent of a very large building. The Athletic Carnival to be held in the Stadium is intended to be one of the most important ever held in America. It will bring together many of the most famous specialists in the world who will entertain the Exposition visitors with their feats of strength, skill and endurance.

One of the chief architectural features at the Pan-American Exposition will be the splendid Temple of Music. This will be the center for musical interests at the great All-American Exposition. Music lovers will naturally wend their way to this building very soon after arrival upon the grounds, and both here and from the band stands in the great Esplanade and in the Plaza they will always find some entertainment in progress which will appeal to their love of musical art. Its architecture is a free treatment of the Spanish Renaissance, it being octagonal in form, with pavilions at the corners. The grand entrance is at the corner of the Esplanade and Court of Fountains, the spacious courts upon which

most of the principal buildings of the Exposition have their frontage. The cornice and balustrade are of elaborate composition, the latter bearing names familiar to the musical world. The interior of the temple will be particularly fine in its sculptural and color decorations. The exterior of the building will be ornate in architectural features, and groups of sculpture designed to il-

lustrate the purpose and character of the building. The great organ for the Temple of Music, which is to cost \$10,000, is under construction by Emmons Howard & Son, and already there is much eagerness among the leading organists of the United States

to have the privilege of playing upon it during the Exposition. Two recitals by prominent exponents of this branch of musical art will be given each day. Concerts by the leading instrumental organizations of America and Europe will be given every day during the progress of the Exposition in the Music Temple and from the band stands in the Plaza, Esplanade and other parts of the grounds. In connection with the subject of music at the Pan-American Exposition, mention should be made of the notable attractions to music lovers to be provided at the great



lustrate the purpose and character of the building. A dome whose crown is 136 feet above grade, and whose interior is brilliant with golden tints and other rich hues gives an imposing finish to the structure. Star-shaped windows in the drum of the dome admit abundant light to the large auditorium. This will seat 1,200 persons, and with the additional seating capacity afforded in the balconies fully 2,000 persons can be accommodated. The decorations of the interior will illustrate such subjects as the grand divisions of Music, Oratorio, Grand Opera, Symphonic Music, etc. The sculp-

ture, by some of the most noted sculptors in America, will typify such subjects as religious music, lyric music, gay music, heroic music, etc. The great organ for the Temple of Music, which is to cost \$10,000, is under construction by Emmons Howard & Son, and already there is much eagerness among the leading organists of the United States to have the privilege of playing upon it during the Exposition. Two recitals by prominent exponents of this branch of musical art will be given each day. Concerts by the leading instrumental organizations of America and Europe will be given every day during the progress of the Exposition in the Music Temple and from the band stands in the Plaza, Esplanade and other parts of the grounds. In connection with the subject of music at the Pan-American Exposition, mention should be made of the notable attractions to music lovers to be provided at the great

Saengerfest of the North American Saengerbund, which will open in Buffalo on Monday evening, June 24th, 1901. It is expected that this Saengerfest will have the largest attendance of any ever held. Besides the singing by the great choruses of the Saengerbund, there will be singing by the massed male choruses of Buffalo. An orchestra is to be engaged for the occasion of from 80 to 100 men. For the purpose of defraying the expenses of the 'Fest, a company has been formed by Buffalo music lovers, called the Buffalo Saengerfest Company, with a capital stock of \$40,000, divided into 1,600 shares at \$25 each. Each share of stock entitles the holder to two season tickets to the Saengerfest, and entitles him also to a pro rata share in the proceeds of the festival.

The importance of the great Falls, Rapids and Gorge of the Niagara River as auxiliaries to the many and varied attractions of the Pan-American Exposition to be held in Buffalo, May 1st to November 1, 1901, cannot well be over-estimated. In its immense flow of waters, its grand scenery, and its historic lore, the Niagara is one of the most renowned rivers of the world. Its great cataract has defied the descriptive powers of poets and philosophers, and baffled the delineative skill of painters and photographers. The grandeur of their environment renders the Falls perennially interesting at all seasons of the year, and very few of those

who visit the Pan-American Exposition but will desire also to visit them. The trip from Buffalo can be made in half an hour. Perhaps the most comprehensive nearviews of the Falls are those obtained on the Canadian side of the Gorge, especially that from Falls View station. Here is seen a complete panorama, embracing the rushing and turbulent currents of the upper rapids, and the whole sweep of the falling waters, reaching from end to end nearly four-fifths of a mile, with the great Horseshoe Fall in the foreground separated by Goat Island from the American Fall, which is 158 feet high, and 1,881 feet wide. The State Reservation on the American side, and Queen Victoria Park, across the river in Canada, are delightful observation grounds, both open for the enjoyment of the public free of any charge. To the scientific visitor the electrical power development at the Falls will be especially interesting. On the American side there are two great corporations utilizing the current of the Niagara River for developing electric power used in many industries at the Falls. The power thus generated by one of these corporations is also transmitted to Buffalo, 25 miles distant, for use for the electric lighting of the city, for operating a great electric trolley car system, and in many important manufacturing establishments. The power thus transmitted will likewise be extensively used for the purpose of the Exposition.

HERBERT SPENCER.

 By Tudor Williams.

Time's foremost thinker, he from off the height
 Of vast unfolding science, looked afar
 And saw the Truth's full-burning, glorious star,
 The erst deep gloom of human thought make bright!
 Eld's sages' eyes were keen, but lacked the light
 Wherewith true knowledge 'lumes the cosmic maze.
 They saw purblindly, hindered in their gaze
 By ignorance' darkness, superstition's haze;
 Through mystic reasoning's led to denser night!
 He, like an eagle of wide reaching sight
 Above the clouds and mists his eyry made
 And clear the whole great universe surveyed;
 Traced grand effects each to its potent cause;
 Discerned creation's high, undoubted laws
 And read the future; science' perfect seer. '



ST. DAVID'S CHURCH.

 By Archdeacon Williams, Little Rock, Ark.

Two hundred years ago a colony of Welsh people settled near Radnor, not far from Philadelphia, Pa. Recently the two hundredth anniversary of their parish church has been celebrated with becoming gladness. Few American parishes can look back on a history of two centuries.

Longfellow wrote of this old church, St. David's, and it might be well if some Eisteddfod committee would select it as a theme for a competitive poem, or romance.

Nearly thirty years ago the writer

was favored with space in "Y Drych," for a series of articles, "Hen Gymry o Urddas," and several of those characters were associated with, or related to this old church of Radnor, Pa. One of them, the Rev. Evan Evans, a faithful missionary, held services there in 1700, using the Welsh language. About that time, one of their number, John Clubb, went to Wales and, under the patronage and guidance of the Bishop of St. David's, was ordained. He returned to Radnor and preached the word of God

to his fellow colonists in the Welsh language. Under his untiring labors a stone church was erected in 1715. The following year he died, and, during the next two years, the little flock was cared for by the Rev. Evan Evans. He was succeeded by the Rev. John Humphreys.

In 1729 the famous Anthony

The graveyard around the old church has always been a place of interest to strangers, scarcely less so than the church itself. There lie the mortal remains of sturdy Welshmen, who braved the dangers of the New World when all was new. But special dangers offered exceptional usefulness. One of the grandest things about life is the



St. David's Church.

Wayne, then a young man, appears among the subscribers to the church. St. David's was famous for its patriotism during the revolutionary period, as well as its loyalty to the Crown during the French and Indian wars preceding. A tradition is current that some of the sacred vessels of the church were converted into bullets, for use in the War of the Revolution.

rightful use of its opportunities. With great self-denial they established the services of the mother-church—"Yr Hen Fam"—in the midst of the colony.

So far as we know St. David's is the oldest church, of Welsh origin, in the United States. There were others which antedated St. David's, but they have either disappeared, or became so thoroughly anglicised

at an early date that their Welsh foundations were obliterated, and their Welsh founders entirely ignored. St. David's parishioners, to their credit let it be said, have cherished the memories and traditions of the earliest settlers; and now, at the time of the two hundredth anniversary, the leading persons of Philadelphia, religious and secular,

long the Welsh language was used in St. David's, to the exclusion of the English; but, from facts and from legitimate inferences, it is quite certain that the native vernacular was in use more than fifty years. The parish was not without some evidences characteristic of the transition from the use of one language to that of another. That



St. David's Church—Interior.

pay deserving tribute to this ancient church of continuous life. The cuts used in this article are by the generous courtesy of the "Church Standard" of Philadelphia, presented to our "Cambrian" readers.

Knowledge is certainly a necessary precedent condition to a wise conclusion. We have no definite means at hand to determine how

church has lived; it has grown, it flourisheth. Traditions shall fail, tongues shall cease, and knowledge shall vanish away; but the spiritual growth, like the vine, is organic, and works from within outward, and survives all external changes. The woof of that church was Welsh, but it was shot with a warp divine.

HOW THINGS WERE CREATED.

 By Theologus.

IX.

Lamarck, Chevalier de (1744-1829) occupied a critical position in the development of the evolution theory, and he may be rightly reckoned the John Baptist, the greatest of its prophets, and the forerunner of Darwinism. He deserves a high place, also, among the heroes of science. He was the greatest naturalist in the service of evolution preceding Charles Darwin. In the pursuit of facts and arguments for the establishment of the new truth he was devoted and self-sacrificing; in all his incessant and untiring industry in the service of the great method of creation he was single-eyed and single-minded; he was absolutely seeking the truth; and he showed the highest quality of heroism in his fidelity to what he considered and believed to be the interests of science in the face of bitter opposition, ridicule and persecution. In his day, among his contemporaries, he was like the voice of one crying in the wilderness; even after his death there was only one in his country who adopted and advocated his views. The greatest Frenchman of his age and a leading naturalist, called every forthcoming book of his "a new folly," and scholars were disposed to regard his works and elaborate views as the ravings of a madman.

But although isolated, spurned and ostracised in the philosophical and scientific world, he still adhered to what he believed in his soul to be true, in his blindness, and even to his death. In the highest sense of the word, he was no respecter of persons, but a seeker after truth itself.

In later years, his theory was taken up and defended by Darwin, and many of his views are seen at the root of Herbert Spencer's philosophy. Although this great precursor of evolution made his exit in utter darkness and despair, the truth which he gave his sight and life to teach and preach, dawned on the world with wonderful effect. Under the influence of Spencer's mind it has spread its light over all the fields of philosophy and life.

Lamarck had shown exceptional ability in the field of botany; but as soon as he was transferred to a Zoological chair in the "Jardins des Plantes," he evinced greater aptitude still and introduced remarkable reforms in classification, and the whole theory of evolution seems to have been suggested to his susceptible mind. There happened a transformation, a rapid development of the conception of the mutability and the origin of species by descent. In his time, with very few

exceptions, nature was to the general mind constant and unchangeable in her laws, immutable in her production of species invariable in their parts and functions. To him nature became pliant and plastic, sensitive to environment and circumstances, open to mutabilities and variations which account for all the species and widely different forms of life. To him nature produced all the species of animals from the most imperfect to the most perfectly organized. He was the most daring speculator of his time; and, probably, no other thinker had ever grasped the idea of creation so masterly as to reduce it to three simple elements, viz. time, space and material. This fact shows his intellect was mightily comprehensive. "Time is no difficulty with nature," he says. "It is the means by which she has accomplished the greatest and the least of her manifold works." All that nature needs are time, space and matter; and she has used merely these through the ages. The Creative Power has used these and these alone. The method has been gradual growth with variations under the influence of environment. Within the lines of space and time, life revealed in growth has produced all the multifarious forms and powers discovered in nature. His laws were: Life by her own forces tends continually to increase and vary; a new organ is produced by a new want caused by change of environment; organs are developed

by use; acquired characters are transmitted.

Great changes in environment bring about great changes in the habits of animals; change in habits develop the use of new parts or organs, or a different use of old parts or organs; circumstances and sharp changes in their habits affect their forms; he refers all rudimentary organs to misuse. Although many of his views differ but little from those of evolutionists of to-day, he was the butt of ridicule by reason of some of his awkward illustrations and crude arguments. Some of his descriptions of the origin of certain animals or their organs are too awkward and abrupt to command respect. For instance, certain birds had their webbed feet by making efforts to swim, spreading the toes, the skin being thus stretched between them, Again: all mammals sprung from saurians—crocodiles or such—they were for a time amphibious; then became wholly land animals; gained their limbs by efforts to walk; ungulates got their hard hoofs from standing on them; horns were got by butting; swift types of animals acquired their swiftness by being exposed to the attacks of carnivorous animals; snakes originated from reptiles, losing their limbs through disuse, and acquired length by working themselves through holes, etc. To him, all the varied forms of life in nature must have been derived without special interference from original elements.

In one of his last works he gives the following account of the origin of life: "In the waters of the ancient world, as well as in the present time, very small masses of mucilaginous matter were collected. Under the influence of light, certain elements, caloric and electric, en-

tered these little bodies. These corpuscles became capable of taking up and inhaling gases; vital movements began, and thus an elemental plant or animal sprang into existence. Nature is always creating gelatinous matter from which spring elementary life."



THE MISSION OF MUSIC.

By Rev. T. A. Humphreys.

Part III.

The Hebrews made a specially prominent and effective use of musical instruments in the tabernacle and temple services. Of these there were three kinds: 1. Instruments of percussion and agitation; 2. Stringed instruments. 3. Wind instruments. Bach says thus regarding the organ, which words could be applied to all instruments connected with singing: "The purpose of the organ is to incite calm, devoted feeling, and to support the choir, not to drive or overpower, following and balancing rather than leading, always playing modestly and with correctness and dignity."

We should make far greater use than we do of the deep rich minor music. Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and all others really great musicians have written their masterpieces under the crushing weight of sorrow and in the minor key. Ornithologists say that it is

minor music the birds delight to sing, and that they render their sweetest strains when pierced by an arrow. It is in the school of affliction, as experienced by the Scotch Covenanters, hounded by the dogs of persecution, and the negro, scourged by the lash of servitude, that the most pathetic music is sung. We speak of sadness connected with the minor key from habit and custom. But, in fact, we have never seen any so enraptured as when singing minor pieces. The minor suggests to us at once that there has been a fearful storm, that the feelings have been lacerated, that the tears have been flowing; but now the storm has ceased, the waves are still, there is a great calm, the feelings are healed, the mother has wiped the tears, and peace and happiness sing their songs in the heart and the home and the sanctuary. The minor

strains serve as a background to the picture, the cloud to the rainbow, without which those charming effects could never be produced. All will discover sooner or later that sin and suffering are in the world, and very wholesome it is to the moral character to hear music which suggests that awful fact. There would not be so much frivolity and levity in the world if the deep music which was sung by the old people a half century ago was more commonly used. Minor music causes reverberations to proceed from the four walls of the church, and thrills of joy to ring from the center to the circumference of the soul as major music cannot produce. A great joy that follows the deepest sorrow is usually more naturally and impressively expressed in the minor than in the major key. There are some short, easy tunes, major and minor, we heard in childhood, which are full of music, and we can never forget their sweetness and suggestiveness. There are some such plain and beautiful pieces in this present age; but far too many, especially of the Sunday School selections, on account of the effort to adapt them to the capacities of the singers, are reduced to jigs and jingles, which can never satisfy even ordinary musicians, and can never aid worship in any heart. If church music cannot always be technically classical it should be greatly enriched, and receive far more attention; and the deep, rich, strong, substantial

hymns and tunes and anthems should be selected.

Every atom of the marvelous power of music should be used in God's service. The revival of religion is accompanied by the revival of music, and vice versa. It is well said that the church has scarcely begun to use this power in its fullness. The people of God three thousand years ago made use of every method of singing solos, antiphonies, choruses, refrains, marching songs, and of every kind of musical instruments—the trumpet, the psaltery (or an instrument of ten strings), the harp, the timbrel, the organ, the loud cymbal and the high-sounding cymbal. Let us employ everything and method legitimate to give wings and inspiration to the service of song.

Again, music excels all the other arts in her ingenuity to penetrate the empire of the spiritual world, and in her adaptability to express ideas respecting spiritual existences. In endeavoring to make real the unexplored regions of this mysterious domain we encounter at the outset the insuperable obstacle of the inadequacy of human language to communicate the conception of these unseen realities. The significance and power of these spiritual entities can be conveyed only through the medium of images, symbols or analogies. The objects of the material world, which serve as figures and forms, must be used to represent deeper and sublimer truths. There is more in these

words which have come from the great soul of John Milton than we at first think:

"What if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven and things
therein,
Each to other like, more than on earth is
thought."

Or as another has suggested, we can say that the flowers may be the alphabet of angels, whereby they write on hills and fields the mysterious truths of the unseen universe.

But music has power more ethereal, penetrating and far-reaching than the most charming and instructive flowers and landscape can possibly possess. The strains of music are so delicate that they can enter through the barriers which divide us from the confines of the spiritual realm. The child of God who is blind and deaf to all sensuous objects hears unearthly music before he leaves his house of clay. Dying saints testify that music fills their souls with delight when all other agencies utterly fail to communicate any thought or emotion. The word spirit is derived from the same root as the word breath, and when the vocal chords or the organ set the breath or the air in motion according to certain laws of sound music is produced, and this bears our mind and heart from the root derivation and meaning of the word to the spiritual kingdom itself of ideas and realities. The genius of music always carries us involuntarily, irresistibly, beyond the objects of sense into the region of pure thought, emotion, love and the unseen. Music crowds

our spiritual nature with suggestions of another scene of existence and activity as no other art can. It brings us the nearest of all to the spiritual. Its chords are real connecting links between the material and the spiritual worlds, and, at the same time they traverse the territories of both, and come to us laden and trembling with thoughts and thrills for our instruction and inspiration. Music has the advantage over poetry in that it needs no translation from one language into another, and by means of this transference lose so much, by evaporation and the ill-adaptedness of the new mold, of its original power and pathos. It possesses extraordinary and unique spiritual elasticity by which it can enter with perfect ease and grace into any language and any form. This heavenly maid, as music is wont to be called, verily extends her vibrating strings from the vile cold clod to the brilliant spiritual throne of the universe, thrilling and filling all the intervening space with anthems and ecstasies.

Still another important mission of music is its association with poetry, particularly in certain of its forms, for the purpose of adding to it peculiar and practical power and effect. Music magnetizes or electrifies, yes, it vivifies poetry. For many selections of lines denominated poetry music performs much the same service as electricity does for the lines of wire extended overhead which transmit that agent that produces light and heat and

power, and these work transformations in social and mercantile circles. Music, like life, enters into that cold inorganic poetic lump, and by its vivific action, there springs forth from it a lively bud, and then smiles a charming flower, and upon that bush beautiful birds sing most sweetly. There are some classes of so-called poetry that would scarcely be heard at all if not for the excellent music with which they are connected. Still literature is not destitute of poetry possessing intrinsic value, and read for what it contains in itself. The effect even of first grade poetry is greatly augmented by its being associated with rich and appropriate music. Two strands twisted together are many times stronger than each separate. Two hands working in harmony accomplish tenfold more than a single hand. Two colors can do by way of painting and adornment what one color never can. Two strings can play endlessly varied chords that one cannot. The union of the genius of real music with the genius of true poetry forms an almost irresistible stream of power and influence. If music is able to galvanize a disgusting corpse bearing the name of poetry, and make it a production of distinguished appreciation and wide popularity, what can it do by way of enriching and strengthening of a piece already full of life and value? Although the words themselves are of real worth it is very little the world would think of such soul-stirring pieces as these, for in-

stance, if not for the music by which they are sung: "The Star Spangled Banner," "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," "Who Will Care for Mother Now?" "Rock of Ages, Cleft For Me," "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," "There is a Fountain Filled With Blood," "Lead, Kindly Light," "O Sacred Head, Once Wounded," "Broad is the Road that Leads to Death." Music frequently breathes the very soul into our hymns. A matter of special importance is that the words and music are well suited to one another. Both can be excellent even, still if not mutually adapted, when one expresses one sentiment and the other a contrary one, they detract from the value and effect of each other. There can be a good man and an excellent woman, and yet they cannot be yoked together with any comfort or success. Unless it works a decided improvement we very much dislike to divorce an old hymn and an old tune that have lived together and sung together and gladdened thousands of hearts by their close union all these years. Separated and remarried they have a new and different and less effect. A grand tune immortalizes a good, and even an ordinary hymn.

In the next place, we wish to say a few things upon the mission of music as the universal art. It is universal in three senses: 1. It contains in itself the general philosophical, constructing, practical and influential principles of all the arts. It derives its inspiration and mate-

rials from the same source. In common it traverses the shining path of suns and beams, life and joy. It feeds upon the beautiful. It constructs its works after the same pattern of beauty and lines of harmony. It has also the same grand object in view in all its operations. 2. In the sense that music is universally practiced. Men train the horse, the dog and the pig to sing. The most unmusical men, it is claimed by experts, can learn to sing. The seas, the forests and the mountains sing. Music is everywhere. 3. It is universal in its effect. Some men say that they even despise music; but when they hear it in its naturalness and beauty and power they are charmed by it. Irrational animals love music. It is very easy to teach the horse to keep step to it. Music tames the most ferocious brutes. Music is the universal art "that calms the agitations of the soul." It touches the whole experience of man. We quote the following selection to show the effect of music as an inspiration to labor. "A Philadelphia contractor has learned that men work better and more contentedly when encouraged by music. While visiting the Soudan, in Egypt, he watched the laborers at work on the English railroad. To every gang of forty or fifty workmen were assigned two harpers and a flute player. These musicians play almost continually, and while they play the workmen, who are nearly all negroes, work steadily and apparently without tiring, their movements

conforming as nearly as possible to the time of the music. As a rule the players tire before the workmen, but if the music stops the laborers soon lag and play at work unless directly under the eye of the overseer." Stirred by the beating of the drum and the playing of the full band the brave soldier marches forward without trepidation into the very fire of shot and shell and artillery, and with a heart throbbing with patriotism he faces with unflinching fortitude the most implacable foe. We cannot very well refrain from presenting the following touching incident which so tenderly and forcibly illustrates the point in hand. In the spring of 1863, two great armies were encamped on either side of the Rappahannock River, one dressed in blue, and the other in gray. As twilight fell the bands of the Union side began to play "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Rally Round the Flag;" and the challenge of music was taken up by those upon the other side and they responded with "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Away Down South in Dixie." It came into the soul of a single soldier in one of those bands of music to begin a sweeter and more tender air, and slowly as he played there joined in a sort of chorus of all the instruments upon the Union side, until finally a great and mighty chorus swelled up and down our army "Home, Sweet Home." When they had finished there was no challenge yonder, for every band upon that further shore had taken up the lovely air, so at-

tuned to all that is holiest and dearest, and one great chorus of the two vast hosts went up to God, and when they had finished, from the boys in gray came a challenge, "Three cheers for home," and as they went resounding through the skies from both sides of the river, "something upon the soldiers' cheeks washed off the stains of powder." And all this marvelous moving and blending of diverse spirit and feelings are effected by pure music alone without the use of a single word. Music is more unbounded in its suggestiveness, and hence in its power, than prose and poetry. When words are employed, although they plainly indicate a certain direction and clearly express definite thoughts, the mind is limited to a few special ideas at most. It requires a better natural or trained ear to interpret the playing of an orchestra alone than with the lines of poetry connected; but it is far more delicate and comprehensive in its effect, and a thousand times more ideas are crowding our attention than the words can possibly suggest. Words are more definite and music more general in their impressions upon the mind. Thus in this sense again we see that music is the universal art.

And finally, music has the sublime mission of exercising its almost omnipotent social power. This is witnessed in our streets, in all low dives and vile dens, at all places of amusement, as well as at all resorts of good character. Our great evangelist, now the immortal

Dwight Lyman Moody, well appreciated this power when he so wisely selected his sweet singer and provided so amply for the service of song. Singing of any kind is social and sympathetic; sacred singing is eminently so, because it touches the chords of man's higher nature, and is associated with loftier beings. When Ulysses sailed past the isle of the sirens, who had power to charm by their songs all who came near, to prevent himself and his crew from landing, he filled his own and their ears with wax, and bound himself and them with knotted thongs to the mast. But when Orpheus went by this same island, he being a great musician, allured and held himself and crew by producing better music. We can be drawn and kept from the enchanting voices of all the tempting sea-nymphs of the world by the superior music of heaven. Music is that charged wire that holds together the members of the family, of the community, and of the nation. It is that strong tie that unites nation to nation and world to world. God's music is the history of love, and this is the second bond that draws earth to heaven and man to God, and binds the universe to the throne. William Shakespeare forcibly and aptly exclaims:

"Do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and
neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet
sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears!

You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,

Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,

By the sweet power of music:

Therefore, the poet

Did feign, that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;

Since naught so stockish, hard and full of rage,

But music for the time doth change his nature.

The man that hath no music in himself, Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; The motions of his spirit are dull as night, Let no such man be trusted."

O, the softening, soothing, alleviating, healing, comforting, cheering, animating, overcoming, uplifting, transporting, universal power of music! All the din of commerce, all the clatter of horses, all the rattle of vehicles, all the cries and yells and laughs of children, all the expressions of grief and joy, all the rumbling of cars and hum of machinery; in short, all kinds of noises from the populous city reach the ears of the listeners on the lofty mountain top in the minor key; and this minor music fills the heart with the most exalted joy, because it gives the singer and hearer the assurance and foretaste of the blending with this of celestial strains from above, and this combination is the miracle of music. Earth has no sorrow but heaven's music can transpose into the sweetest anthem of praise. Earth has no tear but heaven's chords can smite and transform into lenses through which to see the gates of pearl.

We should never forget that music is acted by our life as well as sung by our lips. May our heavenliest impulses, our noblest purposes, our loftiest aims, our holiest ambitions, our sublimest aspirations, our boldest endeavors and our grandest actions beat in true harmony with the music of what Lord Francis Bacon calls the most beautiful thing in the universe, the moral law.

And now let the human vocal organs, which are the most exquisitely perfect musical instrument ever made upon the earth, unite in the universal song with all the purling streams and all the majestic Mississippi, with all the charming cascades and all the deafening Niagara, with every gentle dewdrop and all the roaring waves of the sea, with every graceful tree and all the extensive forests, with every beautiful hill, and every towering mountain, with every little canary, and all the soaring eagles, with every shining beam and all the mighty sun-systems, with all the unmeasured ethereal regions and the mysterious music of the spheres, and with all the glorified beings above who dwell in the home of perfect harmony and of the golden harp, and who accompany the Hallelujah Obligato of the crimson chord of Calvary, till the whole universe shall be flooded with the music-waves of the sublime oratorio of the never-ending ages. Honor this divine art, music, this fairest daughter of heaven!



FIELD OF LETTERS

BEDDGELERT: Its Facts, Fairies and Folk-Lore, by D. E. Jenkins, Portmadoc; Llywelyn Jenkins, 1898.

In his Preface the Author states that work is based upon the articles by William Jones (Bleddyn) in "Y Brython," 1861, together with his essay on "The Folk-Lore of Carnarvonshire," which the present writer has secured for the purpose of giving the English reader an idea of what the inhabitants of the district associate with their homes. The volume is divided into 23 chapters, which pretty nearly exhaust the history and folk-lore connected with Beddgelert and vicinity. The following subjects and places are treated in this entertaining volume: The Parish and its Antiquities; The Village of Beddgelert; the Village Hotels; the Legend of Gelert; Folk-Lore of the Parish; the Priory, the Church, the Graveyard, Nant Colwyn, Nant Gwynen, Aberglaslyn, Nanmor; Religious and Educational Awakenings. In these pages the interest of a novel and the charm of folk-lore are combined with instructive history.

A **DRAMA** entitled "The Bard and the Musician, or Who Will Win the Fair?" by Elphin. Carnarvon: The "Genedl" Office. Price 6d.

This is a comedy wherein the Welsh Eisteddfod, committees, bards, musicians and choirs are represented in a droll and humorous way. The characters afford considerable fun, and the Author uses the opportunity to ridicule some national failings and foibles. Some of the scenes are truly laughable, especially where the English speaking members of the committee fail to real-

ize and master the idiosyncracies and peculiarities of the "Mesurau Caethlon" and the "Awdl." The whole situation is amusing, and Donald McDownie's question "What is a 'noodle?'" strikes the key of the whole business. The love scene between Mary and Robin is pretty and truly dramatic; the situation after the defeat of the choir under Handel Jones is also full of riotous humor; and although the chaired bard, an incarnation of egotism and affectation, wins the Fair, we fully agree with Mary who says, "Er i fod o'n fardd, chym'rwn i ddim dwsin o hono fo am yr hen Robin" (Although he is a poet I wouldn't take a dozen of him for my old Robin).

"Cymru'r Plant" completes the ninth volume. In the December number the Editor makes a pretty bid for the patronage of its young readers during the next year, and the opening year of the new century. "Cymru'r Plant" is pre-eminently a National Magazine for Welsh children. Among the contents of the number are "Fred" by Daniel Owen; Christmas in the Andes; Ben Bowen, the youngest chaired bard in Wales, etc. Among the poems are "Heaven's Grove," and "In Memoriam" by Bryfdir and Ioan ap Gruffydd, beautifully pathetic. In answer to an appeal made by the Editor as to the best three poets of Wales, 400 responded. The best three departed poets are Islwyn, Eben Vardd and Ceiriog; the best three living poets, Dyfed, Elfed and Hwfa.

The December number of "Trysorfa y Plant" concludes the 39th year of its

life. In its annual address to its readers the "Trysorfa" pathetically remembers many of the old subscribers who have passed away; but feels encouraged and is made happy by the accession of new readers. It promises to continue the good work of entertaining its juvenile readers. Among the articles are a sketch of the life of the Rev. J. J. Roberts (Iolo Caernarfon), a minister of the Calvinistic communion, born 1840 in Llanllyfni. He enjoyed very little education; he started to work in the slate quarry; when 26 years of age he went to school at Clynog, where he commenced to preach in 1867. In the following year he proceeded to Bala, where he remained for four years. His first charge was a church at Trefeinion (1873); was ordained at Llanrwst in 1874; whence he moved to Portmadoc. Since he has been greatly honored by the Calvinistic Communion, and has filled many positions of trust and prominence. He was a member of the Hymnology Committee, and was Moderator of the Association at Llanberis last year. Mr. Roberts is a writer and poet of note among the Welsh. The sketch is accompanied with a fine portrait.

Among the articles and papers in the November number of "Yr Haul" are several that deserve especial attention and consideration. "The Only Sacrifice," a series of papers translated from the English, is continued. In this number an attempt is made to show that the prophecies of the Old Testament foretold the institution of the Mass, and that it is the only form of sacrifice and worship under the present dispensation. The prophecies were expressed in forms present to the prophets which does not signify that those forms would continue, but that the spiritual things symbolized by them would replace them. The Mass could not be a "real" sacrifice to a spiritually minded man. Christ taught us to

say, "Our God, which art in heaven" (not on the altar); and again "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in truth and in spirit," and "the Father seeketh such to worship him."

—In the paper entitled "The Church Press in Wales," remarks are made which unavoidably draw our attention to a fact which is not complimentary to the Church among the Welsh people. It has been too much the handmaid of England in Wales, since it has never regarded the language of the people to the degree she should have done. Is it not strange that the Church Welsh Press has never been a power in Wales, although the rich are almost invariably members of the Church? The Church represents wealth enough to support the best literature and to scatter it broadcast among the poorer classes in Wales, but it has never done it. The Nonconforming churches have done infinitely more to reach and teach the people in their own language. The Church has always been half-hearted.

"Y Dysgedydd" for December opens with a sermon based on 1 John 2: 1, 2, by the Rev. D. Adams, B. A., Liverpool. The subject is the Atonement of Christ. Although this truth as a simple fact is of great comfort to the believing Christian, its philosophy is bewildering and unsatisfactory. It is beyond the ken of man, and beyond the province of human thought. The only phase of the question which is legitimate is what becomes within man's experience. In the article "The Congregationalists and Education in Wales," the Rev. Lewis Jones, Ty'n-coed, gives an instructive sketch of the relations of Congregationalism with the educational growth of Wales. This is divided into five parts: the part played by the Pulpit, the Press, the Sunday School, the Day Schools, and the National Schools. This suggests the thought that the several religious

communions of Wales might have done much more good and practical work had they organized their forces more effectively. It is a strange truth that the several organs of the Nonconformist communions are not by far the powers they should be. Some of them are poor. Each denomination is strong enough to publish a national paper of ability and influence. The Church of England in Wales comes into the same category. Its organ is unworthy of a powerful religious organization. None of them have as yet done their full part towards Welsh journalism and literature. Religious organs in Wales are not worthy of the bodies they represent. The other articles are "The Chorister;" the Late Rev. M. C. Morris, Ton, Rhondda; "The Mission;" Events of the Month; a Religious Meditation; a Miscellany of reports, reviews, notes, etc.

The "Cronicl" for December has the usual departments—Religious Notes, by Eynon; Peter and Maria Jones, a novel of some interest; The Sunday School Corner; The Pen and the Sword (a dialogue); Obituaries; "The Story of the Month," by the Editor; The "Cronicl" for the coming year.

—In his Preface the Editor refers playfully to the beginning of the century argument, stating that the "Cronicl" took into consideration the both sides of the question by improving its looks, size and quality at the incoming of 1900, so in a way it celebrates the both years as the sure beginning of the 20th century. It ought to please both parties.

It inaugurates also the idea of localizing itself so that different churches may use it for local announcements of church work, births, marriages and deaths. This plan will give it additional local interest.

—Eynon refers hopefully to the Free Church Alliance's plan of arranging means of reaching all classes of people

with evangelistic work. There is no doubt but many parts of Great Britain, especially in large towns and cities are in an utter state of paganism, and an attempt to spread the light of religion amongst them is a consummation devoutly to be wished. The churches of to-day do not reach the masses in an efficient and practical way. He also regards with pleasure the prospects of the temperance cause in the next Parliament. The Conservative government under the leadership of Lord Salisbury has shown very little respect for temperance, so little that every attempt at temperance legislation has been snubbed. Drinking and ritualism have been classed together as harmless amusements far below the dignity of legislation. Lord Salisbury and his government seem to hold that Britons have a right to their beer and religious entertainments.

In the December "Cerddor," there appears a letter from Mr. Nicholson, librarian of the Bodleian, Oxford, with some original remarks on "Clychau Aberdyfi," wherein he objects to the way the music and the words have been matched. There is, certainly, reason to believe that "chwech" is everything but bell-like in sound. There is some irregularity also in "pedwar." It seems that it is through books that "chwech" and "saith" were introduced. Many unnatural lapses are referable to books. We should pay more heed to the beautiful and perfect suggestions of Mother Nature. The "Cerddor" is indebted to Professor Rhys for the letter.

David Jenkins writes about "Musical Instruments in Religious Services." The Welsh have been prejudiced against every musical instrument other than the human voice. They have never been able to realize that an instrument made by hands can have any appreciation of worship. Mr. Jenkins is conscious of it, but he thinks that

this prejudice can be overcome; and to that purpose he uses the most reasonable reasons. Musical culture will justify the use of instruments, by and by. Culture and education are stronger than arguments. There is a fine sketch of Sims Reeves by E.; Remarks on the Solfa Convention at Corwen; Reviews; Notes, as usual instructive and entertaining, sharp and critical. No. 56 in the Museum's Gallery is Miss May John, of Pentre, Rhondda Valley. Miss John was a member of the Royal Ladies' Choir, which took the prize at the World's Fair at Chicago, in 1893, where she also took chief prize for the best rendering of Gottschalk "O, loving heart." She entered the Royal Academy in 1894, and is popular in song and oratorio. The musical number is "Sylva" by J. H. Roberts, Mus. Bac. (Cantab).

"The Lord's Supper" continued in the December number of "Y Drysorfa" is an excellent discussion of a profound subject. It contains much good, substantial and instructive thinking. "The Presbytery of Monmouth, Glamorgan and Carmarthen," by the Rev. Joseph Evans, is also continued, and contains valuable reminiscences. "Richard Price" (IV.) is also a valuable contribution to the present number. "Cadwaladr Owen," by the Rev. O. B. Jones, is a sketch of the life and times of a typical and original Welsh reformer. It combines entertainment with instruction. A report of the Association at New Quay; with a miscellany of news, reports, obituaries, etc.

—Evan Jones's letter from Brittany, dated Pont l' Abbe, November 6, gives a brief but interesting description of the situation in the north west of France. It seems that popery is on the

wane there. Mr. Jones states that the prospects of Protestantism is brighter now than ever. All over Europe, evangelism gains over ecclesiasticism, and the Pope even seems to become uneasy. The simple gospel of Christ is preached around the Vatican. The excellence of simple truth over elaborate religious systems seems to dawn on the minds of the people. October 11, 12, 800 priests, bishops and cardinals met at Bourges to consider the situation, when several vigorous addresses were made, especially by representatives of the Jesuit order. These urged increased diligence in church work among the people. Mr. Jones's opinion is that the church cannot meet the crisis because of its opposition to every reform. It is in vain she tries to antagonize progress and fight against the course of civilization.

In its Preface to the first volume of the second series of "Yr Haul," the Editor makes an appeal to its readers and subscribers for a more cordial and practical support and patronage during the year 1901. Such a magazine as "Yr Haul" deserves a wide circle of subscribers, and there are certainly enough members and attendants of the Mother Church in Wales to give it a cordial welcome every month. We must confess that the Welsh are not such patrons of literature as some desire us to believe. Most of our magazines and newspapers have to travel the ragged edge of poverty, and the labor expended has to be accomplished without remuneration. We believe that it is time for our people to prove their love of literature by at least supporting and patronizing cordially those worthy publications which enter their homes or the homes of their neighbors.

SCIENTIFIC

The Pharaohs kept story-tellers in permanent employ, whose duty it was to invent new stories, fairy tales, and tales of adventure as improbable as possible. We possess twenty such stories, found in the course of excavations made during the last ten years. There will be ere long, for modern readers, a voluminous Egyptian literature of romance. Of the twenty novels already published, most belong to the interval 2000 to 1000 B. C. (twelfth to eighteenth dynasty).

The consumption of tea in Great Britain, we find, exceeds that of all the other European countries, and of the United States together. Between 1884 and 1899 the total amount of tea imported for home consumption rose from 175,000,000 pounds to 242,000,000, an increase of 38 per cent. In 1884 the tea consumption per head was five pounds. Last year this rose to nearly six pounds. Turning to coffee we find a very different tale. Except Russia, the British are about the poorest coffee drinkers in the world. They got through less than 30,000,000 pounds a year, whereas the United States, the largest consumer of all, manages some 500,000,000 pounds. Seven-tenths of a pound of coffee per annum suffices for John Bull, while Jonathan requires ten and one-half pounds per annum.

The German insurance system is among the best institutions of the empire. For insurance against illness, the cost of which is paid two-thirds by the workmen and one-third by the employers, \$350,000,000 was paid between 1885 and 1900. For accident insurance, the cost of which rests on the employers alone, \$5,000,000 was paid. For invalid and old-age pensions, the amount

paid out is \$125,000,000, of which \$31,500,000 were paid by the workmen, a like sum by the employers, and the balance by the state. Altogether \$187,000,000 more has been received by the workmen than they have paid into the common fund.

At a recent congress of German anthropologists, which was held at Halle, Professor Dr. Klaatsch, of Heidelberg, read a paper in which he contended that the hypothesis of the direct descent of man from apes was no longer tenable. His conclusions were based upon the biceps muscle of the thigh. He stated that it was a mistake to regard man as the most perfectly developed mammal in all respects. His limbs and teeth do not show any high degree of development, and he is superior to other animals only in his brain development.

Constant wearers of eye-glasses, spectacles, etc., are much annoyed by the dimming of the glasses upon entering a warm room from a cooler place. It will greatly interest them to know that this evil can be obviated by rubbing the glasses with soft soap. All that is necessary is to rub every morning or before going out a little so-called green soap (washing soap, potash soap) over the whole surface of the glass, polishing it until it is bright again. The preparations, "Glasolin" and "Oculus-tro," offered for the same purpose at high prices, are nothing else than pure potash soap.—Die Werkstatt.

False hope! Not all the immensity of space between our little planet and the most distant one of our system could sweeten and change to pleasing

harmony some of the music (?) we have heard in the way of congregational singing. On the other hand we have heard music sung by earnest, enthusiastic congregations fit to be heard in heaven itself. This was prepared music. These people had somehow got the idea into their heads that the Lord ought to have the very best they could give him, and that it was their duty to take some pains in the matter. And they were right.—Musical Visitor.

The New Testament, according to Dr. Hall, should be given at the period of adolescence, when there is the awakening of the sentiment of love. The Old Testament deals with justice, obedience, law, and habit-making, and is therefore specially adapted to young children. In the adolescent period love develops, and consequently the love taught in the New Testament finds a fitting place at that time. "In the later years of adolescence there is a natural attraction to the spirit of utter devotion as manifested by Jesus, and this is the time for teaching pity, charity, and other unselfish tendencies." This conclusion of Dr. Hall's, based on a large number of experiments, is widely different from the popular theory. The Old Testament, unless carefully winnowed, has not been thought proper to be placed in the hands of young children, while the beautiful story of Jesus and His love for children has been regarded as the story of stories for the young.

The late Sir Arthur Sullivan was one of the few composers with distinctly humorous musical talent. Many of his songs would set an audience to smiling if set to words in the Choctaw or Bushman dialects. Their preludes give warning that fun is coming. As the rule, they are so completely identified with Gilbert's subtle pleasantries that the fact is often lost sight of that they are themselves delightfully amusing, as the student of music usually finds them,

without reference to the libretto. This quality was not imparted by any tricks of instrumentation. It was natural and spontaneous, and constituted one of the distinctive features of Sullivan's genius.

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ARSENIC IN BEER.

In England the victims of arsenical poisoning from drinking beer now number more than sixty dead and one thousand ill, Manchester being the center of the trouble, and the places affected are usually within a hundred mile radius of that city; but the panic has spread over the entire country. It has been found that the cause of the poisoning is arsenic in the sulphuric acid used in the manufacture of glucose, which the English brewers employ in making cheap beer in place of malt and hops. The poison has thus far been traced to only one establishment, which supplies sugar for several breweries in the Midlands and the North. The commercial sulphuric acid used in England is largely made of pyrites, which comes from Spain, and there is always a trace of arsenic in it. It was thought there was an undue amount in the lode from which the supply came in this instance. An analysis of some of the beer sold in public houses showed that it contained sufficient arsenic to kill any regular drinker. Hundreds of thousands of gallons of beer have been poured into the sewers of Manchester by brewers and retail dealers. It is probable that there will be a governmental inquiry, and that there will be legislation providing for the use of malt and hops instead of cheap and deleterious substitutes.—Scientific American.

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IRRIGATION.

Years ago the man who declared that a rainless region could be made more profitable than rich valleys where rains were frequent would have been called

insane. But in these days there are thousands of fruit-growers and farmers who maintain that more satisfactory results can be obtained by irrigation in the arid region than through rain in the old farming States.

The progress in irrigation has been so rapid and has been marked by such phenomenal success that it has become one of the great questions of the day. Thirty years ago there were practically no irrigated districts in the West outside of Utah. In 1890 there were 217,000 irrigated acres in crops in Idaho, 263,000 in Utah, 229,000 in Wyoming, 350,000 in Montana, 224,000 in Nebraska, 65,821 in Arizona, and 91,745 in New Mexico. In 1897 the state engineer of Idaho reported the acreage in the State cultivated by irrigation as 315,000 acres, and the total area that was under ditch or that could be covered by laterals from existing canals as 1,250,000 acres. In Colorado there has been a proportionately great increase.—The Inter-Ocean.

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PLEASURE IS DEGENERATING.

Man is not created for pleasure alone, but first of all for the stern duties of his civic and domestic relations. Everything which impairs the by no means strong sense of duty, and which surrounds with a false poetic halo and masks with pseudo-innocent carelessness the soulless egoism of man, must be recognized as among the most deleterious factors of modern social education. One fears for the future of mankind. The most ominous sign is not the fact that the cook, servant girl, and lackey want the same pleasures which not long ago were the monopoly of the rich alone, but the fact that all, all without exception, rich and idle as well as poor and industrious, seek and demand daily amusements, gaiety, excitement, and keen impressions—demand it all as something without which life is

impossible, which may not be denied them. Recreation, pleasure, man always wanted; but even the most fortunate looked upon it as something unusual, rare, with which the ordinary life might be refreshed. To-day pleasure is a constant need; it has become a habit and second nature, while for the man of toil this taste is a fruitful cause of moral degeneracy and of the loss of all the qualities which make us strong and human.—Eugene Markov.

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FLESH-EATING AND DECAYED TEETH.

It has long been recognized by dentists that the use of flesh food is a prolific cause of decay of the teeth. Caries of the teeth is due to destruction of the teeth by the growth of microbes. These microbes require for their development the proteid substances which are found in meat or other animal substances. When flesh is used for food, the small fibers which become fixed between the teeth constitute the best possible culture-ground for teeth-destroying microbes. It is for this reason that dentists are so careful to instruct their patients to clean their teeth by drawing threads between them. Dr. Egbert, who has made a careful study of the teeth of the natives of India, in an article in "The British Journal of Dental Science," states that although he has examined the teeth of hundreds of Hindu natives, he has never found a single case of malformation, and that the teeth of the Hindu people are remarkably free from decay. They rarely lose their teeth from caries. He attributed this remarkable immunity from a disease which is coming to be almost universal among Americans and English people, in part to the cleanly habits of the Hindus, who carefully cleanse their teeth with a primitive but efficient brush every day, not only as a matter of hygiene, but in obedience to the laws of their religion.

He also calls attention to another and still more important factor, the absence of flesh food from the dietary of the Hindu. The rapid decay of teeth manifest among the people of the United States, which threatens to render us a toothless race within a century, is without doubt very largely due to the rapid growth of flesh-eating in this country.

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THE EVIL OF ELOQUENCE.

Eloquence is a gift that at the present day exercises an influence disproportionate to its value, and is estimated beyond its real worth. A good speaker must be a poet, approximately, and may not therefore restrict himself with mathematical precision to the truth. He must know how to goad, incite; must be easily inflamed in order to be able to inflame others; but I think that a good speaker could seldom be a good whist-player, seldom a good chess-player, more seldom a reliable statesman. The element of good nature must predominate in him, not that of sagacity, and I believe, indeed, that strictly in conformity with the physical constitution of man a good speaker and a cool judge may never be found united in the same person. I remind you of all the qualities of Mephisto, of the courage of the lion, of the speed of the stag, and you remember that all these were never found combined in one body; and so eloquence may be seen dangerously overshadowing intelligence, sufficing for the crowd without opinions; but a man of keen deliberation, capable of sure, exact consideration, the man to whom the conduct of large and important affairs is confined with satisfactory results, can hardly be what is called a good speaker. Whether one of the results of the present development of our civilization may be a remedy for this evil of eloquence, I do not know; but the fact that the evil is recognized is already a half remedy.—Bismarck.

CIVILIZATION.

The commencement of civilization is the breaking in of nature by man, the strife between the intelligence which he possesses and the energies which it opposes to him, and, finally, the transformation of forces that are either hostile or running to waste into tractable and productive agencies. But in order that man may become master of his domain, it is above all necessary that he should have no doubt as to his right to direct the blind energies of the elements, to seize the varied riches of the soil, to destroy hurtful animals, and employ the useful ones in his service. * * * If, however, in these elements, in these animals, in these plants, he finds gods to adore, he no longer recognizes his right to bring them under control; it is he on the contrary, who must bear everything from them, as a slave from a master; every temptation to defend himself against them becomes an impiety, every effort to destroy them a delicide. * * * Had they been free from their superstitions the ancient Egyptians and the savages of Africa and America would have hunted the crocodiles that swarmed in their rivers; and the people of India would have destroyed the venomous serpents which infested their fields. But transformed into gods, the saurians and reptiles still infest land and water; and from age to age this form of idolatry has annually condemned to death thousands of human beings. The more gods man creates for himself in nature, the greater becomes the number of things in regard to which he renounces his sovereignty. —“*Revue des Deux Mondes*.”

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THE COMING THEOLOGY.

It may as well be recognized frankly that theology is undergoing a great change. A good deal of medieval speculation is being sloughed off. The

fraternization of denominations shows that far less importance is attached now than formerly to theological distinctions. There is vastly more study of Christ Himself than there was once, and dogmas not very plainly stated in the Christian documents are put forth much more modestly than they were once. All this is the healthful result of modern historical and scientific methods. Alarming as they are to the more conservative, it is still a fact that in the propagation of the Gospel and in ministering to the needs of the ignorant and suffering, upon which our Lord laid an emphasis not yet fully appreciated—Dr. Stalker says that theology has done no sort of justice to the ethics of Jesus—the evangelical churches are doing more than in any previous period. The time when any leading divine can say that Christianity is a dogma to be believed rather than a life to be lived is very near its end, if it has not reached its end. But there is not yet any indication that the supernatural elements in the personality and career of Jesus of Nazareth are losing their hold upon men, and if the churches that profess the name of Jesus Christ are gradually and perhaps unconsciously dropping doctrines that were prominently held centuries ago, it is because these are now believed to be medieval and not apostolic; it is not because the Christian documents are rejected, tho the correction of the text has relegated to the margin or expunged a few phrases that have been overworked as texts of doctrinal sermons.—“The Christian Work.”

PLANT-BREEDING.

Even the scientific botanist may well be surprised, says “Science,” by what has been accomplished in the work of plant-breeding. “That man can bring about definite results by the careful breeding of animals is more or less well known, but that plants may be bred with as definite an object in view, and as successfully, is not yet a matter of common knowledge. It is only during the latter half of the present century that much progress has been made in plant-breeding proper, the earlier efforts at the improvement of plants having been through the selection of seeds of the most desirable plants for further cultivation. Downing, Hovey, Wilder, and some other farseeing horticulturists of the earlier days continually urged the breeding (‘crossing’) of the better varieties of fruits in order to combine the qualities and characteristics of the kinds so treated. This advice eventually bore fruit, and to-day the florist plans to bring about a definite result by securing offspring from the union of two plants, whose form, color, odor, or other qualities he may wish to intensify or modify. Among fruits the grape, raspberry, and strawberry have been much modified by careful breeding. The tomato illustrates what may be done by the skilful breeder, as practically all the improvement which it has undergone is due to carefully planned hybridization, followed by as careful selection. In like manner the cereals maize and wheat, have been improved in recent years by the crossing of selected varieties.”

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
 So near is God to man,
 When Duty whispers low, “Thou must,”
 The youth replies, “I can.”



In West Wales a shilling is called "ebol glas." Possibly, "ebol" in this instance is an assimilated form from "obolus, the well known ancient Greek coin.

It is interesting to note that the students in the North Wales University College last year numbered 200 North Wallians, 34 South Wallians, 66 from England, and one each from Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, and Greece. Eighty-nine students attended the Welsh classes.

The elegy to be competed for at the Merthyr National Eisteddfod is to be an "Awdl-Bryddest"—that is, a poem partly in alliterative verse and partly in free metres, blank verse if the competitor chooses. Welsh is the only language in which such a composition can be written.

Sixty years ago Machynlleth had a population of 1,200, and as many as 26 taverns and public-houses. This is an average of one licensed house to every 46 of the inhabitants. At present its population has increased to 2,000, while the licensed houses have diminished to twelve in number, or one public-house to every 166 persons.

St. Mellon's is one of the numerous places in Wales which have two names, one English and the other Welsh. The village is called in Welsh Llaneurwg, a rather interesting name, since it affords an instance of a dropped "ll" for the sake of euphony. The name in full is

Llan(11)eurwg—Lleurwg being said to be the Welsh form of Lusius.

The first newspaper in Welsh, "Seren Gomer," published in 1814, consisted of four pages, measuring 20 in. by 15 in. Its price was sixpence, the Government stamp on each number cost threepence, and the tax on paper was very high. Few could afford to buy it, and whenever a copy of the "Seren" arrived in a village it was usual to convene a sort of mass meeting to have it read.

Mr. Keir Hardie has been recording in the "Labor Leader" the impressions of his first eisteddfod at Dowlais. "It was," he says, "altogether an interesting gathering, and revealed that marvelous love for, and proficiency in, music for which the Welsh people are so renowned. In two respects," he adds, "I was disappointed—first, in the giving of money prizes; and, next, in the absence of distinctly Welsh song and music from the programme.

Mr. Labouchere says the following was taken from the visitors' book at the Victoria Hotel, Llanberis:—

"We mounted Snowdon in a mist,
And on the summit landed;
And summit, to keep out the fog,
We were soon demanded,
De-mand-did give us of his best,
And with you we'll be candid,
The best thing to keep out the cold
We found was to be 'branded!'"

The interesting treatise entitled "The History of Ancient Eisteddfodau," by the late Rev. Richard Parry, the well-

known Welsh bard "Gwalchmai" of Llandudno., has just been translated into German by Mr. H. Fricke, of Hamburg, one of the inspectors of the public schools of Germany, who is one of the leading members of the Order of the Druids of Germany, and the work is to be published in the next number of the "Druiden-Zeitung," the official organ of the Druids of Germany.

Since Mary Jones walked barefooted to Bala for a Bible and thus suggested a movement which ended in the British and Foreign Bible Society, the latter institution has grown to tremendous dimensions. The society costs £44p. a day and distributes over 5,000,000 copies of the Scriptures in a year; and since its foundation in 1804 over 165 million copies, in 373 different languages, have been distributed. Mr. Sankey says that whenever the late Mr. Moody passed the Bible House in Queen Victoria Street he always took off his hat.

When the Rev. Walter Davies ("Gwallter Mechain"), in 1828, proposed a reform of the orthography of the Welsh Bible, he said that he hoped the system proposed would remain "as long as the Welsh language shall be spoken at Trawsfynydd, Merloneth, and Ystrad Dyfodwg, Glanmorgan." "Iolo Morganwg" said that the oldest Welsh is spoken in Ystradyfodwg. The last Welshman will probably be seen hurling defiance at the world at Carn Moisyyn, the highest point in Glamorgan, before throwing himself headlong in despair over Craig-y-llyn into Llyn Fawr, Rhigos.

The rise of the family of Oliver Cromwell was due to the excellence of old Welsh beer. The retinue of Henry VII., himself Welsh, was for the most part Welsh; so was the retinue of his uncle, Jasper Tudor. The Welsh serv-

ants and bodyguards lived around Putney and longed for their familiar beer. This led John Morgan, a Cardiff brewer, with his two sons, John and Griffith, and his nephew, Morgan Williams, to build a brewery at Mortlake. The latter remained in charge of the brewery and public-house, and married Catherine, the eldest sister of Thomas Cromwell.

One of the most interesting literary finds was the discovery in Swansea Castle, about fifty years ago, of the original contract of affiance between Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of Wales, and Isabella, daughter of Philip the Fair, of France, dated at Paris, May 20, 1303. It was previously known that when Edward II. fled from Bristol for Lundy, and was driven by contrary winds to land in Swansea Bay, he deposited a number of the national archives in Swansea Castle for safety. When the records of the castle were seized it is probable that the document mentioned was left behind. The discovery was made by Mr. George Grant Francis, of Burrows Lodge, Swansea.

The dog tongs was an essential instrument in churches in the Dark Ages. It was made of oak, a kind of tongs or pincers with four prongs, to catch hold of a dog by the shank or neck, if by fighting with other dogs in church he would disturb the service, and put him outside the door. There was an officer appointed for this business in almost every parish church in the rural districts of North Wales years ago, and he was called "keeper of the temple." There is a very good specimen of this interesting old relic at Llanellian Parish Church, Anglesey; and on the wall is still a board over the seat set apart for the keeper, with the Welsh inscription—"Gwarcheidwad y deml."

In several of the towns of North Wales the Harvest Thanksgiving Day

is observed as a general holiday, and thanksgiving services are held in all the places of worship. In most places collections are made towards the building fund or some other religious cause, and some degree of rivalry exists as to which chapel or church collects the largest amount during the day. In the small town of Pwllheli the total sum collected at last year's meetings in seven chapels was 373p. 11s. 6d. At Bangor business was entirely suspended. All the works within the precincts of the town stopped working, and the majority of the shops and places of business were closed on the day set apart for harvest thanksgiving.

A Llandyssul correspondent resents the suggestion that Unitarianism is responsible for suicides occurring in the district from Lampeter to Llandysul. "This," he writes, "is only an old libel heaped on Unitarianism raked up anew. Professor Morselli, who has made this subject his life-study, tells us that Denmark has the highest percentage of suicides in Europe. Unitarianism does not prevail in Denmark. In the United Kingdom Rutland has the highest percentage. There is not a single Unitarian congregation in Rutland. The religion of a people does not exercise any influence on the number of suicides except in cases of religious maniacs. However, it is generally admitted that suicides prevail amongst educated people."

Miss M. E. Coleridge in her new book is enchanted with Harlech Castle. "Harlech Castle belongs to the haunted. It is full of something that eludes a word. There is more behind that massive gateway than meets the eye; there are sounds only just too thin to be caught by mortal ears. In a favourable hour Fancy may bewilder herself with a review of shadows, shadows that have almost attained to the substance

of names. As we lie dreaming on the ramparts the cawing of the white-headed rooks changes into the clang and clash of arms; to the tune of "The Men of Harlech" march past the sturdy masons of Edward I., under Henry de Elvetin, etc., etc. Would that we could dream a little harder, a little longer." Dream on, Miss Coleridge!

Llew Llwyfo's rendering of "Rhyf-eddodau Gras" is as follows:

O God of wonders! yes Thou art;
Wondrous Thy Works in every part;
But far more wonderful Thy grace
Than all Thy works in endless space;
What God can give forgiveness free,
And pardon all our sins like The?

The old Welsh stanza by Pantycelyn, "Mae'r iachawdwriaeth fel y mor," etc., is well turned into English:

Salvation like the surging sea
For ever onward rolls,
And in its bosom bears enough
For sad and weary souls.

A fine translation of Pantycelyn's popular hymns into English would be acceptable. Pantycelyn will for ever remain pre-eminently the Watts of Wales.

One article of great interest which belonged to Ty Isaf, Beddgelert, an old-time saloon, was "The Old Big Pint." It was a large pewter mug, holding two quarts. Drinking feats were then only second in interest to a good fight or a heroic deed on the battle field; and the lord of the manor agreed that whoever would drink this mugful of old beer should have it gratis, provided he complied with the conditions. He was to grasp the neck of the mug with one hand, place the other on his back, and then drink it all at a breath. If he succeeded, the drink was charged against the lord of the manor and deducted out of the rent; but if he failed, then he had to pay for it himself. Tradition says that the

feat was so often accomplished that the tenants seldom had to pay more than half their rent in money. The "Big Pint" is now in the possession of Major and Mrs. Walker Jones, Chester. It bears the stamp of the Queen Anne silver, and on one side is the arms of the family—a goat in the act of climbing a rock, over which the following words are engraved: "Y Graig yw fy Nhrigfa" (The Rock is my Abode); and underneath are the words "Hen Beint Mawr Bedd Gelert." On the other side we have the following words addressed to us by the mug itself:

Fy llon'd o gwrw wrth dy fodd
A wna mherchenog i ti'n rhodd;
Os yfi'r cwbl ar ryw hynt
Yn rhwydd mewn llaw, heb gymeryd
gwynt.

—"Bedd Gelert: Its Facts, Fairies and Folk-lore."

November 10, in the Hollenback Cemetery, Wilkesbarre, Pa., the monument in memory of the late Lewis Anthony, of Edwardsdale, was unveiled in the presence of a large gathering of friends and admirers. The proceedings had been arranged by a committee and the ceremony was carried out under the presidency of Dr. T. C. Edwards, of Kingston. The old Welsh hymn, "O Fryniau Caersalem" was sung by the audience followed by a prayer by the Rev. Theo. Davies, of Plains. Then the Rev. Wm. G. Thomas read a report of subscriptions to the monument. The monument was uncovered by Mr. G. M. Williams, who had acted as treasurer. It is of granite with the inscription: Born Sept. 25, 1832. Died Dec. 2, 1898. Hon yw cofeb dyn cyflawn—Lewis oedd
Wyl sant, gar heddychlawn;
Hoffeldd-lwys gerddor ffyddlon
I'w Dduw cysegrodd ei ddawn.

Erected by his friends in Wales and America. A choir composed of 16 from the Edwardsdale church rendered Prof. Geo. Marks Evans's "In Memoriam" (He

is gone to rest in peace) in touching style. Then followed addresses by the Rev. J. P. Thomas, Nanticoke, and the Rev. T. C. Edwards, D. D., of Edwardsdale. The service was brought to a close by singing "Bydd Myrdd o Ryfeddodau" and the benediction by the Rev. D. M. George, of Pittston.

In such a country as Wales, which if not musical is naught, each of the University Colleges should possess a musical chair proper, occupied by a musician who would be placed in a position to devote all his best energies to his professorship. The musicians are there already as for that; what is wanting is the proper status and equipment, and which would make each College a centre of musical activity, in North, South, and Mid-Wales respectively, from which a higher musical intelligence would spread throughout the country at large, and which would also give us, step by step and surely, that culture which can only be secured by systematic and trained teaching. To them also we could then look for not only composers of merit, but for a supply of teachers scientifically equipped as instructors in the art—singing, instrumental playing, and theory in general.

That this is no idle fancy is proved by what was accomplished at Aberystwyth when music was given its proper position there, and accomplished, too, in the face of many drawbacks. Those were the days of small things amongst us, but many things have occurred since then—some quarter of a century ago—in matters educational and musical, and sooner or later public opinion, as we hope and believe, will ordain that what was possible and practicable there has in these years become doubly so in each of the Colleges.—D. E. E.

For the Cymry proper—the leading families—the chief business or life was warfare. "They were entirely bred up

to the use of arms;" but the language of Giraldus is general, and according to him, "all the people were trained to war." When "the trumpet sounds the alarm, the husband-man rushes as eagerly from his plough as the courtier from his court." In the laws of Howell, it was only the tribesmen who formed the host; to the "eilltion" only the subordinate duties of a campaign were entrusted; but the words we have quoted seem to indicate that the settlement of the Normans in the land had brought a change in the military arrangements, and this is confirmed by indications from other sources.

The fighting in which the Cymry excelled was of the guerilla kind. They did not shine much in open engagements or regular conflicts, but were skillful in harassing the enemy by ambuscades and nightly sallies. As a rule they made no determined struggle for the field of battle. In their onset they were bold and rapid; they filled the air with horrid shouts and the deep-toned clangor of very long trumpets; if repulsed, they were easily thrown into confusion and trusted to flight for safety. But though defeated one day they were ever ready to resume the combat on the next; they were active and hardy; able to sustain hunger and cold; not easily fatigued by warlike exercise, and above all not despondent in adversity. Giraldus sums up the matter by saying that they were "as easy to overcome in a single battle as difficult to subdue in a protected war."—"Welsh People."

Certain Eisteddfodau have made themselves a name on account of some striking and exceptional peculiarity on

incident connected therewith, e. g., "Eisteddfod Fawr, Llangollen, 1858, presumably because it was on a larger scale than any hitherto attempted; "Eisteddfod y Gwlaw," Carmarthen, 1867, on account of the ceaseless down-pour of rain; "Eisteddfod y Gadair Ddu," Wrexham, 1876, because poor Taliesin o' Eifion, to whose awdl the chair prize was awarded, had been removed by death; and "Eisteddfod y myn'd all-an o diwn," Cardiff, 1883; and the Liverpool Eisteddfod of 1900 will pretty certainly take its place in Eisteddfodic history as the most disastrous to the prestige of Welsh choral singing, with the redeeming feature of the male voice contest, and to a lesser extent, but under the circumstances still welcome, juvenile competition.

For years past Welsh adjudicators have pointed out the weakness and vulnerability of our choirs in certain directions. It has been a thankless duty, the performance of which has generally been unappreciated or misunderstood, or else attributed to unworthy motives. No true Welsh musician will exult at the successive defeats which our choralists sustained at Liverpool, notwithstanding the fact that the results but justify previous criticism and warnings. Nor will any Welshman possessing pluck and resolution lose heart in consequence.—D. E. E.

Even a century ago Welsh coal won admiration. Middleton, who wrote up his tour through South Wales in 1808, remarks: "The little townships among the hills are some of the most pretty places I have ever seen. The houses are so white, the rough roofs are white, and not a chimney discolored with smoke, but this is owing to the peculiar nature of the coals they burn."

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

MISS KATHRYN WILLIAMS, PIAN-
IST AND ORGANIST.

It is the "Cambrian's" pleasure to
give to its readers a sketch of the

liams, of White Cloud, Kansas, but
formerly of Parkman, Geagea Co., Ohio.
Her father, who died a few years ago,
was an able and learned lawyer, and
her mother, now living in Chicago,



Miss Kathryn Williams.

musical career of one of the most brill-
iant and pleasant young lady pianists
and teachers of Chicago, Miss Kathryn
Williams. She is the only daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Russell Mortimer Wil-

whose maiden name was Miss Sophia
Pitner, of Parkman, is a descendant of
a cultured American family. Mr. and
Mrs. Williams moved to Kansas in the
sixties.

At an early age, Kathryn indicated her musical tendencies in many ways. She would listen with rapture to the bird-songs around the old home, and in the woods that beautify the Missouri river bluffs. The church organ and the hymn-singing made her oblivious to all else. There were but few advantages for musical instruction in the White Cloud neighborhood at that time. But opportunities soon presented themselves, and the promising girl-pianist grew rapidly in music. At the age of ten and twelve, she played with ease, grace and precision Clementi's sonatinas, and a number of Beethoven's sonatas. In order to secure better instruction, Mrs. and Miss Williams moved to Chicago in 1892, in time to reap the benefit of many advantages connected with the piano and orchestral preparations going on then for the Columbian Exposition concert Festivals.

After a course of instruction with Dr. Emil Liebling, and a course of pipe organ lessons with Professor Francis Hemington, she entered the Kelso School of Music and Dramatic Art, where her talent and artistic attainments were soon recognized and admired. Miss Williams is a prepossessing young lady, with plenty of ability to discern what is useful and best in art and education. She is a student, and believes that consistent and conscientious labor, under competent instructors, will master the technique and highest style of her chosen art. Here, at the Kelso School, she showed keen appreciation of its instruction, and profited thereby. Mr. H. A. Kelso, Jr., head of the institution, is a notable instructor in the science of pianoforte playing, and is a high authority on "Interpretive Technique"—a study which is the basic principle of the art. Miss Williams's ability was recognized by her appointment to take in charge the South Side branch of the Kelso School

of Music. Her intelligence and pluck will make it a success.

During the last four years Miss Williams has been the organist of All Souls Church, where the music is in charge of William Apmadoc, who has found Miss Williams to be a splendid reader of music. In the "Cambrian's" "Music-Notes" of last August, we find the following concerning Miss Williams's Kelso "Individual Recital:" "Miss Williams's delightful technique, clear phrasing, and above all her poetic interpretation of each composition, secured the closest attention. * * Miss Williams has not neglected her literary studies," etc. No student is allowed to do so at the Kelso School, nor in the Unity Club studies at All Souls Church. This accounts, to a great extent, for her tact as accompanist. A musico-literary student, in accompanying, watches and follows the poetical reading. There are many good piano soloists who cannot play accompaniments intelligently and helpfully. Miss Williams can do both. She has the Keltic temperament so necessary in interpretation art. It goes without saying that a pianist of Miss Kathryn Williams's ability and culture must succeed. The "Cambrian" extends to her its warmest congratulations.

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The editorship of the "Haul," vacant through the appointment of the Rev. Glynfab Williams to Pembrey, has been conferred upon the Rev. Canon Williams, vicar of St. David's.

There is at least one of our fighting force in South Africa who is perfectly content with his lot. He is a Dowlais man, and a Volunteer, Private Evan E. Davies, who writes home to say that, "although the bullets and shells are flying around all day, I am as happy as if I were in a pic-nic."

Marie Trevelyan, a delightful writer—

of Welsh tales, has, after a prolonged period of silence, just made another appearance in the realm of literature. Her latest work deals with ancient Britain, and is entitled, "Britain's Greatness Foretold; the story of Boadicea, the British Warrior Queen."

Mr. Ira D. Sankey, of "Songs and Solos" fame, told his Cardiff audience an interesting little secret at the Park-hall. "My wife is a Welsh lady," he said; "her father was a native of Swansea. I met her first when I had the honor of leading a choir at my home in America. She was singing alto in that choir—you know the rest."

The oldest Church chorister in Wales lives at Llanrug, Carnarvonshire, viz., Mr. Robert Thomas, who has served in the choir of the parish church for 81 years, 53 of which he spent as leader of the choir, and his vocal powers have lost none of their charms. Mr. Assheton Smith, the popular squire of Vaynol Park, has given a substantial pension to the venerable singer.

Only three Welsh clergymen appear in the "Tablet's" list of Anglican clergymen who have been received into the Roman Catholic Church since the publication in September, 1896, of the Pope's Bull, *Apostolicæ Curæ*, on Anglican Orders. They are the Rev. W. Evans, of 51 Splott-road, Cardiff; the Rev. George Alston, of Llanthony Aocey; and the Rev. J. H. Filmer, curate of St. Margaret's, Roath.

Thomas Edwards ("Caerfallwch"), the Welsh lexicographer and grammarian, was for years the chief secretary of Nathaniel M. Rothschild, father of the present Rothschilds. On one occasion he was sent to audit the accounts of some German Princes with whom Rothschild had dealings. In two months his auditing resulted in a

gain of 350,000p. to his company, and he was presented by his master with a check for 1,000p.

"It may be added that Mr. T. R. Price, who is a native of South Wales, has been employed on the Cape Railways since 1880, previous to which he had been for 15 years in the service of the Great Western Railway. At the Cape he commenced as district traffic superintendent at Grahamstown, after which he held various posts at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, and Johannesburg, finally rising to the very important and onerous position he now occupies as practical, though not political, head of the Colonial railways."

Mr. Harry A. James, youngest son of the late Mr. Charles Herbert James, former member for Merthyr, appears in the list of George Newnes (Limited) as the author of a volume in preparation, namely, "Oddland, and Other Fairy Tales. Illustrated." This book, which appeared at Christmas, is Mr. James's second bow to the public as an author. His first venture was of a very different nature. It was "A Professional Pugilist," and, like the present work, was illustrated by Mr. Kenneth S. Keapling, who, we hear, has put some dainty pictorial work in the new fairy tales.

Not satisfied with the amount of fighting they had done all the way up from the Modder to Pretoria, Corporal Smith, a Merthyr Welshman, had a set-to with a giant of an Australian in Pretoria on September 3. The fight was for the championship of the British Army and a purse of gold. Cymry who are built that way will chuckle when they are told that Smith, who is in the 10th Hussars, and who is only 5ft. 6½in. in height, beat the Australian, who towered above him to the height of 6ft. 3in. Smith entered the contest with the reputation of having beaten

the famous Dai St. John, whose fighting days were ended whilst doing his duty bravely in the fierce battle of Belmont, at which the Guards made their brilliant charge.

The Hon. D. F. Jones, a distinguished citizen of Sparta, Wis., and a member of the law firm of Jones and Richards, passed away, Dec. 20. Mr. Jones was one of Sparta's leading citizens, and his early demise is a public loss. He was prominent in church and society and at all times an earnest worker in every good cause. Mr. Jones was born in Utica, N. Y., May 11, 1859. He removed to Wisconsin at an early age, and for the past 26 years had been a resident of Sparta. He commenced his studies in the Sparta schools and completed his education at Gale College and the Lake Forest University. He was admitted to the bar in 1884, and the following year was elected district attorney for Monroe County. He served again in the same office in 1894-5. He was delegate to the convention which nominated McKinley in 1896. In July 1898, he was appointed by the President to be U. S. district attorney for the western district of Wisconsin, a position which he held up to the time of his death. He was a stalwart Republican and had taken prominent positions in the councils of the party in the State. He leaves a wife, and three children, Augustus, Mark F. and Ida.

A small Committee or Trust has for several years, through the liberality of kind donors, been able to keep up a Sustentation Fund, whereby a modest weekly sum is regularly paid towards the maintenance of Llew Llwyfo. Recently this Committee issued a Collection of translations of the most familiar Welsh hymns in conjunction with an appeal for further aid. Any donations will be thankfully acknowledged by Mr. Thos. Hughes, N. & S. Wales

Bank, Carnarvon; or Mr. M. T. Morris, J. P., Carnarvon.

In the death of the Rev. W. Rees Williams, rector of Gyffylliog, in Denbighshire, the diocese of St. Asaph has lost its oldest clergyman. A native of Merthyr, Mr. Williams graduated at Cambridge, and his scholarly attainments secured for him the principalship of the Church Training College at Carnarvon, where he remained from 1855 to 1865. From 1858 to 1866 he was chaplain to the Dowager Lady Willoughby de Broke, and in 1865 he was appointed vicar of the renowned "Marble Church," Bodelwyddan. He relinquished the living of Bodelwyddan in 1872, and served as curate of Gyffylliog, and in 1874 he was promoted rector of the parish. For 26 years he labored in that remote parish on Hir-aethog Mountain, and was highly respected by everybody. Although he had reached his 85th year, Mr. Williams fulfilled his parochial duties until very lately. The living is worth 250*p.* net, and a house, and is in the gift of the Bishop of St. Asaph.

Mr. W. Abraham, M. P. (Mabon), whose majority of 6,509 in the Rhondda Division tops the record for the present election, might (says the "Star") paraphrase Fletcher of Saltoun, and say "Let me sing my nation's songs, and I will also make its laws." He literally sang himself into the hearts of the Rhondda Valley miners, who would walk three miles to hear a good speech and five to see a good fight, but would walk ten miles across the mountains on the darkest night of winter to hear a good singer—and they are judges. Mabon has been well described as a genuine "representative of the self-taught myriads of the Cymry. He goes to the House of Commons a most admirable specimen of the kind of man reared by the Welsh Sunday schools, the Elsteddfod, and the musical choirs of the land of his birth.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

When the thermometer takes a drop
too much everybody has a red nose.

The choir above had lost a chord,
Their leader formed a plan:
Said he (and Heaven approved the
word),

"We'll send for Sullivan!"—Idris.

This is one of the songs the Chinese
nurse sings to a girl baby:

We keep a dog to watch the house,
A pig is useful too;
We keep a cat to catch a mouse;
But what can we do
With a girl like you?

There were 193,494 more illiterate
whites in the South in 1890 than in
1880. There is this encouragement:
the per cent of the illiteracy in rela-
tion to the whole number was some-
what reduced. There are 4,454,843 of
the present population, ten years and
over, who can neither read nor write.

Dis prosperity is all fictitious!" said
Meandering Mike.

"What makes you t'ink it?" asked
Plodding Pete.

"Because they keep on offerin' us
roast turkey an' cider de same as dey
did last November. If we was pro-
gressin' as we ort de hand-outs would
include terrapin an' champagne by dis
time."—Washington Star.

A colored lawyer of Washington, in
arguing a dog case recently before a
justice of the peace, stated that the

question for the determination of the
Court was "if vocetious dogs shall be
allowed to run at large in a dangerous
community to bite little children that
ought to be killed, when by summon-
ing to magistrates they could condemn
and kill them."

"Well, that's enough to try the
patience of Job," exclaimed the village
minister, as he threw aside the local
paper.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?"
asked his wife.

"Last Sunday I preached from the
text, 'Be ye therefore steadfast,'" an-
swered the good man, "but the printer
makes it read, 'Be ye there for break-
fast.'"—Chicago News.

A teacher was giving to her class an
exercise in spelling and defining words.

"Thomas," she said to a curly-haired
little boy, "spell 'ibex.'"

"I-b-e-x."

"Correct. Define it."

"An ibex," answered Thomas, after
a prolonged mental struggle, "is where
you look in the back part of a book
when you want to find anything that's
printed in the front part of the book."

Here is a girl's composition on boys:
"Boys are men that have got big as
their papas, and girls are women that
will be young ladies by and by. Men
were made before women. When God
looked at Adam he said to himself,
'Well, I think I can do better if I try
again,' and then he made Eve. God
liked Eve so much better than Adam

that there have been more women than men ever since. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way, half of the boys in the world would be girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy."

That the devil sometimes attends a Wesleyan chapel in Wales is frankly admitted by a minister, who says in the "Methodist Weekly:" "During my ministerial sojourn in Swansea I was passing along a street on the occasion of a carnival in aid of the hospital fund. A lad in a disguise which generally has a tail with a barbed point to it came up and solicited a copper. Dropping a coin into the proffered box, I said, 'And are you Mephistopheles?' 'Yes, sir,' replied the boy; 'don't you know me? I go to your chapel.'"

When you borrow a cat and do not wish it to return to its former domicile put butter on its paws. The cat will then go under the stove or the refrigerator and proceed to lick its paws complacently. You may open all the doors and windows, but grimalkin will not depart thence. Whether this discovery was made accidentally or after long and tedious experimentation, we are not prepared to say, but most any nice old grandmother who knows all about such things will assure you of the efficacy of this remedy for discontented cats.—Punx. Spirit.

In the 32 years since the confederation there has been granted by parliament and the courts 271 divorces in the whole Dominion of Canada. In Ontario, population, 2,114,321, there have been granted 45 divorces; in Quebec, population 1,488,335, 16 divorces; in Northwest Territory, population 98,400, 2 divorces; in Manitoba, population

152,500, 1 divorce; in Nova Scotia, population 450,000, 91 divorces; in New Brunswick, population 321,300, 73 divorces; in British Columbia, population 80,200, 43 divorces. There has not been a divorce in Prince Edward Island, population 100,000, in 30 years.

You can not learn to carve a turkey by looking at pictures of how to do it or reading descriptions of the way in which it should be done. Can you name one of your circle of friends who is an expert carver? This is a feature of man's education that is entirely neglected. I have never heard of a school or college in which the art of properly dissecting a fowl is taught, yet nothing in the way of household duty is more important. The lord of a family is not always able to hire a butler to do the carving in the kitchen or pantry, but must do it himself at the head of the table. And a pretty mess he usually makes of it. One reason why the Thanksgiving turkey looks so sad is its foreknowledge of horrible mutilation or Thursday afternoon or evening.

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WITH APOLOGIES

The politician is my shepherd, I shall not want for anything during the campaign. He leadeth me into the saloon for my vote's sake; he filleth my pockets with good cigars; my beer runneth over. He inquireth after my family, even to the third and fourth generation. Yea, tho I walk through the mud and rain and vote for him, and shout myself hoarse, when elected straightway he forgetteth me. I meet him in his own house and he knoweth me not. Surely the wool hath been pulled over my eyes all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the ranks of the old party forever.—Upward.

CHINESE SCIENCE.

Man should not rob animals of their own proper food; and, of all animals, the cow is the most valuable to man. The sellers of milk blacken their souls for gain; but those who drink milk do so in the foolish belief that it is good for them. Before taking any medicine, we should carefully investigate its properties, and who does so in the case of milk? Milk is the natural food of babes and of young animals; but when adults drink it, do they not thereby endanger the life of the sucking calf, and arouse bitter resentment in the souls of the calf and its mother? Beasts have not the power of speech, and so can not tell men that by drinking cow's milk they will become like quadrupeds.

—Loo Chow Herald.

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A LITERARY SENSATION.

Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon" is the literary sensation of the year. He says in his last chapter that Napoleon "is multifarious, luminous, brilliant; he gives light from a thousand facets." In his treatment of his great subject Lord Rosebery has shown the same qualities. He says the immediate cause of the calamities that befell himself and France, next to unbridled ambition and the passion of war, was, as the ex-prime minister strikingly brings out, the facility with which he transported himself into a fool's paradise. He would always believe what he wished to believe, and the results were fatal misconceptions. As to the war passion, it is the grandest excitement of the born gambler, though few have had the genius or opportunity to play for Napoleon's stakes; a possession like the possession by demons of the sacred narrative—Lord Rosebery defines it "the gambling of the gods."

ABOUT TOBACCO.

John Wesley forbade his preachers "to smoke or chew tobacco, or take snuff." This rule still obtains in the Wesleyan ministry. So recently as 1875 the Wesleyan Conference refused to rescind the regulation. It is to be hoped, however, that Wesleyan ministers do not break other rules so frequently as this one. In all Latin countries Roman Catholic priests are forbidden to smoke in public. The Jesuits, it may be noted, have always been noted smokers. They protested emphatically against the many papal bulls condemning tobacco. The Pope does not smoke, but he takes snuff. His predecessor, Pius IX., was a great smoker. To an English visitor he offered a cigar. "Thank you, your Holiness, but smoking is not one of my vices," replied the visitor. "It is not a vice—if it was you would have it," came the crushing retort. Only a year or two ago the bishop of Kursch, near Moscow, issued an edict forbidding his clergy to smoke, on the ground that "it is injurious to the health, as well as opposed to all common sense; it is, besides, a great temptation to the laity." Tobacco, as well as alcohol, is absolutely forbidden to members of the Salvation Army. For "General Booth" abhors tobacco. Two years ago the Bible Christians refused to prohibit tobacco to their pastors, and more recently the Presbyterians of America returned a verdict of "not guilty" to a charge that smoking was inconsistent with the Christian profession. Everybody knows what Mr. Spurgeon's attitude on the matter was. Thackeray hoped the day would come when he would see a bishop lolling out the Athenaeum with a cigar in his mouth, or at least a pipe stuck in his shovel-hat. He did not live to see this, but the bishop of Manchester has publicly

proclaimed the virtues of tobacco as a bond of sympathy between man and man. "At your idol again, Mr. Hall," exclaimed a lady once on discovering Mr. Robert Hall, the celebrated divine, with a pipe in his mouth. "Yes," said the preacher, "burning it, ma'am."—*Westminster Gazette*.

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A TRUE PICTURE.

There was a good woman whose husband was in the habit of drinking very heavily. One night he came home, as he too often did, helplessly drunk, and reeled into a chair and fell asleep. As his wife looked at him, and saw how miserable he appeared, she thought if he could only see himself in that state he would never touch drink again. She had a friend, a photographer. If she could get him to come and photograph her husband, just as he lay there, it might have a good effect. She slipped out of the house, and soon returned with her friend, who brought his camera with him, and in a short time the inebriated husband was photographed. A few days afterward the carte came home. The woman first looked at it, and then handed it to her husband. "Is that any one I know?" he inquired. "Yes, that is you," the woman quietly replied. He took a long look, and then exclaimed as he turned away to hide his emotion, "By the help of God, I will never touch strong drink again."—*Christian Budget*.

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THE LARGEST.

A Yankee visitor to England during the jubilee celebrations was staying at a certain hotel in Liverpool. The morning after his arrival he was taking a look round the hotel when he came across one of the waiters. Glancing up

at the building, the Yankee said, "Say, stranger, is this the biggest hotel you have here in Liverpool?" "Well, yes," answered the waiter, "I believe it is one of the largest in Liverpool." "Oh," said the Yankee, "then I guess we are ahead of you in our country, for we could put this place in the porch of one of our American hotels and not be at all inconvenienced!"

A short time after the waiter again came across the Yankee and, wishing to get straight with him, said, "Have you been in Birmingham yet, sir?" "No," says the Yankee, "I have not, but I guess I will go before I leave the old country." "Well," said the waiter, "if you go, be sure you put up at the Great Western hotel. It will suit you down to the ground. The coffee room is a snoozer. It is three miles long, and the waiters go about on horseback."—*Scottish American*.

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The very large boy may be extra smart in the intellectual sense during early life, but, judging from the number of comparatively small men who have made their mark in the history of human achievement, the rule seems to be reversed when the individual gets older and settles down to ordinary proportions. Every one can call to mind the number of famous men who are small of stature and light of frame, while the merely big fellows cut a very low figure in the list of exceptions to the rule.

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BILL NYE.

When Bill Nye was in Philadelphia in 1893, he visited the office of George W. Childs. At parting Mr. Childs asked the humorist to write a sentiment in his autograph album. Nye at once produced this: "Wagner's music is not as bad as it sounds."

❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

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WELSH HILLS FOLK LORE.

I.

THE MAN OF THE POWERFUL VOICE.

By Raymond Evans, Columbus, O.

All these things of which I am about to tell happened within the borders of a very small section of central Ohio; that is to say, a section narrow and constricted according to the measure of the men who ran the township lines. If, however, all the kinks and wrinkles in the face of the land in question were to be pressed out flat, I venture to say that it would well nigh cover the township. Yet it really comprises barely the north-east quarter of that township.

But that is not to the point. The point itself is that these well wooded heights are the "Welsh Hills." Welsh people have held them for a century. Jones, Rees, Phillips, Davis—such were the names of those who first settled there. There, also, in the early days of the century, came the Williamses, the Evanses, the Thomases, the Pughs (I can boast a grandparent from each of them), the Powells, the Prices, and—the Johnsons (the proverbial exception). The tales

to be recounted concern these hill people, among whom they once passed current at par.

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Among the celebrities of long ago who still live in the unwritten annals of the Hills, not the least interesting is Jimmie Johnson. This once vigorous and tangible personality has, in the course of time, become but a vague and shadowy phantom that grows yet more vague and ethereal as years go by.

He is seldom seen any more. At rare intervals, when the kitchen fire burn its cheeriest and the north wind howls its most dismal blasts, he joins the gay circle about some rural hearthstone and tarries for a brief season an honored and welcome guest; or sometimes, when the sap boils low in the pan and the beering steam begins to acquire that nameless sweet savor that some of us know, he comes for a while and sits in the light of the camp fire among those that tell tales and play pedro. But these

visitations are of rare occurrence now, and the deeds of this doughty hero will doubtless soon pass from the minds of men. The name by which he will perhaps live longest in history, as suggestive of his most resounding and far-reaching attribute, is "The Man With the Powerful Voice." True, he was a mighty hunter before the Lord, and a notable man of valor, and all that. But his voice was the thing, and thereby hangs the tale.

* * * * *

There was consternation in the house of Johnson. Jimmie, peering among his sheds and lean-tos, set up a shout that started the black-birds from the swamps. Dave and Joe, his stalwart sons, came tumbling, half-dressed, from the cabin. There was a mezzo-forte consultation, then the vociferations of the sons were added to those of the sire. Presently the echoes were thundering back from all the hills. Interjections bolted through the morning fog like the detonation of artillery. The dawn was clangorous with cuss-words, and the buzzards started, stiff-necked and fearful, from the sycamores.

The why of it all was that old Sue and Brindle, the heifer, had absconded with the morning milk supply. They were nowhere to be found. Father and sons ascended the wooded slopes and yodeled till the settlers from the big spring to Keller's flat and northward all up and down Brushy Fork Valley knew that Jimmie Johnson had lost his cows. But the clamor was

all to no purpose. The cows didn't materialize, so finally Jimmie and the boys temporarily gave over the search and returned to breakfast, while the echoes, dashing headlong from ridge to ridge, wore themselves to silence.

After the morning repast, a still hunt was inaugurated. The boys were sent forth to scour the then unfenced and almost untrodden wilderness to the northward. Jimmie himself took a turn about the neighborhood, made a few fruitless inquiries, fired a resounding "Co Brindle!" or "Sook Sue!" down each ravine or hollow he passed, then gave it up and returned home to smoke, to endure with stoicism the reproaches heaped upon him by his better half for supposed negligence, and to await further developments.

The hours steal by in slow, uneventful procession. Time draws on toward the middle of the afternoon. A breathless day. The smoke from a half-score of clearings ascends straight to the sky. From a deep brushy ravine to the northward a ruffed grouse sounds his solemn drum. A solitary wild turkey launches from the backbone of the Old Renny hill, and flies with labored beating of wings till he surmounts the tree tops on the northern wall of the valley, then, with rigid pinions, slides, swifter than the wind, into the deep wood beyond. A sound of chopping yonder in the deadening. A rifle-shot from somewhere; a keen-eyed Phillips stalking deer perhaps. Thus

the sun comes to the western tree-tops. Then ——

A melodious note from out the west, far, sweet, echoless—a silver-bronze chime floating hitherward from the Hesperides! Clear, mellow, resonant—full and deep yet quick-dying to silence with never a lingering overtone to jar the soul—melodiously solemn with a world of steadfastness in its every sweet knell. O! there's no describing it! Some of us know it. Words will never bring it to them that do not.

Jimmie pulled himself together and knocked the ashens from his pipe. Then he turned toward the interior of the cabin, peering through the open door.

"Now then, dry up—you!" he said. "Don't let's hear any more sass about them cows. They're a'comin'. C'n hear ole Sue's bell plain as—hear now, 'wavy off yonder?"

The fountain of conjugal reproach promptly "dried up," and the wife came to the door to listen.

Within the hour old Sue and the heifer came leisurely home with unconcerned flapping of ears, all unconscious of the trouble they had occasioned, and very much desirous of being milked.

Then the bitter waters broke forth in a fresh place. Assured of the safety of the cows, the mother now waited for her children, because they were not, and Jimmie must straightway get himself forth to search for the boys.

So, setting the wife to the milking, the hero took his rifle and

trudged off northward through the woods. He traversed the forest for a mile, or such a matter, and presently came to the nose of Spruce Hill, an abrupt promontory projecting into the widening Brushy Fork Valley, a height from which opened a long prospect to the east across the North Fork of Licking. Planting himself upon the brow of this eminence, Jimmie Johnson lifted up his voice. Prefacing his call with a nameless explosive, he cried, "O Dave! Joe! The cows have come home!"

About a minute and a half later, the boys, beating the woods away to the north, heard the words floating to them over the blue hills southward. Faint and far, but distinct, the paternal summons came to them, and turning from their quest they bent their steps homeward. They had crossed the Knox County line two hours before, and were then almost within sight of the town of Mt. Vernon. That was fully eighteen miles from the point of Spruce Hill.

Shade of the immortal Stentor, thou whose trumpet voice shook the walls of ancient Troy and set on edge the china plate in all the towers of Illium, verily thine are not all the laurels!

* * * * *

I suppose you won't believe it. Discredit is the inevitable lot of all such marvelous truths, so I won't pause to argue the question with an unbelieving public. It would be useless. All the same there were good, church-going people—not

long in their graves some of them—who were wont to tell the tale with conscience as unruffled as—well, as unruffled as mine is now, for instance.

For the benefit of the skeptical, I shall here add another incident concerning this stentorian Johnson family. This is a much less hard and spinous morsel than the foregoing. It should be easily swallowed by the most incredulous.

We step from the mysterious half-light of pre-historic times into the well-lighted domain of history, in fact to the fall of the log-cabin hard cider campaign of '40. The hero is John Johnson, a young fellow of a later generation than the aforementioned. Time, late in October. Place, the Evans homestead.

A husking bee was on foot. There, before the barn door, was the great stack of unshucked ears with the heavy walnut fence rail balanced across its apex. Facing each other across the cone of corn were the contesting forces, both young men and maidens, the former in the van, the latter bringing up the rear ready to collect the husked corn as it should come flying over the shoulders of the huskers—yes and to surreptitiously make away with such tell-tale unhusked ears as should appear, as well, it must be confessed! Here was a free-for-all basket of little old fashioned apples. A group of growling, clinkling old men yonder. All in the light of flaring tallow-dip lanterns. In the lull be-

fore the giving of the signal some one spoke—"Listen, what's that?"

All heads turned, and everyone heard distinctly the well-known voice of John Johnson floating over the hill-tops to the south. John was singing the then popular campaign song:

"Old Tip's the boy to swing the flail
And make the democrats all quail,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The melody came rolling up from the south in truly titanic volume.

"John 'll be here 'fore long," ventured someone.

"Shucks," was the contemptuous rejoinder, "John Johnson may be anywhere between here and the Fairfield County line for all you can tell!"

An old man, assiduously scraping an apple with his jack-knife, looked up and drawled—

"Ef ole Tip ud jest stick his head outen his back winder he'd hear that singin' sure! Couldn't help it—no, couldn't—deed an' double!"

Then the song ceased and the "bee" was begun with a rush.

* * * * *

About an hour later, just after the walnut rail came to the earth, and while the victors were licking up the meager remnant of unhusked corn left by the vanquished, John Johnson came up the lane.

"How are ye John?"—"Too late John,"—"What's that? Shucks, the real fun's just agoin' to begin!"—"Ketch this apple John."—"Here John, ketch this red ear; it 'll be more fattenin' than apple feed."

A volley of merry badinage, to-

gether with more tangible missiles, assailed him.

"Say John, we heard you singing while ago. Somebody said you were 'tother side the county line. Were you now, deed an' double? Where were you John, now honest?"

"Jest out of Granville," was the reply, "'long about clear run, reckon it was."

There followed an eloquent sil-

ence. Finally someone broke the spell with—

"So he was on this side of the county line after all!"

From that place to Granville is three miles as the crow flies over the hills. On damp Sabbath mornings, when the wind is right, the people who now live in the corner of the township where the "bee" was held can hear the heavy bells of the Granville churches—can just hear them, and that is all.



THE ALLEGED DISCOVERIES OF AMERICA.

By Aneurin Jones.

Systems of Consanguinity among the American Indian Tribes: The following correspondence will explain itself:

Smithsonian Institution,
Washington, D. C., Jan. 20, 1860.

Dear Sir: In behalf of the Smithsonian Institution, I beg to commend to your attention the accompanying letter and schedule of Mr. Lewis H. Morgan, of Rochester, N. Y. This gentleman has been engaged for several years in studying the ethnological peculiarities of the Indians of the North American continent, and has discovered among them a system of relationship, which he wishes to compare with the systems of consanguinity existing among the natives of other countries. From the annexed letter it will be seen that General Cass has given this interesting inquiry

the official sanction of the Department of State.

The answers to the circulars may be addressed to the Smithsonian Institution, care of the Department of State, and full credit will be given to all who will furnish information bearing on this subject, when the results of these investigations are published. I am very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOSEPH HENRY,

Secretary to the Smithsonian Institution.

To the Diplomatic Agents and Consuls of the United States in foreign countries: The accompanying circular and blank form have been prepared by L. H. Morgan, Esq., of Rochester, New York, for the purpose of extending his ethnological investigations relative to

the Indians of this continent to the other parts of the globe.

As the results of his investigations are to be published in the Smithsonian contributions to knowledge, I have been requested by the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in this city to commend the matter to your favor. I will consequently thank you to do whatever you conveniently can towards furnishing the information desired. I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

LEWIS CASS.

Department of State, Washington,
5th January, 1860.

In the furtherance of the object of the circular referred to, the following letter of Mr. D. W. Nash, author of "Taliesin," was published in the *Cambrian Journal* for the Summer Solstice, 1860.

To the Editor of the *Cambrian Journal*:

Sir.—The question of the existence, among the native tribes of North America of the descendants of the Welsh emigrants of Prince Madoc has been more than once discussed in the "*Cambrian Journal*." There appears now to be an opportunity of applying the only decisive test in our power, the philological. The accompanying papers have been forwarded to me, but I do not feel competent to undertake the task, which can only be satisfactorily performed by a native educated Welshman. So favorable a conjunction of circumstances for bringing the question referred to, to a positive issue, may never occur

again, as the researches of Mr. Morgan are being conducted under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution of the United States, and it is to the American literati that we must look for the knowledge of the North American Indian dialects, necessary to comparison of the Welsh with those languages.

The subject is one of deep interest and importance to British archaeologists, and I trust that the Rev. Mr. Williams (Ab Ithel), will be induced either to undertake the matter himself, or to hand it over to some gentleman on whom he can rely for its satisfactory performance. I feel sure that he will feel sufficiently interested in the subject to pardon the liberty I have taken in mentioning his name.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

D. W. NASH.

Brandon Villa, Cheltenham,
March 22, 1860.

Ab Ithel collected 204 degrees of relationship with Welsh equivalents in compliance with the circular of Mr. Morgan but it does not appear that it tended in the least to solve the Welsh Indian problem, from the results which will be found in Volume 17, Smithsonian contributions.

Irish Claims to American Discovery: To make the Madogian claim of a still less importance, it appears, as is the wont of our Celtic brethren of the Emerald Isle for antiquity, that there is an Irish claim of the discovery of America to St. Brandan, antedating that of

Madoc by several centuries, and and Saint Brandan lie in peace, and
 that the latter is only a fabrication unite as different branches of the
 of a tradition relating to the former. Keltic stock to bear fruit in our
 It appears, after all, in conclusion, literary as well as in all other pur-
 we can do no better than let Madoc suits worthy of our ancestral sires.

(The End.)



PASSING CENTURIES.

By the late Rev. E. Edwards, Allentown, Pa.

By all past light we see, and well we know
 The future comes as fruit of what men sow
 In passing years. The opening century
 Will gain high vantage ground and it will see
 From altitudes sublime: 'twill move in ways
 More worthy, for the light of other days;
 True evolution we confess again
 And hail a law of progress, both for men
 And nations; all around this mundane sphere
 Will wonders multiply from year to year.
 Who ever dreamed a hundred years ago
 Of what to-day is history? The glow
 Of these late days who could foresee? in truth,
 This old world, eagle-like, renews its youth,
 For "Onward" is the watchword of our day
 And God and man hold blessed, widespread sway
 O'er nature and the powers of good and ill—
 As it hath been, it is, and will be still.
 These centuries are hours in God's great "day,"
 Their light upon His dial-plate display
 A gnomon of God's purposes divine
 Distinctly seen by all who so incline.
 There is a goal to which the centuries run—
 For Truth and Right the victory must be won!
 What tho' the force of ignorance oppose,
 "God and the Right" stand firm, and each soul knows
 That God and right shall triumph: God thro' man
 And man thro' God shall win. This is His Plan,
 'Twill culminate in glory some glad hour,
 The work will be complete and show God's power.
 So passing centuries give us little care
 Since God is Good and God is everywhere:
 Here on His "footstool," happy at His feet,
 The Twentieth Century we can gladly greet—
 Come, Century of God, and be sublime,
 The grandest spread upon the scroll of Time.

CRICKHOWELL.

By Isabella.

Crug or Craig Hywel, Hywel's rock or mound (hence it is more correct to spell it with one l) is charmingly situated on the turnpike and mail road between Abergavenny, its nearest railway station, and Brecon, the county seat, 14 miles distant. The population of 1,400, and business have remained stationary for many years from lack of railway facilities. Partly from a desire to save the natives from any accidents, shock or heart failure from riding behind the iron horse, instead of continuing the use of Shank's pony, and partly to give their own horses and coachmen exercise, the landed proprietors have for thirty years successfully opposed the construction of a railroad from Abergavenny to Brecon via Crickhowell, but the strenuous and rapid march of this 20th century's progress will soon make this vale of friendship or "Glyn Cyfeillgarwch" economically accessible to the tourist, and the welcome whistle of George Stephenson's revised style of locomotion will ere long echo through the valley as it speeds on beside running brooks, below rugged mountains and through fields "arrayed in living green."

The remains of an old castle built subsequent to the conquest, may be seen as we enter the town from Abergavenny, and close by is the Calvinistic Methodist chapel named

"Dan y Castell," justly renowned some forty years ago for the excellency of its congregational singing, under the leadership of Mr. Thomas Jones, sadler, formerly of Trallwm, near Brecon. In the center of the town stands an imposing monument in the form of a drinking fountain, erected to the memory of Dr. Lucas, who was to the town and neighborhood a typical "Doctor of the old school," as depicted by Ian Maclaren in his famous "Bonnie Brier Bush," and many of the afflicted poor had good cause to revere his memory and call his name blessed. The Town Hall or Palace of Justice is above the market place, and here the country squires mete out justice and injustice in weekly (weakly) doses, their legal decisions leaving the reputations of Blackstone, Kent and Coke perfectly secure. Adjoining the market is the old printing shop of the late Thomas Williams, who published the Rev. Thomas Price's *Hanes Cymru*. A few miles distant is the village of Cwmdru (the natives resent that black name and say "Cwm Gwyn yw'n Cwm Ni"), where this celebrated author and Cymric historian was curate for many years, at the nominal salary of £40 per annum, out of which his modest bachelor wants were supplied, leaving quite a balance, which he gave to the poor of his parish, thus making his preach-

ing and Christianity luminous and practical.

Another illustrative incident, one of many, of the catholicity and greatness of his nature, may be found in the following. He contributed an essay to an Eisteddfod at Abergavenny. The merits of it

defeat might prove profitable as an innovation into the modern Eisteddfodau, as some competitors after paying the highest compliments to the ability and fairness of the adjudicators, before the contest, into which they voluntarily enter, as soon as defeat rewards their efforts,



CRICKHOWELL

and his opponent's were so close that it was only after long deliberation that the adjudicators decided to award the prize to his competitor. Some of Mr. Price's overzealous admirers requested his consent to publish his essay with the successful one. Manly and honorable man that he was, he refused upon the high ground that he was afraid such a course might detract from the honor and credit of his fellow competitor. This somewhat antiquated and unfashionable style of accepting

rush into all sorts of publicity without the aid of a gatling gun, much to their own detriment and regret of all rightminded people.

Let us hope that in future some of the sanctified common sense of Rev. Thomas Price (Carnhuanawc), and others may be injected into all who compete, so that they may acquiesce in all decisions pro and con in good Anglo-Saxon style, thus obtaining a victory over the baser passions of their frail humanity, and regard the thorns of present defeats as but the

preludes to the roses of future victories.

As an evidence of the musical ability of the town, it may be stated that upon one occasion Handel's "Messiah" was performed with an orchestra, chorus and soloists recruited from the neighborhood, thus eclipsing all towns of its size in England and Wales, and the National Eisteddfod itself in this respect.

The business of the town is derived from agricultural pursuits, and the large number of aristocrats, in-

cluding the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Glan Usk, formerly Sir Joseph Bailey (who own much of the land in the vicinity) who reside in the neighborhood. Profitable excursions may be made to the Table and Cradle mountains, from which may be seen some of the fairest scenery in Wales, including the Breconshire Beacons, which loom up in the distance like Alpine sentinels and parts of God's eternal hills.

THE OBSERVATORY.

D. E. Richards, M. D., Slatington, Pa.

Who is it that does not know the potatoe, and more, who is it that does not relish the potatoe to a degree more or less?

That being the case among the majority of "Cambrian" readers, as one would naturally infer, a brief sketch of the rise and spread of the potatoe will probably be read and enjoyed. To state at the outset, that it ranks next to bread as an article of food, and sometimes outranks it, would not be out of place. At least we are told there are places in Ireland where potatoes take the place of both bread and meat, except on rare occasions.

Yet, let us not think because Ireland is sometimes called the "land o' the praties" that the green isle is its

native land. A great many believe this who ought to know, and to be proud of the fact, that the potatoe is a native of America, or a native American, if that sounds better.

* * * *

Botanically, the potatoe belongs to a family of plant known as the solanaceae, which includes the deadly nightshade and other poisonous plants. The juice of its own leaves and stems, and even of the skins of its tubers, is slightly poisonous. In its native state the plant is small, and the tubers rarely exceed the size of a walnut or common chestnut. They are also of a moist, waxy consistence, and have a slightly bitterish taste. The color of the blossoms is generally white, instead

of the red and purple hues of the cultivated sorts. By the careful cultivation of man, however, these small, waxy and bitter tubers have been swelled out into large, farinaceous, palatable potatoes, one single stem producing many pounds weight.

* * * *

Sir Walter Raleigh has the double distinction of having introduced the potatoe and tobacco into Europe. He first introduced them to crowned heads, with whom they both became prime favorites. It was not for this, however, Sir Walter lost his handsome head. The potatoe is at present celebrating its third centennial, it having been just 300 years since Sir Walter planted the first crop on his farm in County Cork, Ireland. The seed tubers were collected in Peru by members of an expedition sent out by this enterprising courtier. These tubers were quite small—so small they would not be looked at by a modern cook, no, not even by some of the writer's acquaintance, who call themselves careful housewives, for in that case, the whole of the potatoe would be sliced away in the process of what is falsely called peeling.

Under careful cultivation they soon developed a goodly size, but nothing like they attain at present.

Nor were they as toothsome, being rather strong, or slightly pungent. But they improved rapidly in flavor and size, became plumper and

smoother, as farmers and gardeners learned how to treat them.

* * * *

But though more than three centuries have elapsed since the introduction of the potatoe into Europe, strange to say the name of him who first introduced the root rests upon nearly as doubtful authority as that of the planters of the cerealia more than 3,000 years ago.

As to its introduction into Great Britain, however, there is less doubt. It is certain that the expedition sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1584, first brought the tuber to England. It is almost equally certain that Sir Walter Raleigh himself was the first person to plant it in British soil in the year 1596. But it would appear that before this period the potato, under the name of batata, was known in Europe. Nevertheless, neither in Great Britain nor the continent did it become immediately popular. For more than a century it languished in obscurity in England.

Little known and less prized, it was confined to the gardens of botanists and the curious, and when used at all as food, only at the tables of the rich, as a rare vegetable rather than as a standing dish.

The potatoes furnished to the table of James I. bore the high price of two shillings per pound. In Ireland, in Lancaster and the western districts of England and in Scotland, where the land was portioned out

in small parts on the cotter system, the potatoe culture, once begun, rapidly advanced and spread over the whole country, and even to the American colonies of Great Britain.

* * * *

In France the potatoe was placed on the royal table as early as 1616. But it was an apothecary named Parmentier who really introduced it and did all he could to have it generally cultivated more than a century and a half later.

In 1771 a prize was offered by the academy of Besancon for the discovery of a new food which should fill the place of cereals in case of a famine. Parmentier exhibited his potatoes. Louis XVI. gave him one hundred acres of land wherein to plant them. His majesty also stuck the flowers of the potatoe in his buttonhole as a bouquet.

Marie Antionette placed them in her hair in the evening. Fashion ran wild after similar decorations. Parmentier's place was inundated by princes, dukes and high functionaries. All Paris talked only of potatoes and Parmentier. The king said to the latter: "France will thank you some time hence, because you have found bread for the poor."

* * * *

But now comes the medical men and jump on the toothsome tuber. They tell the public it is not what it is cracked up to be as an article of food. Being composed almost entirely of starch and water it is about as hard to digest as the undercrust

of rhubarb pie, or the shell of a boiled dumpling.

You may not like to swallow this, but the diet man can show you facts and figures obtained from the chemist that will easily support the statements made by the medical men. And, according to the best authorities, foods composed very largely of starch are injurious to health unless they are thoroughly digested. Potatoes being easy to eat, and so very cheap, people are liable to take in more of them than the digestive organs can properly dispose of, and then some sort of trouble is sure to follow.

* * * *

Mashed potatoes have been, and rightly too, relegated to the list of pernicious foods, along with home fried, stewed and boiled.

The only safe way to serve them is baked, with their jackets on, or roasted until they burst open. Baking has much the same effect on them that it has on dough made of flour, because the material is much of the same ingredients. You would not care to make a meal on boiled, fried or stewed dough. But now, in conclusion, you come to think of it, why should the potatoes become a universal food? Had nature so intended, it does seem to me, that the potatoe would have been scattered all over the face of the earth, the same as fruits and cereals, and not limited to a narrow district down in South America, where it was not even recognized by the natives as being fit to eat. The passing of the potatoe may yet serve as the subject of a great prize poem in the National Eisteddfod—who knows?

A TOUR OF WALES.

By E. I. Jones, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

This county is bounded on the north by Denbigh and Merioneth, on the west by Cardigan, on the south by Radnor, on the east by Salop. It has an area of 778 square miles, the largest in North Wales, with a population of from 65,000 to 70,000. With more than three times the area of Flint, it has less inhabitants. Its highest mountains are east Plynlimmon, 2,430 feet; Carreg-y-fran, 1,957; Llandinam, 1,919, and Moel Fadian, 1,854. The principal rivers are the Dovey, the Virnwy, the Severn, and the Wye. The soil in the valleys is generally fertile. The minerals are copper, zinc, coal and limestone. The principal towns are Machynlleth, Welshpool, Montgomery, Newtown and Llanidloes. A large majority of the people of Montgomeryshire speak the English language. A large portion of the inhabitants of the towns on the Severn, are English people. We shall now visit some of the principal towns.

Machynlleth on the Dovey, is 10 miles east of Aberdovey. It has a population of over 2,000, and has some woollen factories. In this town is seen the house in which Owen Glyndwr was crowned King of Wales in 1402. Among the Welsh chieftains present was David Gam of Breckonshire, who came as a

professed friend, but intended to assassinate the great chief. His intentions were known; he found himself in the hands of detectives. Friends interfered, Gam's life was spared, but he was kept a close prisoner for ten years. When Glyndwr's power waned, Gam was released, he fought under Henry V. at Agincourt, and fell loyal to his royal master, and was knighted by him as he was dying. Owen Glyndwr lived 13 years after his coronation, and retained his independence until he died; though hunted as a wild beast upon the mountains, he was never taken. This man crowned prince or king of Wales was more worthy of the honor than most of the princes or kings of Wales who had lived before him. He was a lineal descendent of the prince of Gwynedd, Powys and Dyfed, viz the princes of North Wales, West Wales, and South Wales. So he possessed the blood of the nobility of the land. He was educated, had studied law and been admitted to the bar. Was for sometime a member of the court of Richard II., was loyal to his master when others deserted him, was with the king when taken by Henry of Bollingbroke. When Henry was crowned king of England, Owen returned to his estates in Wales. When his rights were violated he appealed to the

Court, finding no redress he took up arms. He will live in history as a man of talent and culture, a brave soldier and wise statesman. Some miles north east of Machynlleth, there stands on rising ground a large farmhouse, a palace in its day, called Mathafarn. Henry, Earl of Richmond, afterward Henry VII., spent one night here on his way to Bosworth field in 1485. The house was occupied then by Dafydd Llwyd ap Llywelyn (David Lloyd, son of Llywelyn). David was regarded as a great poet, and it was supposed in those days a poet could prophesy. So Henry asked Lloyd in the evening if he would be successful in his struggle for the crown, and Lloyd replied that he would answer in the morning. That night Lloyd consulted his wife as to the answer. She told him "tell Henry that he will be successful, for if he is not, he will be killed and you will be none the worse, but if he succeeds, he will reward you for your prophesy." So David told Henry that he would be successful. Henry was glad, and requested the loan of Lloyd's grey horse. There is no record of his returning the horse, nor of his rewarding Lloyd for horse or prophesy.

Llanbrynmair, 10 miles east of Machynlleth, is a small place but has been an important center of nonconformity from the days of Charles I., to the present. It has produced some strong men. Welshpool is 30 miles east of Machynlleth, on the Severn river. The

Severn next to the Thames is the largest and most important river in England. It has its origin in the mountain of Plynlimmon, runs east to Llanidloes, then north a short distance above Welshpool, then east through Salop to Shrewsbury, then south through Worcester and Cloucester, and empties into the Bristol Channel below Cardiff. It is 210 miles long, and navigable a distance of 178 miles, as far as Welshpool. This town is a municipal borough of about 8,000 inhabitants, manufactures flannel of which public sales are held every other week. Powis Castle is near. It is called by the Welsh "Castell Coch" (Red Castle). It is the home of the Earl of Powis, has a noble park with a large pool which gives its name to the town. From the summit of the park a fine view may be had on a clear day of Cader Idris, Arran and Plynlimmon, all being about 30 miles distant. Powis Castle holds a fine collection of works of art. In the latter part of the thirteenth century this great castle was occupied by Owen Griffith, who reigned as a feudal king. His wife died leaving one child, a daughter, named Hawys. Before the lovely daughter came to maturity the father died. Two wicked uncles took possession of the castle and estate. As Hawys grew up she saw clearly that her rights were disregarded, and even her life endangered. She determined to go to London and appeal to the king. She made known her plan to a few faithful servants. One day

while her uncles and servants were hunting she started on the best horse on the place. She had over 200 miles of a journey, and it would take a week or more to reach London; finally she reached the great city, and appeared at the Tower gate seeking admittance to the king. Her case was referred to a young courtier, Sir John Charleton, who seems to have been from Salop, not far from her castle. He was smitten with the beautiful girl and soon had her before Edward the king. She told her grievance, the king promised redress on condition she would take one of his courtiers for her husband. Edward desired to plant loyal friends in Wales. Hawys was pleased with Sir John, and it did not take long to make the match. Sir John Charleton and Lady Hawys Griffith were married. In five or six weeks after the departure of Hawys, the guard at Castell Coch saw spears gleaming in the sunshine; the wicked uncles concluded to surrender and depart. Sir John and Hawys entered, lived happily in true love. Sir Robert Clive who by his generalship gave India to Great Britain, was one of their descendents.

Montgomery is 8 miles south of Welshpool on the Severn. It is a small place, the civil parish numbering a little over a thousand inhabitants. It is noted for the ruins of its old castle. The castle was first built by Baldwin, Lieutenant of the Marches, under William the Conqueror, and was called by the

Welsh "Trefaldwyn." In 1092, Roger de Montgomery fortified the castle and gave it his name. In the graveyard of the parish church there is a spot called "The Robbers Grave." Tradition claims that when an innocent man was hung at Montgomery, he claimed his innocence under the gallows, and said that as a proof of this no grass would ever grow over his grave. We are told that there is a spot in the graveyard in the form of a cross where no grass is ever found. Castell Dol-y-Forwyn (The Castle of the Meadow of the virgin) is a short distance from Montgomery on the north side of the Severn. In the valley below is "Dol-y-Forwyn" (The Virgin's Meadow). The legend is that Lochrine, king of Britain, put away his queen, Gwendolen, and married a captive maid Estrildis. From this union Sabrina was born. When Sabrina was quite young Lochrine died, and Gwendolen the discarded queen came to the throne. In revenge she pursued Estrildis and her beautiful daughter Sabrina overtook them in this meadow, cast them into the river, where they were both drowned. From that day the river's name was changed to Sabrina, now Severn. A jutting rock in the river is said to indicate the place where Sabrina and her mother died. It is said that Sabrina, called the "Water Baby," roamed along the river banks healing the wounds made by evil spirits, and protecting damsels in distress, and so the innocent and beautiful Sab-

rina became a blessing to the living. But we are told that Sabrina does not now visit the district.

Newtown, called in Welsh "Trennewydd," is situated on the Severn, 8 miles southwest of Montgomery. It has extensive flannel and other woolen manufactures, founderies, potteries, tanning and malting establishments. It has been called the Leeds of Wales. The urban district has a population of between 7,000 and 8,000, which are largely English. The "Hall" at Newtown is one of the historic places. It was formerly the seat of the Pryses. We are told that Sir John Pryse, the last of the name to occupy the hall, was married three times. When he led his third wife to his bridal chamber, she discovered that his two former wives were embalmed and placed one on each side of the bed. The new wife declared that she would not occupy his bed until his former wives were buried. When the third wife died Sir John employed a miracle worker to restore her to life, but the effort was a failure. It is pleasant to turn from this eccentric, foolish man, to one of God's noble men. Robert Owen was born in Newtown in 1771, and returned here to die in 1858. He was one of the grandest characters that Wales ever gave to the world. Born in comparative poverty, in early life he became known as one of the successful business men of Britain, and his social reforms called the attention of the civilized world. He was consulted by kings, princes and statesmen, dined by

Andrew Jackson when President of the United States, and loved by millions of the laboring class. His son, Prof. Robert Dale Owen, said that benevolence was his father's paramount characteristic. He was buried in the grave of his parents at Newtown. Cefn Carnedd is five miles southwest of Newtown. It is one of the largest British encampments in the country. It has been named, as well as several other places, as the site of the famous struggle between the brave Caractacus and Ostorius Scapula. Llanidloes is 10 miles southwest of Newtown on the Severn, is a municipal borough, with a population of between 3,000 and 4,000, manufactures flannel, has slate, lead and copper ore in the vicinity. It is not far from the foot of Plynlimmon and the source of the Severn. Llanidloes became noted in 1839 in connection with the Chartist outbreak.

We are now near the borders of South Wales, having visited the six counties of North Wales. We have seen rugged mountains, swift streams, beautiful waterfalls and clear lakes. We have visited battlefields and castles, churches and cathedrals, where warriors fought, and princes reigned and the devout worshiped. Of the old princes of North Wales, it is claimed that some descendants remain. The following are said to be lineal descendants of Gryffydd ap Cynan, Prince of North Wales in the latter part of the eleventh century. On the male line: Wynne, of Pengwern, Merionethshire. On the female

line: Wynne of Gwydr, Carnarvonshire; Wynne of Wymstay, Denbighshire; Wynne of Bodscallum, and Wynne of Conway, Carnarvonshire; Wynne of Mochnant, Denbighshire; Dolben of Rhiwaedog, Merionethshire; Powell of Penmachno, Carnarvonshire; Davis of Tanllyntardeni, Merionethshire. The following are descendants of Bleddyn ap Cynfyn, Prince of North Wales just before Gryffydd ap Cynan. On the male side: Lloyd of Cwm Bychan, Merionethshire. On the female line: Kyffin of Bodfach, Montgomeryshire; Maesmor of Maesmor, Denbighshire; Hughes of Gwerchlas, Merionethshire. But we have found in North Wales many men who have claimed no nobility other than the Godgiven nobility of manhood, who have honored their land and nation as but few of the old princes ever did; men who after a life of glorious deeds shall shine forth as stars forever and ever.

A few miles south of Llanidloes we enter Radnorshire in South Wales. In point of scenery, South Wales is not as interesting to the tourist as North Wales. The mountains are not so high and rugged,

there are not so many little lakes and beautiful waterfalls. But South Wales is more important when regarded from the standpoint of life and business. With the same number of counties, South Wales has 1,021 square miles more territory than North Wales. It has also more fertile soil and is much richer in minerals, with about twice the population. The people of this territory two thousand years ago before the Romans entered, belonged to two tribes. The Silures occupied Radnor, Brecon and Glanmorgan; the Demetii, Cardigan, Carmarthen and Pembroke. Caradoc, the brave king of the Silures, resisted the Romans heroically for nine years, and long after that the inclusion of South Wales in the province of *Britannia Secunda* was little more than nominal. But in time Rome established a number of stations in South Wales, and made roads across the country, as *via Julia* and *via Occidentalis*. Remains of camps and stations and roads are still seen. We may notice some of them as we visit the different counties. We shall next give some attention to Radnorshire.



TRAVELS OF A STAY-AT-HOME.

Rev. J. Alexander Jenkins, Oberlin, Ohio.

A long cherished desire for a journey "around the world" has led me to form an anticipatory acquaintance with dwellers in lands afar. Thus, while my bodily journeying has been confined to a voyage or two to Gwalia, I have already enjoyed the pleasures of travel in strange lands. And this method of travel is a most agreeable one; it is exempt from the real dangers growing out of encounters with custom house officials, confidence men, hotel porters, and all manner of obstreperous individuals. It also possesses the advantages of enabling one to eliminate time and space. General Weyler, according to John Kendrick Bangs, was happy in the delusion that with his army he could make a forced march from New York to Canton, Ohio, the metropolis of the United States, and the stronghold of American politics, in forty-eight hours, surprise the unsuspecting citizens and capture the city. The General had gathered his geographical information from a New York Central time table. So I, deriving my data from books and periodicals, may with grand contempt transcend all limitations and flit from shore to shore, from clime to clime. I need not even follow the conventional method of transfer from one place to another. The mode of locomotion renders the ordinary depend-

ence upon trains, steamboats, dromedaries and vehicles wholly superfluous. The old farmer in "Eben Holden," piously deploring the impiety of traveling by train, said that if the Lord had intended men to fly he would have provided them with wings. Men have wings, the wings of imagination.

The delight of reading comes, I take it, from the unconscious habit of personifying the author's leading character. The transmigration of souls is, in a sense, real. My soul has animated in turn the body of Richard Carvel, David Harum, Peter Stirling and, most recently, the Sky Pilot. Thus have I braved the briny deep, beaten the deacon in the "hoss-trade," triumphed over ward politicians in New York, and softened the heart of the bronco-buster in the Wild West. And there is no ignominy attached to a return from these flights into the realm of adventure; every-day tasks are the easier accomplished because of these excursions of the fancy. Upon that fancy, in the writing of these sketches, only one restraint need be placed; the authors consulted, many of them noted travelers, learned scientists or devoted missionaries, must have due credit for the material utilized herein.

THE STAY-AT-HOME IN CHINA:

My first excursion is to China, for two reasons. First, China occupies

a large place in the thought of the world to-day; second, China has always, even from boyhood days, had a great charm for my own mind.

As a curious boy, John Chinaman used to charm my fancy and excite my awes. My predilection for ostracised men or beasts was always one of my few distinguishing characteristics. Some of the most vivid recollections of my boyhood are connected with the rescue of dogs and cats. Especially fresh in my mind is the remembrance of an incident that grew out of the adoption of a stray pup. The creature becoming too familiar on short acquaintance, aroused the ire of the pater. He was fully justified in adopting the usual mode of punishing the dog, but failed utterly to give its proper place, as a factor in the situation, to a slipp-ry walk. The head of the family fell, the dog escaped, while I, having indulged in an ill-timed laugh, was forced to suffer for myself and vicariously for the beast. The pleasantness of my childhood's memories is enhanced by thoughts of great numbers of dogs, cats, rabbits, birds and mud-turtles, that temporarily honored me with their presence as they passed through this vale of tears.

Perhaps all this accounts for my liking for the Chinaman. He seemed to me to belong to my kingdom of pets, even before I knew anything of the exclusion laws framed for his benefit by my appreciative government. He ap-

pealed to my fancy as the great exception, the matchless outlaw, the true unconventional. What a field for speculation was opened up by the question as to how his shoes clung to his feet! How fully did the unconscious son of the Middle Empire fulfill one of Horace Greeley's conditions of human greatness, viz., that a man must be indifferent as to the fit of his trousers! And then the unconfined 'shirt," how utterly indifferent to the accepted idea of its proper function it seemed to be! I well remember, also, the admiration with which I used to gaze upon the picture of a Celestial laundryman "sprinkling" the wash without the use of his hands, and with his mouth utilized as a reservoir. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that I always patronize the Chinese laundry. Even that much-maligned institution is not wholly devoid of charms. The composite odor is so delightfully mysterious; the calm superiority of the attendant as he places his mystic symbol upon the package, is so awe-inspiring; the feeling of excitement growing out of wonder as to whether John will find the bundle and make correct change, is so exhilarating. My latest proof of comradeship is a much-prized "China lily" presented as a Christmas token by the knight of the wash-tub.

Before leaving China I hope to learn something of the "true inwardness" of the nations' political, social and religious life; for this time I shall content myself with an

attempt to get into the proper frame of mind for the study contemplated.

The sooner the man who would see China at close range divests himself of the notion that he is to be regarded as a paragon of excellency, a prodigy of learning, an embodiment of the culture of the ages, the better for his peace of mind. His wisest course is to accustom himself to the thought that he is classified as "a foreign devil," a nonentity to be tolerated because of necessity, and to be hated with the greatest cordiality. He will prepare for an ignoring of all the great things his civilization has done; the Chinaman will gaze with great nonchalance upon the grandest products of his genius.

It is in no wise gratifying to one's vanity as a citizen of the United States to know that he is regarded as a devil from nowhere in particular. It staggers one somewhat to learn that the great Republic fails to appear at all upon some of the popular maps, and that England, "mistress of the seas," is marked as a little speck in the ocean, while China herself monopolizes nine-tenths of the available space. It will also strike him as somewhat hard upon the English to speak of them as "the insubordinate people who live on a mud-bank in the ocean," being ruled sometimes by a female, and sometimes by a male; their specific character being half human and half beast, described in the Silurian record as the "naked reptile." It is also exceedingly instructive to

know that the Christians "cut out the heart, and scoop out the eyes of the dead, using the remainder of the carcass as a medicine for cattle."

It is perhaps, not a balm for wounded feelings to ruminate upon the idea that the Chinaman has something as a basis for his conceit. It certainly does make Uncle Sam's domain look somewhat like "small potatoes" to think that the Celestial can match it, mile for mile, and still have many miles left to throw into the Pacific Ocean, and a goodly strip to lay as a blanket over Mexico. And China is not offering inducements to immigrants, her vast population makes the United States census report look like the circular of a "boom" western town. She has between three and five hundred million inhabitants; she is not sure of the exact figures, neither does she care particularly. The traveler in China is never far from people. As a missionary has said, "In China you are never out of sight of a living Chinaman, or the grave of a dead one."

Then, too, the Chinaman has no desire to change the subject of conversation when it comes to discussing genealogies. We Americans have no "family trees" to speak of. We are much like the Irishman who boasted that his ancestors "were all alive." China falls into the procession of nations somewhere in the vicinity of Egypt and India. Greece and Rome are not in her class. "Here people wore silks, while the earliest Britons were robed in skins." We ourselves must be con-

tent with the tail-end of the procession.

But the Westerner in China, though he may have to yield the palm so far as extent of territory or length of national existence goes, is quite apt to feel that he has one point undeniably in his favor—he has the scientific education of the West.

Here, again, the son of the East is ready for argument. He looks condescendingly out of his 'little eyes, and says, "You may have the 'scientific' education of the West, but I have the 'classical' education of the East. Learn my language, then I may talk to you." And if the traveler, obeying the injunction, attempts to pursue a "German at sight," or a "Spanish without a master," method, he soon finds that Chinese is a horse of an altogether different hue. He must learn some 4000 characters before he is able to read the newspaper or write local items for its columns. If he is ambitious to pose as a "real" scholar, he must learn 4000 or 6000 characters more. He will also discover that the written language is very remotely related to the spoken one—a forty-fifth cousin, or thereabout. How delighted the unsophisticated Mongolian must be as he hears the masterly foreigner vainly attempting to give the proper inflection to the harmless-looking monosyllables!

When the helpless foreigner has mastered enough of the language to be a worthy subject for Chinese sarcasm he is told to go out into

the provinces and learn the different variations! He finds that his task is but commenced, that the language has enough unsuspected pitfalls to keep him meek and nervous for the remainder of his natural life. By this time he will also be ready for the supercilious information that to be counted an educated man in China "means" something; that the man who comes through the preliminary examinations in the classics and succeeds in passing the final one is a "finished" product, but that out of the 10,000 men who usually take the "final," only 10 or 20 per cent. succeed. The wide-awake Celestial would also put any remaining assumption of superiority to flight by declaring that a Chinaman's education is a strictly scientific process. He would point out the fact that the course of a child's training is marked by significant designations, that it is possible to tell how far along the boy is, and what his talents are, by the name to which he responds. First comes the "milk name" chosen by the doting father a month or so after the infant's birth; next the "school name," chosen with special reference to talents or acquirements, such names as "Ink-grinder" or "Rising-advancement" being common. Then, finally, after the earlier stages of education have been passed, comes the "marriage name" or "style," which is forever more a sign that its possessor is off the matrimonial market. If this matter of names leads us, by association of ideas, to rashly remark that even

while in China the names of people may surpass those of our own Red Men in fancifulness, the domain of the Son of Heaven can offer nothing worthy to compete with the names attached to the unfortunate towns and hamlets of my country. What has the Middle King done to offend after I have proudly cited Kalamazoo and Kankakee, Sheboygan and Shakopee, Jonah, Harmony Hill and Going Snake? Alas, the satisfaction is ill-grounded. The Chinese inventor of names could give points to the most versatile committee ever selected to choose the "handle" for an infant Western metropolis. Think of a town called "Drop Tooth" in commemoration of the loss of a tooth by some local celebrity; imagine a hamlet dubbed "Horse Speaking Village;" because of a fabulous horse with powers of speech; and imagine how the most startling product of Western invention pales into insignificance before "Village of the Makers of Fine-Tooth Combs," "Female Dog Village," "Village Where They Wear Pug-Noses?"

I find, too, that my avowedly peaceful mission does not render me exempt from the discomfort of being regarded as a "trader" with some ulterior purpose of a commercial nature. Hence I am looked upon as legitimate prey by servants and attendants. I am never outside the "sphere of influence" of the yellow tormentors. If, weary with the snubs and rebuffs of the day, I determine to forget my cares in the enjoyment of a frugal meal, I find

that my natural desire to satisfy the inner man is made to serve as an excuse for making me declare my social pretensions. In fact, I find that human nature is the same in a Chinese eating-house as it is in an American restaurant, only more so. Who has not suffered the exquisite humiliation of having his "ham and eggs," or "liver and onions" order shouted in stentorian tones in the presence of scornful plutocrats who order the best on the bill of fare? The Chinaman performs the same trick in a most artistic and fiendish fashion. He seems to fairly gloat over the misery of his inpecunious victim. When he brings in the modest brands, he sings out the contents of each dish deposited upon the table with cruel distinctness. When the meal is over, he repeats the tune, but varies the words, chanting the price of the meal so distinctly as to fully satisfy the curiosity of the guests in the most distant corner of the room.

And it is no better when I make up my mind to find oblivion in sleep. However short my stay has been, it has probably been long enough to convince me that the inscriptions upon the gate-posts and door of the inns are a delusion and a snare. I may be promised "virtue, peace and concord," but experience bids me await for developments. I am led through a long court filled with the baggage of the guests who occupy the rooms on either side, to my own chamber of horrors. The night being warm, the coolies have, with great

thoughtfulness, thrown dirty water before the doors of the different rooms. At last, having wended my way through mountains of luggage and between groups of tea-drinking coolies, I reach my own chamber of nocturnal felicity. It is a room "close, windowless, and damp; mould is on the walls, and dirt on the rotten floor; mosquitoes and fleas abound." Even in this place of torture genius has burned, the "divine afflatus" has done its work. The walls are covered with the poetic monstrosities of former in-

mates. Some of the stanzas are laudatory, some denunciatory. Perhaps, ere I seek my couch, and insure pleasant dreams by reading something of this sort:

Within this room you'll find the rats
At least a goodly score;
Three catties each they're bound to weigh,
Or e'en a little more;
At night you'll feel a myriad bugs
That fight and crawl and bite;
If doubtful of the truth of this,
Get up and strike a light !"

And this is the initiation which the traveler who would see China as it is needs and gets.

(To be continued.)



THE NEW CENTURY.

Heir to the light and strength of ages gone,
The future facing with emboldened hope,
The new-born Century struggles up and on
For brighter rights and higher sights—to cope
With foes now old and new ones yet to rise
Foes to be conquered by the good and wise.

Hail! thou, the newer light, the stronger strength,
To meet the evils and the wrongs that be;
March on victorious, until at length
Dark lands unfreed shall greet thy victory;
And we who bear His name throughout thy years
May grow to greater joys with fewer tears!

MUSIC NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

When will Wales produce a great pianist? This question comes into the mind frequently. Lately, we saw and heard the celebrated Ernst Von Dohnanyi, the Hungarian, who was selected to perform Beethoven's G major concerto with the Chicago Orchestra. What an artist! We refrain from any criticism—the word being so much abused. The next new and great poet of the pianoforte, in the order of hearing, is the handsome Russian, Ossip Gabrilowitsch. We agree with the Boston musician who said—"Public sentiment is unanimous in its verdict that nothing like him has ever been within its memory; that he possesses technique, brilliancy, repose, temperament, tone, a magnetic personality, in a word, all the gifts of the gods—everything needful to make a great virtuoso." We find even the critics generous in their praise. Is it not time to look for a brilliant pianist, as one of the desired results of concert, college, Eisteddfod, and the oft boast that we are a musical people? Probably, the late, and talented R. S. Hughes was the best the Principality has brought forth. We have many excellent accompanists. Their work is an art by itself. May the day soon dawn when Wales will place before the world a great pianist.

The author of "Quo Vadis" puts

the following sentiment in the mouth of Nero, the emperor-fiddler and poser: "I am an artist in everything; and since music opens for me spaces the existence of which I had not divined, regions which I do not possess, delight and happiness which I do not know, I cannot live a common life. Music tells me that the uncommon exist."

In the death of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Nov. 22, 1900, the world lost the sweetest muse of his day. He died suddenly when in a merry mood. He made the whole world merry through the lyric humor of his operettas—words and music replete with humor, though W. S. Gilbert was the clever librettist. Theodore Thomas, from the standpoint of his classic heights, said of him the day he died:

"He evidently had a great deal of talent, but whether he used it in the proper way is not for me to judge. If his highest aim was to achieve popularity and make money he certainly succeeded. His oratorios had much merit, but when he drifted into such things as 'Pinafore' he threatened his reputation as a composer. I do not wish to underrate Sir Arthur, but it seems to me that his talent was misdirected. Others may be of a different opinion.

"I met Sir Arthur several times

in London, but never long enough to know him intimately. He seemed delicate, probably from the fact that he took no time for physical exercise. Composers, you know, are obliged to do their work sitting. As soon as the typewriter comes to be of practical use to composers, if it ever does, then it will be possible for them to be stronger and healthier."

This is true enough in a way, but the world has need of lyric merriment, of laughter, of healthy ridicule—much of "Pinafore" is delicate satire. The light opera has a message, and no one has used music in this style so delightfully as the gentle, thoughtful and classical Sir Arthur Sullivan. If we demand melody, is there anything in the song-world more satisfactory than "The Lost Chord," "The Distant Shore," "A Soldier's Grave," "Will He Come?" "Looking Back," and "Birds in the Night?" His music was always distinctive. Whatever he touched, it had the stamp of a cultivated musician.

The latest and prettiest little musical monthly is "Music Review," published by the Oliver Ditson Company, for 25 cents a year. It is a pocket monthly, with a portrait of one of the masters with a sketch of his life, excellent criticisms by some of our ablest writers, a number of music selections, and a most interesting account of the doings and sayings of worthy literary and musical lights. We have made the above remarks in the interest of the good cause.

The expansion of music goes on continually among our latest and best works of fiction, one of them being more than fiction, its characters are those who actually lived and labored in the pioneer work of northern New York. I refer to Batcheller's "Eben Holden," published by the Lathrop Publishing Company. This thrilling history-drama abounds with musical pictures, humorous and pathetic. The author may not be a theorist, but his heart and pen are those of a poet who feels the power and mission of song in the world. "Eben Holden" is one of those works that clings to the heart. The quaint descriptions of the love for music are nothing less than "delicious." As to Uncle Eb, "a big bass viol, taller than himself, had long been the solace of his Sundays. After he had shaved—a ceremony so solemn that it seemed a rite of his religion—that sacred viol was uncovered. He carried it sometimes to the back piazza, and sometimes to the barn, where the horses shook and trembled at the roaring thunder of the strings. As to his playing I have never heard a more fearful sound in any time of peace, or one less creditable to a Christian. Week days he was addicted to the milder sin of the flute, and after chores, if there were no one to talk with him, he would sit long and pour his soul into that magic bar of boxwood." Uncle Eb is a great character among the pioneers, "the country folk that saved this nation," as the poet Steadman writes after reading the

book. We surmise that there were Welshmen among them. "Ab Thomas" comes on the scene, a Vermont-er, a guide, and guardian of the lake. He is odd, quaint, and stubborn enough to be compared safely with many Welshmen we know of. The tune of a capable whistler of the "north country" is set down, which is minor enough to be of Welsh origin. The many other allusions to, and poetic expressions concerning music, goes to show what share song has in the most common daily life. Our best works of fiction deal philosophically and musically with life's simplicity, and with its serious problems. Among the latest works, none can be compared with "Eben Holden" in poetic descriptions, musical pathos, and healthful humanity.

Poets cannot work without the inspiration of music. Kipling, first caught a melody, then fitted the poem to it. He generally "hums" his poems on melodic lines. This accounts for their lyric swing. Tennyson would spend a whole afternoon over a couplet because his musical ear would not be satisfied with the lack of rhythmical power. Milton would have his soul inspired by the tones of the organ before he felt himself sufficient to roll out his matchless numbers of "Paradise Lost."

It is amusing how people mutilate the names of musical works, at times. During the Spanish war, a patriotic but un-musical compositor, in setting the "Twelfth Mass" of

Mozart, insisted upon rendering it "Mozart's 'Twelfth Massachusetts'." A London bookseller relates some of the curious names given to well-known works by purchasers, such as "Moses Hart's 'Twelve Masses'." According to the Bookman, "How I Reached the Masses" came out "How I Roasted Moses." The Book News is authority for the blunder of a press-cutting clerk who sent to the editor of a cycling paper a number of clippings concerning wheel matters, and the following as one: "We hear a report that the Princess of Wales may attend the third of the Beyreuth cycles." What would Wagner have said to that!

Christmas time is just passed, with its songs, feastings, and prize-contests. Though it is a season of cheer and social greetings, we have always contended that anything held on this day of peace and good will, which tends to bickering and the wounding of hearts, amounts to something akin to sacrilege. This is one of the undesirable results of prize-contests. From the platforms of many Christmas Day Eisteddfodau, the writer has asserted that the Christmas festival should be one of song, oration and sermon, and not of competition. This is a right attitude, I believe, or, we are not Christians. Can any form of celebration excel the old custom in Wales of special preaching, with choral, carol and anthem in praise? Nowadays, in many churches, neither Christmas nor Easter are given thought nor song. Poets and mus-

icians have sung the Birth, the Life, the Cross, the Resurrection and Ascension of the Christ in immortal numbers, in all ages. The thought of Christmas brings with it the highest and holiest inspiration. John Milton, 371 years ago last Christmas morning, in the silent hours preceding the dawn, sung in one writing his "Nativity"—the greatest Christmas poem of all ages. Out of this "Hymn" we quote two of the stanzas:

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ
blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic sym-
phony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of
gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly
mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the
peering day.

At every Christmas Sunday exercises in All Souls Church, Chicago. Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister, the following exquisite lyric of old and beloved Robert Herrick (1591-1674) is sung by Sunday School and congregation united. Observe its quaintness, its double rhymes and its pathos. The music to it is just as quaint:

In numbers, and but these few,
We sing thy praise, O Jesu!
Thou pretty babie, born here,
With superabundant scorn here,
Who for thy princely port here,
Hadst for thy place
Of birth, a base
Out-stable for thy court here.

Instead of neat inclosures,
Of interwoven osiers;
Instead of fragrant posies
Of daffodils and roses,
Thy cradle, kingly stranger,
As gospel tells,
Was nothing else.
But, here, a homely manger.

That time, it did disdain thee,
But we will entertain thee,
With glories to await here,
Upon thy princely state here,
And for our love, not pittie;
From year to year
We'll make thee here,
A free-born of our city.





FIELD OF LETTERS

We received from India a Report of the South India Protestant Missions, the Progress and Triumphs of a Century, by the Rev. J. P. Jones, Pasumalai. It was written in obedience to the desire of the Committee of the South India Missionary Association. It is a very interesting and encouraging story of the work of the missions in South India. It is only a matter of time when India will be thoroughly Christianized, or in the words of Chunder Sen, "India will be Christ's." We wish to acknowledge Mr. Jones's kindness.

Among the articles of the January "Cenhadwr" are an energetic paper in defence of lady preachers, by Ioan o Feirion, and a discussion of our national dangers by the Rev. Mawddwy Jones. Ioan o Feirion's paper is a spirited response to a contributor to the December number, who undertook to show that lady preachers had already done considerable harm to the cause of the gospel. There is an ancient prejudice against ladies in the pulpit.

In his Preface to the nineteenth volume of "Cymru," the Editor says a good word on its behalf as a nonsectarian magazine. His aim is to make and keep it a truly national monthly, which is a grand idea among the Welsh, a people so predisposed to sectarianism. All our magazines belong to some communion or other, and, consequently, they wear a certain denominational color. It is a most interesting and suggestive fact that nationalism is of recent origin among the Welsh; so much so that the Welsh word for "na-

tionality" was not in use before the 19th century. The Welsh language, until of late, knew nothing of words equivalent to "national," "nationalism," etc. The people were tribal and sectional in language and sympathy. It is even difficult to-day to form a thorough idea of nationalism in Wales. A magazine like "Cymru" is a national need, and every effort should be made in the 20th century to cultivate a truly national idea and spirit. There are elements in Wales which are as antagonistic, as if they represented different nationalities.

Among the articles in "Cymru" of December, there are "Poets of the Elizabethan Age;" "The Last of the Year and the Century;" "A Century of Welsh History;" "Books and Authors of the Close of the Century;" "Some of the Welsh of Liverpool" (IV.); and "Jennie's Courtship" (concluded). Among the illustrations are Dinas Lake, Mont Blanc, The Castle of Chillon, Rhuddlan Castle, &c., &c.

—In a "View of a Century of Welsh History," the writer observes indignantly on the part taken by Great Britain in the war in South Africa, pointing out withal the evils of imperialism and militarism. However, we may look at the question of war, the end-shaping divinity has more in it than we are disposed to think. Even in South Africa, there is another side to the question, which radical writers are prone to ignore. Britain has something to do there in self-defense. To have retired before the Boer invasion, would have been disastrous to civilization.

—"Jennie's Courtship" ends to please all who take an interest in love affairs. The annoying trouble which took place between Jennie and her lover after all was a misunderstanding, and the bicycle episode which seemed heartbreaking in its results and amounting to the strongest kind of circumstantial evidence, was utterly misleading. The situation is delightfully solved at the end, and love conquers and subdues the worst suspicions, and the "status quo ante bellum" is restored. Winnie Parry's sketches are clever and humorous.

The December number of "Cwrs y Byd" completes the tenth volume of this entertaining monthly. There is one thing that may be said of "Cwrs," viz., that it is honest and plainspoken, and there is, certainly, need for a magazine that is unconventional. There is ground to believe that authors and writers do not pen honestly what they in their hearts hold to be the truth; and, probably, more write from expediency than from a regard for truth. We are sorry to know that "Cwrs" hardly pays. It deserves a better patronage. Welsh literature is largely eleemosynary.

The contents are "Matter and Spirit" (XI.); "Tom Paine and the Rights of Man" (VI.); Remarks by the Editor; "The Marquess of Bute;" "The Boers and the Britons;" Correspondence, Poems, etc.

—In "Matter and Spirit," the writer argues in favor of the efficacy of prayer. "Prayer," he says, "in the spiritual world has the same effect as work in the material world. Every prayer, which is a strong mental action, must have its effect on the minds toward which it is directed. The mother's prayer has a direct influence on the child's mind; and when she prays for the welfare of a son in a foreign country, it must have an unfailing effect.

Such a theory is certainly enterprising and even hazardous.

—The Editor in his Notes discusses the Penrhyn labor troubles. He does not blame Lord Penrhyn so much as the system that allows one man to have the power to keep the people away from opportunities to earn a living. It seems serious, and in some sense, ludicrous, that the people's natural inheritance should be in the hands of a man who may debar a whole community from approaching their means of livelihood. Natural resources should be in the hands of a power which would see to the interest of all. The ownership of large tracts of nature's domain should be in some sense public property. A system that places thousands of workingmen at the mercy of a self-willed lord or proprietor is truly a constant menace.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for January presents to its young readers (and old, likewise, because the "Trysorfa" is read by the Welsh of all ages) a portrait of the Rev. Hugh Jones, D. D., of Liverpool, with an interesting sketch of his life. The other interesting portraits are those of John Evans and Andrew Bumford, both of Gleanant, Trefeglwys, Montgomery; the one 96, the other 91 years old.

The contents of the "Drysorfa" are as follows: The Rev. John J. Roberts (Iolo Caernarvon), Porthmadoc; The Love of Jesus; The Right to Forgive; Calvinism (one of a series); A Page of Howell Harris's Diary; Reminiscences of the Association Meetings at Liverpool (1859); Monthly Notes by the Editor, Reviews, News, Correspondents, &c.

—In the "Notes," the Editor makes a few sensible remarks anent the duty of the Welsh to teach their children the vernacular as the only efficient way of imparting secular and especially

religious education. Superficial knowledge of the English has done the Welsh no good, and their substantial progress in religion, at least, for the last hundred years has been made through the Welsh language. The English should be taught by means of Welsh, and the mastering of both is quite practicable.

"Cwrs y Byd" has undergone a change, and has passed as if through a furnace. Its soft yellow has turned into a reddish color. It has also changed its home in Llandyssul, Cardiganshire, for Aberdare, in Glamorgan, and will be henceforth associated with the "Darian," "Celt" and other Welsh publications. We cannot overlook a change for the worse in its typography. On some pages the errors are quite numerous. The editor and the proof-reader must have taken a holiday when the January number was printed.

"Cymru" for January is a most excellent double number, and is a treasury of knowledge and entertainment in itself. These January double numbers are becoming popular, and are themselves agents for advertizing the magazine. Among the contents of this and subsequent number are the following papers and articles: The History of Wales from the Death of Llywelyn to the Death of Glyndwr, with Maps and Illustrations; The University and the Nation; A Trip Through the Woods, with illustrations; The Thought of Wales; The Complaints of Wales; Elementary Education in Wales; Old Characters of Beddgelert; The Gipsies of Wales; The Welsh Settlement in Patagonia; Welsh Poets of the Last Two Centuries; Illustrations by well known Welsh artists; Pages of Poems, &c.

The contents of the "Cronicl" for January are: Religious Notes—The

Nineteenth Century and its Religion—The Free Churches and the Century—The Growth of Nonconformity—Philanthropy, Temperance, Missions, &c. The other departments contain "Workhouse Llewelyn," by Winnie Parry; Articles on Congregational Churches (I.); Jimmy Jack and William Parry (a tale), by Crugwyson, Burnley; Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth, etc. "Events of the Month" by the Editor contains short notes on the century; the narrow escape of missionary Mark Williams in China; the Trouble at the Penrhyn Quarry, etc.

—In the article on "Like Church Like People," the first of a series on "Congregational Churches," the writer observes how Congregational Churches differ in different neighborhoods according to the character of the population. Some churches are liberal, kind; others are stingy and almost senseless; some are honorable in all their dealings, others act as if inspired by the spirit of antichrist. From this he draws the conclusion that churches following Christ would become more like Him in their life. A good many carry merely His name.

—In "Events of the Month" the Editor lays the blame for the Penrhyn labor troubles at the feet of Lord Penrhyn himself. The petty spirit of bossism prevails in the management of the Quarries. It is often not a matter of wage, but of mean oppressive acts and restrictions which serve to irritate the workmen continually. A good common sense management would eliminate the irritant causes.

The January "Dysgedydd" presents a fine portrait of the Rev. David Jones of Neuaddlwyd, Caruigan, the first missionary to Madagascar. The brief sketch of him and his companion Thomas Bevan, and their families, is pathetic and interesting. A school was established at Neuaddlwyd in 1810 for the training of poor students who could

not afford to attend higher institutions. Among the first students were David Jones and Thomas Bevan. Dr. Phillips, the schoolmaster, had read much about Madagascar, and the spiritual darkness of its people, and one night he had an exciting dream. The following morning he told his students of his dream, and asked, "Who will go missionary to Madagascar?" David Jones said he would, and Thomas Bevan added he would accompany him. They were ordained as missionaries at Neuaddlwyd August 20, 21, 1817. They departed amid the prayers and tears of their friends and neighbors, and gained the honor of being the first missionaries to Madagascar. They reached the Mauritius in April, and visited Madagascar in August, and returned to the Mauritius. They proceeded again to Madagascar with their families during the unhealthy season, when all died excepting Jones himself. He witnessed the death and burial of his companion and his little family, and his own wife and child, and was left alone in a strange land among pagans and darkness. Mr. Jones returned to the Mauritius, and after his complete recovery he resumed his missionary labors in Madagascar, where he settled at the capital town, Antanarivo. He started with three scholars, one of them the son of King Radama. He became widely known and respected among the people. In 1830 he returned on a visit to England. He died in 1841 on the island of Mauritius, where he was buried in Port Louis.

The other articles and papers are the Centenary of Welsh Congregationalism at Liverpool; Congregationalists of the Century; D. Lloyd George, M. P., with an interesting sketch and fine portrait; Events of the Month by the Editor.

The "Traethodydd" for January is a strong number. It opens with "Evolution," by J. Hughes, M. A., Liverpool; "The Old Monasteries of Wales," by

Prof. H. Williams, M. A.; "Ministerial Education and Training in Wales;" "Dualism," by D. Adams, B. A., Liverpool; The Sacraments," by W. James, Manchester; "Edmund Prys's Psalms," by T. Levi, Aberystwyth; "Translations of Two Poems" (Keats's and Tennyson's), by T. A. Levi and T. Mordaf Pierce; Notes on Books, &c.

—In his remarks on "Evolution," the writer is perfectly in accord with the theory until he arrives at the creation of man, stops abruptly and clings to the old belief of special creation. He prefers, he says, to keep his divinity apart from his science. With regard to the fact of the creation of man, he says, it is safe to adhere to the old saying, "Remove not the old landmarks." His notions regarding the special creation of man are peculiar. He admits that nature was making for man through the ages; that her purposes were directed towards his production; and that man was the end of all her efforts from the beginning; in fact, that he was to be the blossom and fruit of the great tree of life from its roots in chaos; yet, thinks our author, when the time for the creation of man came, God took the work out of Nature's hand, and hastened to complete it himself. "He took the several creative lines out of Nature's hands and joined them together in the production of man." There is one expression the writer uses which is extremely strange. "Although Nature had conceived and had almost reached the time that she should bring forth man, God interfered and created him by special means." We may with reason ask what has become of the man nature had conceived? The notion is extremely unsatisfactory and unscientific.

—In the article entitled "Dualism," etc., we find Welsh words which suggest to us the need of a College of Language in Wales. One thing we need in Welsh is uniformity in the use of scientific terms. In the paper on "Evolution," we find the word "naturiaethwr" for

"naturalist;" in this article on "Dualism," another form of the same word is used, viz., "naturiolydd." But the two words which should be discarded, once for all, are "naturioleg" and "anwybyddeg." They are both of corrupt formation, and fearfully made from the standpoint of pure Welsh. The termination "eg" should be affixed to a noun, never, to an adjective; for instance, "daeareg" not "daearoleg." "Anwybyddeg" is also of barbarous formation. "Anwybydd" even is not Welsh. The Welsh equivalent for "ism" is "aeth" and "laeth." "Naturiolaeth" is the correct Welsh for "naturalism," and "anwybodyddiaeth" would be better Welsh for "agnosticism" than "anwybyddeg." There should be a national court or academy to pass judgment on the corrupt Welsh of to-day.

The "Cerddor's" address to its readers is practical and characteristic. It has no time and space to waste on promises and prospecting; and therefore, it thanks its patrons for their support and encouragement, and points to its performances in the past as security for the future.

—This number opens with a sensible paper by one of the Editors on "Musical Modulation." After a few introductory remarks, he goes on to show the evils of modulation, which is, a too superficial conception and a too artificial use of it. The change of key is made the end instead of the means to other varieties of ends. This in itself is a test of a musician's ability. Too frequent and artificial changes of key are condemned, because the purposes of modulation are not gained. Spohr is condemned on this account, and other musicians are commended for the freshness and fascination it lends to their work. Modulation in music is to the ear what a change of view is to the eye. A landscape becomes continually new

by changing the point of view, and so also modulation gives sounds an endless variation of beauty and novelty. A mere change of key will alter a series of chords almost beyond recognition, merely by changing their bases and their relation.

Then follow "Sacred Music in the Highlands of Scotland;" "The Death of Sir Arthur Sullivan;" Reviews; Notes as usual pleasing and catchy; "The National Eisteddfod at Merthyr;" Correspondence, etc. The musical number is "The Gliding River Flows Along," by John Price, Beulah; words by Ap Cynog and Edward Oxenford.

No. 57 in the Musicians's Gallery is Mrs. Martha Harries Phillips, the well-known contralto. Mrs. Phillips became popular years ago as a contralto, one of the first to attain a national name. She is a native of Llanelly, Carmarthen, and a niece of the Rev. Howell Williams, Capel Als. It was the Eisteddfod that brought her to public notice. She was a member of Caradog's choir which visited London in 1872 and 1873; and in 1874 she entered the Royal Academy, where Sir Sterndale Bennett thought highly of her rich alto voice. She sang for years in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, where she was gladly heard. After her marriage with Mr. William Phillips, she retired from the platform, and now resides in a beautiful residence on the banks of Amman. Her only child Olwen is proficient on the harp.

Sir Lewis Morris's new book contains a poem of great political interest. It is an elegy composed on the death of Mr. Gladstone, and it may be regarded as a proof that personal feeling does not affect Sir Lewis Morris's estimate of public character. The book also contains the elegy on the late Mr. T. E. Ellis, which attracted much favorable notice last year.

SCIENTIFIC

Sixteen hundred persons in the crowds which assembled in London on the return of the volunteers from South Africa received injuries which required medical attendance.

A recent storm which passed over the south of England overthrew an upright and a cross-piece of one of the great trilithons at Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, and the cross-piece of this wonderful supposed Druidical monument was broken by the fall. In 1897 other stones fell.

Birds about to die flee from the light of day and seek the gloomiest retreats. At least so states M. Balliou, and he thus explains why we never find the dead bodies of birds in the paths and roads of public parks. That dead birds are never so found is affirmed by the sweepers in the Luxembourg gardens and the botanical gardens.

Darwin's theories were at first construed as hostile to Christian theology, and were vigorously opposed for a long time on that account. Eventually, however, progressive theologians discovered that there is no real antagonism between Darwinism and Christianity. So that among the non-scientific as well as the scientific classes of humanity the battle for evolution has now practically been won.

Herbert Spencer, who did much to elucidate and commend the theory, coined the phrase "survival of the fittest" to describe the method and results of the operation. Alfred Russel Wallace, a contemporary of Darwin, discovered this law independently at about the same time. Huxley, too, bore an important part in the discussion which

Darwin's writings provoked. The "Origin of Species" appeared in 1859, and the "Descent of Man" in 1871.

It is a fact that in the country dead bodies of animals are almost never found, whether they are mammals, birds, reptiles, or insects. And this fact is the more striking when we remember the extremely great number of living animals on the earth's surface. The phenomenon may be explained in two ways: either the bodies disappear very rapidly or animals are accustomed, at the moment of death, to take refuge in holes and so to escape from sight.—"La Nature."

The theory of evolution, does it remove God further away from us, or does it bring Him nearer to us? Has it an adverse influence on our religious sense? Does it benefit or damage our conception of God? We may say this without fear, that if evolution is true, it cannot be obstructive of religion.—"Traethodydd."

The "Traethodydd" makes a striking use of the Scripture as an argument in favor of special creation as applied to man. Evolution had been like the pillar of the cloud of creation until it came to the banks of the Jordan of creating man when Moses and the pillar of Evolution had to be discarded, and God himself undertook the supreme work of completing the journey of evolution. Evolution had from the beginning been working and making for the forming and producing of the human being, and had come within sight of the promised goal when God interfered for the accomplishment of the work.

The scientific world adopted Darwin's

conclusions promptly, and with delight and gratitude. These have been wonderfully corroborated in the last thirty or forty years by the discovery of fossils unknown to Darwin, among them the "missing link" between man and the ape, and also by the new science of embryology. The doctrine of evolution brought order out of a sad chaos of observed facts, and threw a flood of light on what had seemed insoluble problems in zoology and botany. Biology, geology, paleontology and other sciences received from it a tremendous stimulus.

The most sensational and important event in the history of mining in this country, perhaps, was the discovery of gold in California in 1848. This was followed a few years later by similar developments in South Africa and Australia. Just prior to the middle of the century the world's production of this metal was only \$30,000,000. In 1853 it was \$160,000,000. Of this amount California contributed \$60,000,000. In 1899 the United States and South Africa each produced between \$70,000,000 and \$73,000,000, and Australia's yield was about \$78,000,000.

Since electricity has been substituted for steam in London's "tuppenny tube," as the underground railway is familiarly called, it is averred that a trip over the road is a pronounced appetizer, says "Popular Science." Persons who for years have not had a speaking acquaintance with a respectable appetite insist that they have been entirely cured by taking a ride on the underground every few days. There is a possible reason in all this, for the electricity creates a certain amount of ozone which, being confined within the tunnel, gives the passengers bracing air to breathe.

No scientific idea devoid of industrial value has produced so profound an impression on the thought of the century

as that of which Charles Darwin was the great expositor, namely, that the many animal and vegetable species which have existed on the earth for the last few thousand years are derived by a process of evolution from much older and less perfectly organized types; that this law also applies to those extinct forms of which fossil remains have been found in the rocks, and to others which have left no trace whatever, and that genealogical lines extend backward many millions of years, and converge and merge, so that there were originally only a very few, perhaps not half a dozen, primitive types, and these of the lowest imaginable organization.

The great smoke-cloud of the North of England is stated to have a notable influence on plants. Albert Wilson, in a paper on the subject, read before the British Association, spoke of the extent of the great smoke-producing district of the North of England and the miserable condition of the vegetation in some parts of the area. Among the various points dealt with in the paper, says "Nature," were the long distance reached by the smoke of large towns; the discoloration of rain-water (black rain); the effect of smoke on mosses and hepatics as compared with that on higher plants, the influence of smoke on sunshine and air-temperature in calm summer weather and in anticyclonic weather during autumn or winter.

During the last twenty years many endeavors have been made to devise an airship which could be propelled. Two plans have been followed in order to sustain the craft in the air. One employs the gas bag, shaped like a cigar or sweet potato, and the other relies on outstretched wings, or aeroplanes. Tissandier tried the former method and obtained his power from a storage battery and electric motor. Krebs and

Renard did the same, and developed a speed of from twelve to fifteen miles an hour for short distances. Gasolene engines of remarkable lightness are used in place of electric motors, however, by the most modern experimenters along this line. Langley and Maxim are the chief representatives of the aeroplane system, although Lillienthal and Chanute have tried it without any propelling mechanism for short flights from house tops or cliffs. At present, however, little is being done to develop aerial navigation by this method.

No people reject all dogma as vigorously as do the Chinese. They concern themselves not at all with the lofty morality of Confucius; yet, at the same time, no race exhibits such abject slavery to a fetishism at once tyrannical and degrading. This is why the Chinese, although they have an immense domain, will never become a really great people. In this vast body there will never be a soul. The ancient Greeks, few in number as they were, must be accounted the noblest race of history. Perhaps Confucius will bear comparison with Plato; but when a society has no noble code of ethics, it will not grow; when it has lost such a code, its period of decadence has begun. The whole question for any nation is to know or not to know how to put into action the sublime harmony of beauty and life.—*“La Nouvelle Revue.”*

A few weeks ago an old Viking ship was discovered at Tottenham Marshes on the outskirts of London, during some excavations in connection with the new water works for the East London Company. Recently another equally interesting discovery was made by the unearthing of a dug-out boat in a remarkable state of preservation. Canoes shaped out of a single tree of the Stone Age have been frequently found in Ireland, and the estuaries of

England and Scotland, while some specimens were also discovered during the excavation of the Manchester ship canal. This dug-out boat was found in its natural floating position, not far distant from the spot where the Viking ship was unearthed, about eight feet below the surface. The relic will probably be forwarded to the British Museum.

The latest theory to explain heart action has been advanced by Howell, who holds that to produce rhythmic contractions in heart tissue the interaction of three salts is necessary—sodium chlorid to maintain pressure, calcium salts to produce tone and act as the real excitant, and potassium salts to cause relaxation and neutralize the excessive stimulating action of the calcium salts. The idea of the rhythmic activity of the heart being a function of the inorganic salts of the blood is indirectly supported by some work by Professor Loeb. He has shown that rhythmic contraction can be produced at will in the striped muscle of the frog by the action of a single salt solution, thus contradicting Biedermann's theory that a mixture of salts is necessary.—Prof. Lingle.

MUSIC AS MEDICINE.

In London there is a musical guild of St. Cecilia which has been having wonderful experiences among hospital patients. It seems that a patient suffering from insomnia had been sent to sleep twice by their music; but as some doubt about the fact was expressed by a physician in the hospital, the choir determined to try the effect of their charms upon a whole ward—and actually succeeded. They sent four patients out of fourteen into sound slumber, and rendered drowsy all the others, in the short space of twenty minutes. In an-

other hospital a woman suffering from depression of spirits, which had deprived her of the desire to talk for many weeks, became interested and conversational under the influence of the music, while a man suffering from delirium tremens was soothed and quieted. The experiment is worth trying in hospital work.

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AN OUTLOOK.

Two things stand out on the dark side: the decay, in many cases the entire abandonment, of family prayers; and the increase in the facility and the practice of divorce. But on the brighter side there is the great and continually increasing attention paid to the welfare of the child. Universal compulsory education is practically the creation of this century. The state and society recognize in many ways the obligation to protect and care for the child in a fashion entirely unknown a hundred years ago. But this is done largely outside the family, and the state, which is almost exclusively male, has thereby, to a certain extent, diminished the influence of woman in the education of her children. In the latter half of the century, however, this tendency has been, to some extent, counteracted by the movement in favor of the recognition of the right of women to full citizenship. The woman's rights movement, often ignorantly sneered at, contains more promise of contributing to the moral progress of the race than any other movement of our time.—Harper's Weekly.

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THE MARRIED AND UNMARRIED.

The opinion is expressed that the smaller mortality among the married may not be explained chiefly by reasons of health. Such is the opinion, for in-

stance, of the diplomat and savant, Georg von Mayr, who claims that the considerable difference between the average length of life of unmarried and that of married men is influenced also by the circumstance that the group of the married represents, in regard to health, a company much superior to that represented by the group of the unmarried, in which physical and mental cripples of all kinds remain in proportionately greater number. Kollmann also, in an excellent statistical review of the question, attaches less importance to the regularity of the daily life of the married than to the fact that the more vigorous natures are the ones who marry and that the weaker remain single more frequently. This view, however, is met by Prinzing, who is a physician himself, with the observation that the higher mortality among those bereft of husbands and wives can not be explained in this way. It is his opinion that family life must be credited with a much greater influence on health than it is commonly supposed to exercise, and that the power of marriage to prolong life is unequivocal.

Statistical results thus seem to prove that the greater mortality of the unmarried is caused not only by the infrequency with which weaker natures marry, but, in a great measure, by certain dangers and circumstances of life to which the unmarried are more exposed. For the married person life has a much greater value; the supporter of a family can not be replaced at death, and therefore does not approach danger so impulsively. The unmarried, moreover, are restricted to hotel life, and are thus tempted to addict themselves to the abuse of alcohol, which not only undermines their health but provokes spiritual injury of woful extent.—"Boersen Zeitung," Trans. for the "Literary Digest."



It is certain that some of the great monoliths composing Stonehenge were transported thither all the way from Cornwall or Wales.

Among the Welsh "saints" who, according to Bishop Stubbs, "almost certainly never existed at all" is Winifred. Tell it not in Holywell!

In the Charter of Conway, renewed by Edward II., besides granting certain privileges to the (English) residents, Jews and Welshmen were forbidden to enter.

A Welsh paper states that the effort to raise a fund for a memorial to Prince Llewelyn has failed because the committee blundered, and because the country knows nothing about Llewelyn.

There is a church at Llandudno which has a chequered history. It was originally built in 1894 by the Rev. J. Spither James for use as a Baptist chapel. Subsequently it passed into the hands of the Wesleyans, and now the Vicar of Llanrhos has acquired it for the purposes of a church-house and Sunday School.

It is gratifying to learn that the Welsh history agitation is producing results. The Cardiff University College Council has decided to institute a course of 30 lectures next session for normal students—parallel to the course on the outlines of English literature. It is Professor Little's intention to give next term a short course of popular lectures on mediæval Wales.

It appears that a Welsh hospital for Welsh pilgrims was at some ancient time founded and endowed at Rome. In 1579 one Owen Lewis, from Cowbridge, was in Rome, and he made a grant of four farms at Trescata, ten miles east of Rome, to the support of the said hospital.—(Vide Strype, Mem. 109). Some pilgrims from Wales in the 15th century visited the hospital.

The "Haul" is now edited by three clergymen who, strange to say, are three Williamses. Canon Williams is editor-in-chief, the Rev. R. A. Williams, of Waenfawr, looks after the poetry, and the Rev. H. M. Williams, of Lledrod, acts as encyclopaedist, and is expected to answer all kinds of questions. Churchmen need not be alarmed; though three Williamses they claim no relationship nearer than Adam.

The Archdruid Hwfa Mon wishes the bardic controversies to cease this century, and his official englyn to the members of the Gorsedd of the Bards of the Isle of Britain is as follows:—

Wedi cael aml ymrfaelion—ar hyd
Yr hen ganrif dirion,
Caed y penceirdd a'r beirddion
Fwy o hedd y ganrif hon.

In his centenary sermon on a recent Sunday, the rector of Vaynor, near Merthyr Tydvil, S. W., gave some interesting particulars respecting his own church and parish. There had been 2,879 baptisms, 2,571 marriages, and 3,176 burials during the century. A hundred years was too short a period

for the age of Old Testament saints, and too long a period for New Testament saints, hence the word century is not found in the Bible.

People may say what they like about Monmouthshire being an English county; Monmouthshire itself sticks to Wales. It is a Welsh place within the meaning of the Intermediate Education Act; some want to make it a Welsh place within the meaning of the Sunday Closing Act; and, to clinch all, the two evening papers in Newport call themselves the "South Wales Argus" and the "South Wales Daily Telegraph."

Pennant, the most enterprising author Wales ever saw, staggered at the idea of writing a Welsh history. He wrote in 1777: "I could like to attempt the Annals of Wales, but I hardly know where to commence with authentically, and if I drop 1,000 years my countrymen will pull me to pieces." One of Pennant's books killed the first Cymrodorion Society; the "Annals of Wales" minus 1,000 years would have killed Pennant.

A Welsh bard has expressed his sympathy with that Ishmael of the brute creation, the hedgehog. This is how he puts it:—

Byd croes, ac oes ddigusan—a'i wael
Wel y draenog, druan! [drin
Byw tra bo raid iddo dan
Arfau dur a chref darian.

Anglice—

The prickly hedgehog, on he jogs
The jest of men, the sport of dogs;
His many foes in wood and field
Force him to carry arms and shield.

Principal John Rhys says that the chief danger of the present century is "the widespread materialism which is evidenced by the growing influence of

mere money, the insane hurry of individuals and nations to grab, the gradual installation of crass athleticism in place of what once claimed to be true religion and sound learning, and the reflex action which steadily impels men of a certain type of mind to seek refuge in mediaevalism, and the abnegation of intellectual independence."

Two hundred years ago two prebendaries of Bangor received three shillings and four pence for their services, and one a shilling more. There were then in Wales thirteen Church benefices of a value less than two pounds, twenty-nine under three pounds, forty-four under five pounds. In other words, there were 163 livings valued under £5 each. "Cardiffe" (St. John's) was valued at £13 14s., and "Beatae Mariae de Cardiffe," £13 14s.

Welsh scholars are turning eyes of envy on the ever-increasing Welsh collection at the Cardiff Library. Mr. Ernest Rhys refers to it in his weekly budget of Welsh literary notes in the "Manchester Guardian," and, after mentioning some of the treasures of the latest addition, he exclaims:—"Fortunate Cardiff Library! It is there that we shall all have to repair when we have exhausted the erratic Welsh collections of the British Museum. There is no such quarry of Welsh books as theirs to-day, thanks to their own intrepidity and the aid of helpers like Mr. Scott."

The worship of the mistletoe has not by any means died away. But the old stateliness of ritual is gone. "The service (of cutting the mistletoe) took place on a holiday at the beginning of a month. A Druid clothed in white, with a chaplet of oak-leaves on his head, cut the plant with a golden sickle, shaped like the moon when six nights old, and

caught it in a long white cloak. As it fell the sacrifices began, and the company burst out into prayer. A banquet followed, and at last the mistletoe was carried home on a wagon drawn by two snow-white bulls which had never felt the yoke."

The beer sold by the Manchester brewers and others in the north west of England must be worse than the celebrated Chester ale, which was described by Shon Tudor:

Chester ale! I could never get it down;
 'Tis made of ground-ivy, of dirt and of
 bran;
 'Tis as thick as a river below a huge
 town;
 'Tis not lap for a dog, far less drink
 for a man!

Modern beer is generally made up of some ingredients besides a C two R's, and a W., as Thomas Ingoldsby says in *Patty Morgan's Story*.

A Welsh apple recently had the honor of personal introduction to the late Queen. It grew upon a tree of Mr. Edward Lloyd's at Llandrinio. The tree was laden with yellow apples, but upon one bough there was a single apple of unusually waxen surface and tinted uniquely with red. The apple was sent to her Majesty, and Mr. Lloyd has received the following letter in reply:—"Windsor Castle, December 19, 1900.—The Private Secretary is commanded by the Queen to thank Mr. Edw. Lloyd for the apple he was good enough to forward for her Majesty's acceptance. The Queen greatly admired its coloring, which is very remarkable and very beautiful."

"*Almanac y Miloedd*" is a remarkable interesting Welsh annual, produced from the most prolific press in North Wales. But some singular errors have

crept into the edition for the first year in the new century. The editor gives us two extra Epiphany Sundays in January, and the 17th of that month is styled "Gwyl Ynyd." Septuagesima, Sexagesima, and Quinquagesima are altogether deleted, whilst on March 24 we come across another "5ed. yn yr Ystwyll." For the first day of April we have a festival called "Gwyl y Ffyl-laid," whilst the Sunday after Ascension Day is called "the sixth after Easter," and Calan Gauaf is put down in October.

Any new light on the Welsh environment of Shakespeare is acceptable. "The Book of John Fisher, Town Clerk and Deputy Recorder of Warwick, 1580-88," just published, contains references to many Shakespeares and many persons with Welsh names. A John Shakespeare married Margery Roberts in 1584. "Doctor Thoby Mathue, Vice-Chancellor," is mentioned. Thomas Powell was a bailiff at Warwick in 1582. Richard Cam (Crooked?) prosecutes Mathew Goodman—the name of a North Wales family. Goodman "being asked where he had the Latten book which he carried about with him, 'Officium Bee Marie excusu parisils,' saith that a Welshman gave yt to him at Shrewsbury."

"The Cardiff School Board" (remarks the "Manchester Guardian") "is still agitated by the question of teaching the Welsh language in the schools. One suspects that the trouble has arisen from the inability of the vast majority of the Cardiff teachers to give proper instruction in Welsh. Even fluent Welsh-speaking schoolmasters are not always competent to teach the language, and should the Cardiff Board ultimately decide to increase the staffs of the schools it may have to face a further difficulty of securing an adequate supply of competent teachers."

But the Cardiff Welshmen are persistent, and deserve success even though they may fail just yet to command it."

When the country was full of flocks and shepherds, there were several dogs following, even the same person, to the church of a Sunday morning or the evening service, and it was often as much as one could do during the service to keep them from quarrelling and even fighting. But when the tongs was applied, the clergyman would have to stop the howling noise of the dog drowning the parson's voice. An old man many years ago related a story about a dog fight in the middle of a day service, at Gyfylchi, the owner of one of the brutes taking hold of him and putting him outside the door, during which unpleasant performances there was not a smile to be seen on the face of any of the people present.

The Welsh people in London have always been closely associated with the milk trade; a century ago Welsh girls used to carry their yokes with a milk pail hanging each side through the streets of London; to-day sturdy young lads from Cardiganshire trundle their milk cars through the same streets. The ancestress of the Duke of Westminster, who brought into the family its London estate, was a Welsh milk-maid by name Mary Davies, and the name is still perpetuated in Davies Street, out of Oxford Street. She was the only daughter of a farmer, who owned the land now covered by Berkeley Square and Grosvenor Square. To-day the streets in the same neighborhood are largely monopolized by the huge establishments of Welsh drapers, who give the lie to the old saying that Welshmen have no business capacity.

Folklorists declare that the descendants of the Silurians possess some of

the strangest reminders of primitive worship. These are to be found on the borders of Wales. Even as late as two hundred years ago the people of Herefordshire hired poor people as sin-eaters, who were to take upon them the sins of deceased persons. When the corpse was taken out of the house and laid upon the bier a loaf of bread was brought out and delivered to the sin-eater over the corpse, as also a Mazard-bowl of maple wood full of beer, which he was to drink up, and sixpence in money, "in consideration whereof he took upon him ipso facto all the sins of the defunct and freed him or her from walking after they were dead." One who remembered a sin-eater describes him as a long, lean, ugly, lamentable, poor rascal." No wonder, considering his diet.

At the beginning of the last century a few London Welshmen were well to the fore, and it was in the year 1801 that Owen Jones, the furrier of Thames Street, published the *Myfyrian Archaeology*. In many respects this was the greatest literary work undertaken and successfully carried out by Welshmen during the whole of the last century. At the same time the Gwyneddigion Society composed of London Welshmen were putting the *Eisteddfod* on a new basis, and raising it from a mere pot-house assembly to a great national institution. I am afraid there is very little of this literary enthusiasm among the London Welshmen of to-day; certainly one looks in vain for any great landmark in the study of Welsh literature. One fact, however, is patent that whereas a century ago, Welshmen were mere units in the religious and secular life of London, they are to-day a compact and well-organized body capable of making themselves felt, and of carrying through any project which they may set their hands to.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

PROF. J. P. JONES.

We present in this issue a brief sketch of one well-known in American musical circles, and one also who in the past twenty years has done more than his share to raise the standard of music in the principality in which he

strong determination to succeed, he ultimately managed to save enough from his earnings as a blacksmith to spend two years in London, where he studied under John S. Curwen, the son of the originator of the Tonic Solfa notation, and Carl Behuke and Alberto Randegger, the celebrated voice specialists.



Prof. J. P. Jones.

resides. We refer to Professor Jenkin Powell Jones of Painesville, Ohio.

Mr. Jones was born June 28, 1853, at Quaker's Yard, Glamorganshire, South Wales, being the son of Edward Powell and Rebecca Jones. He displayed deep interest in the study of music when very young, his first teacher being the late lamented Rhys Lewis (Eos Ebrill), of Caruiff, with whom he studied the Tonic Solfa notation. Mr. Jones's early educational advantages were few, but that fact seemed only to spur him on, and by dint of energy, coupled with a

Mr. Jones has on many occasions demonstrated his capabilities as a conductor. Before coming to this country he was recognized as one of the ablest of chorus directors, and many times proved victorious in elisteddfodau with musical organizations from Quaker's Yard, Bargoed and Derl.

Coming to America in October, 1881, Mr. Jones settled in Youngstown, Ohio, where he immediately became associated in the music publishing business with the well-known Welsh musician and publisher D. O. Evans. His reputa-

tion as a conductor had preceded him to his new home, and being importuned by the leading singers of Youngstown and vicinity to organize a choral society, he acquiesced, with the result that the Youngstown Harmonic Society was born, and, under the careful direction of "Siencyn Powell," as Mr. Jones was familiarly termed, became a power in the musical circles of North-Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, both in concert and eisteddfodau, and enjoyed unusual success.

April 1, 1889, Mr. Jones was deservedly honored with the appointment of Supervisor of Music in the Painesville (Ohio) Academy and Public Schools, a position he has filled to the present day to the utmost satisfaction of his employers, as well as with credit to himself. He also officiated as director of the First Congregational Church quartette at Painesville, a position he held for four years, and subsequently resigned to accept charge of St. James' Episcopal vested choir, where he at present is engaged, and where for the past eight years the music, through his instrumentality, has become an especial feature of the service.

In 1890 Professor Jones organized the Painesville Vocal Society, which participated in many eisteddfodau with marked success. With this organization Mr. Jones won first and second prizes at Youngstown, Christmas, 1891; the glee contest at the World's Fair Eisteddfod; first and second prizes at Pittsburg, Christmas, 1897; second prize at Cleveland, 1899, and first prize at Youngstown, Christmas, 1890. In addition to competing, this organization has performed, under Professor Jones' direction, such works as "The Messiah," "Creation," "Judas Maccabeus," "Crucifixion," and "Redemption," being assisted by the following artists: Dr. Carl Dufft, Corrine Lawson, Gertrude May Stein, H. Evan Williams, George

Gamble, Frank Tunnison, and Ernest Gamble.

In addition to his many other arduous duties, Professor Jones finds time to officiate as adjudicator in eisteddfodic contest, and his reputation in that capacity is one to be proud of. He has adjudicated in twenty-two large eisteddfodau, having been four times in Vermont and three times in Utica.

"Siencyn" is very popular among his fellow musicians, being characterized as a "good, all round, jolly fellow."

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DAVID A. DAVIES.

The sad event of the death of Mr. David A. Davies of South Scranton, Pa., occurred on the evening of January 7th, 1901, at his home on Cedar Avenue. Mr. Davies's health had been failing for some time, and about a year ago he was on this account, compelled to resign his position as mine manager for Wm. Connell & Co., an office which he filled for nearly twenty years to the entire satisfaction of the Company and its employees. The immediate cause of his death was due to a collapse resulting from a difficult surgical operation which his physicians deemed necessary. Mr. Davies was born on the 17th of March, 1840, in Cwmtawe. In 1863 he married Miss Hannah Williams of Kilgeran, Pembrokeshire. In 1865 he emigrated to this country, locating at Pomeroy, Ohio. After residing there for one year, he moved to Scranton, Pa., where the remainder of his life was spent. Mr. Davies was a splendid example of that sturdy, strong, original type of men which Wales has so lavishly contributed to American life; men endowed with boundless energy, with sound bodies, and sane minds; of simple habits, and who endeavor to realize in the practical conduct of life the most elevated standard of morals. These men serve as a needful tonic to society in this day and generation. The sub-

ject of this sketch was just such a man and even more. He had that indefinable quality, which for want of a better name, we call personal magnetism. He had charity and forbearance, a broad and genuine sympathy with all classes and conditions of men; attracting the esteem and affection of all who came in contact with him. Add to this his absolute freedom from all conventionality, and an inexhaustible fund of quaint and kindly humor, we are able then to form some idea of his symmetrical and perfectly proportioned manliness.

His family, his many friends, and the people of South Scranton, in general, keenly feel his loss. Being a pioneer in this section, he was closely identified with the growth and development of its large and diversified industries. He was the possessor of considerable property in the form of real estate, a large stockholder in the Scranton Axle Works and other South Side enterprises. He was a constant reader of the "Drych," and clung with passionate fondness to the Welsh language, customs and traditions. Mr. Davies is survived by his devoted wife and the following children: Mr. David Davies, Jr., Mrs. Julian Cooper, Mrs. Stuart Hardy and Mrs. Chas. Aylsworth. The funeral service were held at Mr. Davies' home on January 10th. Interment in Washburn Street Cemetery, the Rev. David Jones of the First Welsh Congregational Church officiating.—Howell Harris.

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REV. DR. EBENEZER EDWARDS.

It is with sorrow we announce the death of Rev. Dr. Ebenezer Edwards, a retired Baptist minister. Mr. Edwards died about 10 o'clock Thursday evening, January 24, from inflammation of the bowels and typhoid fever. He lived at 636 Tilghman Street, Allentown. He was 77 years of age. He was born in Wales. He obtained his education at the academy at Haverford West,

England, and, while yet a young man, came to America and entered a college in New York State to prepare himself for the Baptist ministry. Since his ordination he served charges in the following places: Brewster, N. Y.; Rochester, N. Y.; Utica, N. Y.; Wilkesbarre, Coatesville, Pottsville and Minersville. He served his last charge at Minersville, where he retired from active duties about three years ago. He was eminently successful in his sacred calling, a close student of the Bible, a profound thinker and an eloquent talker. He found time to devote to literary pursuits and produced short poems and prose at different times in the past two years. Articles from his pen were published in the "Morning Call." The poem on the centuries in this number of the "Cambrian" is the last he wrote. At the World's Fair Elsteddod at Chicago, in 1893, he won the prize of \$300 for his essay "Welshmen as Factors in the Formation of the United States Republic," which was recently published in book form at the "Drych" Office. His widow, nee Carrie Warren Edwards, survives with one daughter, Mrs. D. E. Miles, and one grandchild, Carrie Jeanette Miles.

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The subject of the following notice which appeared in the "Cincinnati Enquirer" of January 27th has been at various times a contributor to the columns of "The Cambrian," and is well known to many of its readers. Mr. and Mrs. Jones are enthusiastic Welsh people, and never fail to be identified with whatever conduces to the advancement of Welshmen and Welsh institutions. We hope soon again to be favored by Mrs. Jones with a contribution from her pen:

"Mrs. Jennie H. Jones, a leading member of the Woman's Press Club, who has served for a great many years as Chairman of the Executive Committee, and has fulfilled other offices also, has been a conscientious and very earnest

teacher in the public schools of the city for some 25 years past. Mrs. Jones is a talented elocutionist, and upon a great number of occasions gives her talent for sweet charity's sake, and wherever she reads she is complimented upon her splendid delivery. At the meetings of the Press Club, whenever a member is absent from the city and sends her paper to be read, it is invariably presented to Mrs. Jones to be read by her, as she interprets so beautifully, adding greatly to the subject matter by bringing out the author's real meaning. Upon several occasions Mrs. Jones has lectured before the Press Club and before clubs in adjoining cities and towns, and these have been among the most instructive and interesting of the course."

Bishop Barlow, of St. David's, made efforts to remove the cathedral of that see to Carmarthen, not on wheels, of course. He wrote to Cromwell in 1536 stating "that the cathedral church and See of St. David's is in the most barren angle of the diocese. If the King would transplant it to Carmarthen, the principal city of South Wales, the bishop would there be in the heart of his diocese, and the canons might exercise their hospitality and learning more profitably than in ruinous and desolate St. David's. The inveterate superstition of Wales, "with horrible blasphemy of God and His verity," has been supported in St. David's, which is in Wales what Bethel and Dan were in Israel.

The brave veteran Welsh missionary, Dr. Griffith John, one of the ablest and most respected men in China, says that the resumption of missionary work will take place with as little delay as possible. Dr. John is of the opinion that there is not a merchant in China who considers the recent trouble as likely to prevent the resumption of trade, and that there is no idea of the missionaries

backing out of China, nor a Government in the world that will keep them out. He bids all workers for the Master in China take courage.

The veteran North Wales astronomer and literateur, Mr. Eleazar Roberts, will this month enter on the seventy-sixth year of his age. He retired from his post as magistrates' clerk of Liverpool six years ago, and is spending at Hoylake the evening of his days. There are two other Welsh astronomical Roberts, viz., Dr. Isaac Roberts, the famous celestial photographer, and Mr. Edward Roberts, the able chief assistant of the "Nautical Almanac" staff.

One of 'Mabon's' chief qualifications as a politician is that he sings "Hen Wlad y Nhadau" till all men glow. It is curious that "Mabon's" opponent at the recent Parliamentary election, Councillor Robert Hughes, is also a noted hand at "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau." An opportunity was certainly lost in not deciding the contest by a solo competition, with the Parliamentary seat as a prize.

England's policeman artist, Edward Thomas Jones of the Leeds force, has had a picture accepted by the Royal Academy, and it has secured a good place on the line. Jones is entirely self-taught, and has won several prizes and medals in picture shows in Yorkshire. He is thirty-one years old, and has been a policeman for ten years.

"Few care to stand up to 'Joe,'" remarks a writer in the "Pall Mall Magazine." "Only one man does so, and does it persistently. That is Mr. Lloyd-George, an excitable, gleaming-eyed little Welshman, who finds joy in baiting Mr. Chamberlain very much as Lord Randolph Churchill found delight in baiting Mr. Gladstone."

Original and Selected Miscellany:

They say that figures never lie
But keep things on the run;
So we may swear the Century
Came in with number 1.

Paper is now being made in Holland from potato stems and leaves. The farmers are paid 5 francs 56 centimes a ton for the vines.

A Welshman once boasted to an Englishman that he had seen a wedding so large that 150 cooks were employed to provide for the guests. "Yes," replied the Englishman, "that was because everyone toasted his own cheese."

One of the Yeomanry, writing home from South Africa, tells that when riding past Lord Roberts in the review at Pretoria he had not had his face washed in three weeks, he had no stockings, his breeches were torn, he had only one button to his tunic, and his boots had burst.

A Welshman just back from America has a high opinion of the American boy. He once asked the five-year-old youngster in the house where he was staying, "Who was the first man?" "Washington," said the lad promptly. "No, no," said the Welshman; "the Bible says that Adam was the first man." "Oh," said the lad, "I wasn't thinking of furriners."

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "are you in favor of takin' de tax off o' beer?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "All de beer I drinks I git fur nothin'. Dem as kin afford to pay deir five cents fur de stuff ought to be made to support de

Government. Down wit de rich!"—
Washington Star.

"Did you ever laugh until you cried, Tommy?"

"Yes, only this morning."

"What at?"

"Well, pa stepped on a tack and I laughed, then pa caught me laughing, and I cried."

Englishman: We have what we call by-elections in our country, but I never hear any election spoken of as such here.

Yankee: Well, we have plenty of buy-elections, of course, but we don't call 'em that.

Fred Douglas's tribute, in one sentence, to Abraham Lincoln, is an unsurpassed compliment. "Mr. Lincoln," he said, "is the only white man into whose presence I was ever ushered who did not make me feel that I was a Negro."—Harper's Magazine.

During the shah's visit to the clock-making section of the Paris Exposition a showman, knowing the monarch's weakness for old mechanical contrivances, called his attention to a clock which announced the hours by firing the requisite number of shots from a revolver. "To kill time, I suppose," commented the imperturbable potentate.

Mrs. Newlywed (reading): "Love is a balloon that lifts us up to Heaven; marriage is the parachute that brings us slowly back to earth again." Mr. Newlywed (also reading): "Another

parachute horror. Man falls three thousand feet and is dashed to pieces. Same old story. Parachute fails to work."

Conceive if you can an intelligent man
In the year eighteen hundred and one,

How little he guessed what was hid in
the breast

Of that century lately begun!
It's painful to me that in ignorance he
At hansoms and 'busses would stare,
Both cycles and cables would hold to be
fables,

And tremble at liquefied air.

—"Express."

To Whom it Might Concern: A man left his umbrella in the stand in a Paris, Mo., hotel recently with a card bearing the following inscription attached to it. "This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of 250 pounds weight. I shall be back in ten minutes."

On returning to seek his property he found in its place a card thus inscribed: "This card was left here by a man who can run twelve miles an hour. I shall not be back!"

"Now who is that," asked a dignified hen,

"That chicken in white and gray?

"She's very well dressed, but from whence does she come?

And her family—who are they?"

"She never can move in our set, my dear,"

Said the old hen's friend to her later;

"I've just found out, you'll be shocked to hear,

She was hatched in an incubator."

—Exchange.

Mr. Ellis J. Griffith, the able member for Anglesey, has been known as the possessor of a pretty wit and of keen caustic humor ever since he was president of the Union at Cambridge. His

epigrams in an afternoon speech are as thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa. This is one of many which flowed from him in a speech of corruscating brilliancy delivered at a political meeting in Lancashire the other day—"As the Empire expands the Chamberlain family contracts."

The London "Chronicle" enumerates these "oddities" of public life: Lord Salisbury has never spoken to John Morley, and he never saw, as he once told the writer, Mr. Parnell; at any rate, until shortly before the Irish leader's death, when the chances of their having met are exceedingly remote. Mr. Gladstone, though in parliament sixty years, was, upon his own authority, seen only once in the smoking room; also that Mr. Gladstone never spoke to Lord Melbourne, whose contemporary he was for twelve years, and that the *g. o. m.* never saw Bismarck.

For instance, you have seen mamma or nurse take hold of your baby sister's little pink toes one by one, and say, "This little pig went to market." Well the Chinese mother or nurse takes hold of little roly poly Chinese baby's toes one by one and tells about—not the little pig, but the little cow:

"This little cow eats grass,

This little cow eats hay,

This little cow drinks water,

This little cow runs away,

And this little cow does nothing

But just lie down all day;

We'll whip her."

The college gives a man a scholar's horizon. It enables him to see things which lie beyond his trade. A shoemaker is likely to measure the world by shoestrings, a grocer to think in terms of tea and sugar, a carpenter to put his universe together by rule of thumb. A scholar wherever placed should look beyond his profession, and should see the affairs of the world in

their rue perspective. This should save him from bigotry, from intolerance, from selfishness. This should make him a more helpful member of society as well as better company to himself.—D. Starr Jordan.

Like most of the members of the Bronwydd family the late Colonel Lloyd, the young officer who died of his wounds at Bronkhorst Spruit, was a deeply religious man. He was a universal favorite in the army, and, like Havelock, always prayed with the soldiers before engaging in battle.

The new Persian minister at Washington was holding a reception and talking, by interpreter, with two or three young ladies who had dropped in to "look him over." He explained that his name, instead of being Isaac Kahn, as is generally supposed, is really Isaac, inasmuch as "kahn" means "general," and he is a general in the Persian army. It took him some time to get this distinction straight in the minds of his visitors. Finally one of the young women said: "Oh, I see; Isaac is your Christian name." The interpreter repeated this to the minister. He looked unutterably bored and said to the interpreter: "Please inquire of the young woman how a Mahometan can have a Christian name."

The bards of Festinlog have conferred upon the slippery De Wet the title of "Slywan y Vaal" (The Eel of the Vaal).

A number of usages hitherto looked upon as Roman Catholics are being adopted from time to time by Protestant churches. "Retreats" and "missions" have long been common in the Episcopal church, as are many other Catholic customs. It is more surprising to hear of the former usage adopted by a Presbyterian church in New York. The "Old First" Presbyterian Church in

that city has also lately thrown open its doors for meditation and prayer during each week-day. "The Catholic News" tells of a Methodist Church in Arcola, Ill., where an "angelus" bell is rung every morning at eleven o'clock "as a signal for each member to cease his or her worldly labors and engage in prayer."

The four-year-old daughter of a popular New Hampshire clergyman was ailing one night, and was put to bed early. She said:

"Mamma, I want to see my papa."

Her mother replied: "No, dear; your papa must not be disturbed."

Pretty soon she said again: "I want to see my papa."

The mother replied as before: "No; your papa must not be disturbed."

It was not long before she uttered this clincher: "Mamma, I am a sick woman, and I want to see my minister!"—National Advocate.

Bishop Owen has made a new departure. Bishops generally deliver their charges sitting in a chair near or inside the chancel. According to the "Haul," Bishop Owen delivered his from the pulpit.

Carlyle was staying at Abergwill with the bishop in 1843, and, as the assizes were on, the bishop, following a not unusual custom, had invited the judge and bar to dinner. "We had our grand dinner last night," wrote Carlyle; "a judge named N—— and about twenty advocates; a dreadful explosion of dullness, champagne, and ennui, which, however, I took little hand in, being empowered by his reverence to go out and smoke whenever I found it dull. * * * The advocates generally filled me with a kind of shudder. To think had I once had £200 I should, perhaps, have been that! One of them, named

Vaughan, pleased me not a little. * * * Peace be with Abergwill, and may it be a while before I run across such a mass of form again, requiring such a curb-bridle on your liberties to observe them rightly. For what we have received the Lord makes us thankful."

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A WONDERFUL FAN.

In days to come, the world will crowd to see Mme. Patti's autograph fan, says a London newspaper. Though comparatively plain, it is one of those few objects that gather value as time rolls on. Even now, many of the signatures written across this dainty piece of chicken-skin could not again be repeated. The late Empress of Austria, Alexander II. of Russia, the old German Emperor, William I.—to these three signatures now attach a pathetic interest, the more so when it is remembered that the first two died by the hands of an assassin. Mme. Patti was even fortunate enough to obtain not only the signature, but a long sentence in our own sovereign's beautiful flowing handwriting: "If King Lear spoke the truth when he said that a sweet voice was the most precious gift a woman can possess, you, my dear Adeline, must be the richest woman in the world."

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WHERE CHILDREN MAKE THE TOYS.

In parts of Germany, France and Switzerland, every humble householder takes more interest in Christmas than the average British boy. This seems like a strong statement, for Christmas is pretty thoroughly appreciated by the young of Great Britain; but great as the festival is to them, it is not essential to their existence. They could get along without Christmas, but the toy-makers in Switzerland, Tyrol and South

Germany would starve without this mid-winter holiday which makes a market for their goods. There are wood-carvers, doll-dressers and toy-makers in every hamlet and home of the Tyrol. They depend upon the small wages they make from these toys to put bread and butter in their mouths. All through the winter season every boy and man carves out wood animals and toys for the factories. Everything is hand-made. A Noah's ark of twenty or thirty wooden animals that retails for a shilling in this country does not pay the carver more than a few pence. The factories which make the arks supply the humble wood-carvers with solid blocks of wood and make a contract with them for so many hundred animals. With marvelous dexterity they cut out the animals from the rough wood, while the wife and daughter paint them and glue on the hair for tails and manes. The boys are taught to handle the knife early, and they learn to cut out wooden ducks, hens, horses, cows and other toys before they have reached their teens. Working all through the early winter days and nights in their little homes, they make the wooden toys that delight so many children throughout the world.

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THE TWO JOHNS.

They often fall out over trifles,
Exchanging their jokes and their tricks;
But bravely they join in the Rifles,
And fight for old England like bricks;
John Jones and John Bull are great cronies
With their beef and their cheese on their shelves;
And though they are Johns, are not Johnnies,
For they always look after themselves.

—Celriog in "Cymru."

❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

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WELSH HILLS FOLK LORE.

II.

THE SEVERED GIRTHS.

By Raymond Evans.

It is three miles, by the road westward up the valley of the Brushy Fork and over a great hill, from Vanattsburg to the Welsh Hills Church. Along this road, one October evening fully sixty years ago there passed a score or more of young folk from the "Burg," as the hamlet of Vanattsburg is invariably designated in local parlance.

A merrier troop of boys and girls never rode to singing school. They were all yet in the playday of life, all well mounted upon trusty nags, all warm at heart with pleasant anticipations, and they cantered to meet the ozone-charged air from the west with a whoop and a hurrah.

A clatter of ringing hoof beats along the bottom road, a ripple of laughter underneath the sycamores, a splashing in the ford—so much we may yet half hear; the queer old poke bonnets and fantastic side saddles of the lassies, the odd beaver hats and gay fine boots of the young men—so much may we yet almost see; but not a word of their merry chatter, not a cadence of their rol-

licking songs—no, not even a name that is called to and fro among them comes to our ears now, and we can see no more than the vague outlines of their bright faces.

* * * *

When they reached the church it was half filled; literally "half" filled, you must understand. I know how it appeared just as well as if I had been of that generation myself and upon the spot. The right half of the room, from the partition that bisected it north, was crowded by a buzzing, giggling bevy of girls. The other half of the house, the men's side, was utterly devoid of occupants. Outside, should one have explored the darkness about the church, certain dark forms might have been discerned perched upon the riders of the churchyard fence or along the edge of the woodshed roof. These were the young men, the bassi and tenori of the chorus, biding their time.

The visitors rode up, amid a dead silence that fairly bristled with hostility, and, dismounting, hitched

their horses to the fence. The girls entered the building straightway, but the boys remained without, bunched together and conversing in undertones. They were in the enemy's country.

Now, just why that was hostile ground for them could easily be made clear by recounting a long tale about shooting matches and spelling schools covering many years. But that is another story, which once begun would lead us a merry chase through long decades till at the last we should find ourselves occupied with clay pigeon shoots and base ball games under the rules of '90, or even nearer to date. So I won't begin going into details in that regard.

Just a word here in respect to the old-fashioned singing school. It was not just what its name would indicate. Yes, it was, too, but it was more than that. What I mean is that it was not a simon-pure place for the fostering of song. To be sure, it was established ostensibly for the instruction of the youth in the noble art of psalmody. The young folk, however, for whom it was set upon foot, generally viewed it from another standpoint. To them the social side was tantamount. They hailed it with joy as an unparalleled aggregation of social privileges, and they patronized it en masse. Inborn inability to recognize the intervals of the diatonic scale was but a trifling consideration. No one was ever debarred for any such little thing as that.

The hours at singing school were passed in having a jolly good time. Incidental vocal music was indulged in throughout the session, to be sure, but fun was the "paramount issue." The master worked hard and earned his money, and everybody was satisfied.

In returning from such gatherings, it is said that the young men had an odd fashion of making long detours across the country, so that it came to be a proverb that "the way home from singing school is the longest way 'round."

To resume: The master arrived and entered the church. The young men trooped in after and filled the vacant pews of the men's side, the bravest hearted taking the partition seats, the faint hearts going to the wall. There was the "whing" of a tuning fork, a nasal arpeggio chord, a long drawn-out lower "do," a flourish of a yard-long hickory baton, and presto! a cacophonous whirlwind seemed to possess the building. Forty voices essayed to climb to upper "do" and back again to the start. But they didn't all reach the goal together. A goodly number repeated the top note, while the others did not. The extreme beauty of the effect may be imagined. Then, also, some few of the singers, notably the younger boys with newly broken voices, sang *do-re-mi-fa*, then sharpened the latter and maintained it as a solemn monotone during the rest of the performance. This added an indescribable charm. Presently the master divided the

house, and, pitching the girl's voices an octave (two octaves, to be exact) above those of the young men, led the one side down the scale while the other side sang up, twisting the two strands of tone into a long drawn-out braid of noise. This served to give the pupils self-reliance and independence.

So, with good voices and bad voices, with voices soft and voices hard, with voices exact in time and tune and voices hopelessly out of the one, the other or both, the singing went on. There was more laughter than song, but for all the merriment there was not wanting a heart that was the seat of a fierce little typhoon of malignant passion. A story hinges just here, it is supposed. If it doesn't, why, then this tale is off its hinges, that's all.

Now, "behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" If a certain little Welsh maiden hadn't attempted to sing "G above the line" as did a certain other girl, the acknowledged best treble of that ever-musical village of Vanattasburg, all the to-do that followed wouldn't have followed and this story would have been utterly without foundation.

Actuated by the spirit of emulation, the girl reached for that exalted tone—and missed it. She broke down with a pitiable little squeak, and a very audible titter arose from the ranks of the "burgites." Thereafter she sang no more, but rather meditated vengeance.

When recess came she went to the partition and crooked her finger at a tall youth who stood on the other side. He came at her beck with eager haste. She seized him by the collar of his coat and, drawing his head down, put her lips to his ear, which promptly took on a livid hue, for all the world as if the girl were breathing fire into it. No one on earth knows now what she said. No one ever did know, saving these two, and they have been gathered to their fathers.

All we know is that the youth presently repaired to a corner, where he sat down and communed with himself, frowning and rubbing the back of his neck with his hand. Now and again, also, he would furtively pull the lobe of his right ear. Recess had ended and the singing was on once more before he aroused from his trance. Then, "by the uplifting of his brow"—no, you couldn't either, but by the way he slapped his thigh and then rammed his hands deep into his trousers pockets, if not precisely "where the bolt would strike and how," one might at least have judged that his brain had all of a sudden given birth to a full-grown thought.

He took his hat and noiselessly left the church. Without, he drew from his pocket a big jackknife. Opening the blade, he fingered the edge thereof. The steps before the church doors were of fine freestone, affording a most excellent honing material, and upon one of the

smooth slabs the youth whetted his blade long and carefully. Then he stalked off into the gloom.

No murder was done. There was no sound betokening violence. If anyone thinks he hears a moan or sees a ghastly corpse to be left through the night and found stiff and stark, in the morning, it's his own affair. There was no such thing there. On the contrary, the quiet was extreme, and there were neither audible nor visible tokens that would indicate what "was" done.

Five minutes passed. There were some sounds, indeed, that the attentive ear might have caught, but all were either of inscrutable purport or bore no relevancy to this story. A screech owl whimpered from the wooded hill eastward. A baying of 'coon-hunting curs came from the north. One of the horses hitched along the churchyard fence gave vent to an angry little squeal, another blew a meditative sign, yet another stamped from force of habit acquired during the fly season.

Ten minutes passed — fifteen.

Why, bless us! our designing youth is already among the singers again, lifting up his voice with joyous abandon! As noiseless and unobtrusive as a shadow, when occasion demands, this big, husky, rough-shod son of the hills.

* * * *

The class had met the tonic chord and had triumphed victoriously over it, had fought a drawn battle with the subdominant triad

and had suffered ignominious and discordant defeat before the dominant. Now the singers were going home. The girls ran the gauntlet in twos and threes and singly and were captured and convoyed away one by one. Such lads as did not participate in this sport again perched on the churchyard fence.

The visitors mounted and rode away. The highway slopes from the church with gentle descent, and the entire party started off down this stretch at a sharp canter. One of the girls, proud of her horse and of her horsemanship, touched her nag for more speed. There came a lurch, a snap, and the rider, with a wild shriek, went flying from the horse's back to the roadside, whither her saddle promptly followed. Instantly the others pulled in their horses there was a little fusilade of muffled snaps, such as you hear when you burst a suspender, only louder—there came a chorus of squeals from the girls, a volley of profane, yea, blasphemous, ejaculations from the boys, and in a twinkling the riders one and all assumed various inelegant and entirely unpremeditated postures here and there along the road or went wildly racing down the way clinging to their horse's necks.

The scene beggars description. There was a hurrying hither and thither in search of hysterical sweethearts. Here a lad struggled to quiet his panic-stricken horse; there another went among the many saddles scattered over the ground, seek-

ing for his own. Girls were weeping, boys swearing, horses rearing. What wouldn't the Hills boys, sitting on the fence not two hundred yards away and wondering what all the hubbub was about, what wouldn't they have given to have witnessed the scene—had they only known! But the only lad of the clan who could have anticipated the thing was by that time a goodly distance to the westward, trying to keep step with one whose paces were so tantalizingly short that in accommodating his own to them he almost lost his equilibrium and so was all the time in mortal terror of falling headlong. Many people discussed that affair thereafter, but it is said that he, to his dying day, never so much as opened his mouth to speak of it.

* * * *

Late that night, in mirthless and

solemn procession, a cavalcade entered Vanattasburg. Of the score or more souls there, some were walking, leading their horses and carrying their saddles upon their own backs; some were riding bare-back; still others rode at a funeral pace upon saddles that threatened each moment to slip from beneath them—and all were silent and sad.

At home a hasty inspection of equipments was made by lantern light. Every saddle-girth was asunder, and, where the straps had parted, each showed through the greater part of its width a smooth cleavage such as a sharp jackknife might make, for instance. The remaining narrow portion of each invariably showed fibres that had been violently torn apart as by a strain such as might come when one starts his horse suddenly or checks him in full career.



EDWARD VII.

And from the hour he took the throne
His mother's wisdom be his own;
And may he go through all his days,
Unswerving in the good Queen's ways;
May he continue and maintain
The matchless glory of her reign,
As if he felt her tender hand
Still on the scepter o'er the land;
As if he tween his royal parents stood
Tween Albert and Victoria the Good.

REVERIE.

By H. C. Shepherd, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

The following, "Birth, Life, Death," was suggested to the writer by the sorrow of a truly Christian family over the death of their newly-born babe. It occurred to him that, believing as they certainly did and with their knowledge of this sinful world, rather should they rejoice and not sorrow at the little soul's release. Hence the following from his point of view:

Birth.—A loud repeated knocking at the Heavenly Gates, and lo! a foolish, though well meaning, mortal demanded a soul. Peter bowed his head and wept. Slowly and sadly he turned to the Angel Faith and repeated the demand. Faith dashed a tear through the Gates; the stranger caught the tear, it became a soul. Gleefully he descended and bestowed it upon the tenement of clay that awaited it; the feeble cry of an infant proclaimed the birth of a new being. The angels in Heaven turned aside and wept. A sad-eyed throng filled the air with lamentations, and silently sought their abodes! There was music, but oh! so sad! The harps seemed bathed in tears. All light had faded away; darkness, sadness and sorrow reigned in Heaven that night.

Life.—The child grew apace. Years rolled on. In the twilight a sorrowful man sat alone on the plain. The distant tinkle of a sheep-

bell proclaimed the occupation of him who sat engrossed in thought. His mind wanders down the dim and misty aisles of the Past. He sees a pure babe bud into innocent childhood—then a sad procession of mourners—a new made grave—a kiss of farewell on mother's still lips, a tightening of the heartstrings. Then? Again the sad spectacle, and death has borne another—the last—into the Great Beyond, and now he is left to struggle on alone. Temptation, sorrow and persecution assail him, and one day, while bitterness possessed his soul, he fell. O God, save him! Save this once pure soul. The mantle of purity that once enveloped this soul is rent asunder. Heal his wounded heart, if you will, but the scars will ever remain. All these thoughts pass in rapid succession before his weary eyes; his head drops on his breast, a long-drawn sigh, an appeal to Heaven for strength to go on, on. Suddenly he sits erect, his eyes pierce the darkness, anxiously he looks, away in the distance a feeble light is gleaming. He arises, turns toward it and murmurs, "God grant he yet live." A weary tramp brings him to his humble cottage door. Eagerly his eyes ask his helpmate a question. Her hands are clasped, her tear-stained face is turned to Heaven, a glorious Light fills the

room. The humble cot resounds with celestial music. A still, white vision floats by him, and in Heaven Faith stands smiling at the Gate.

Death.—'Tis an evening of transcendent glory. A hush has fallen o'er the peaceful abode of the blest. Angels have hushed the sweet murmuring of their harps. A holy calm pervades the Streets of Gold. Faces in the throng seem transfigured. All is joy and infinite content. All eyes are turned toward the Gates - now wide open. The face of Peter is illumined with a holy joy, indescribable, though felt by all. The meaning, oh, the meaning of the joyful look of expectancy, the welcoming air of the multitude! Are they awaiting the soul of him who died a hero's death? Or of him who hath

left behind a heritage of valorous deeds, deeds of bloodshed, pain and sorrow? No; not so. What, then, is it the soul of some good old man who, having left naught behind but the love of his fellow man, fell asleep and awoke in the Glory of God? Nay; hush! 'Tis the soul of a newborn babe returned to its Master's bosom, as pure and as unsullied as its mother's love. The Gates close gently, and naught is heard save the rustling of angel's wings as they bear the soul within. Its mission hath ended. Then the tuneful sound of many harps is heard. A soul hath gone to its rest. The angels, Faith, Hope and Charity, weep for souls still held in thralldom. That night there was joy in Heaven, and God smiled on all the World.



OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,
I knock unbidden once at every gate!

If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before,
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
I answer not, and I return no more.

LLANDAFF.

By Olive Logan, Washington, D. C.

Into "the dark backward and abysm of time" the mind reverts on a visit to Llandaff. All is ancient, and in a sense, mysterious; for although evidence so tangible of the occupation of the place in long past ages abound on every hand, the records are strangely incomplete of beauty, the old cross at Llandaff appeals to the aesthetic eye with a force which needs no upholding from the charm of historic legend, the glamour of a well known name, whether of bishop or of sculptor, or from other adventitious circumstance, whatsoever it might be. The

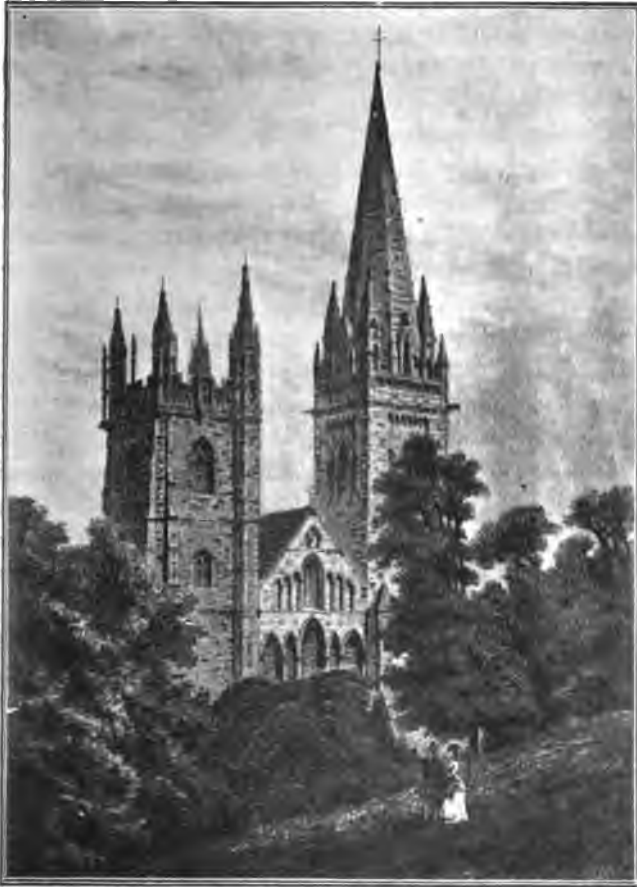


The Old Cross.

those human beings by whose efforts these evidences were placed here. No one now living can throw light on the date of the setting up of the old cross, which still stands, as through long ages it has stood, marking the verge of the lands of the sanctuary. At its base uncounted generations of Welsh children have played, as those of our day are playing—ignorant of the past and careless of the future. In its simple old cross exists; that fact suffices. We could not spare it from the landscape, to whose native loveliness it imparts a touch so vivid of art and devout suggestion. Scarcely anywhere in South Wales, that land of verdant beauty, doth nature show her face more fair than here. A wide and limpid stream is the babbling Taff at Llandaff, unvexed by the toil and moil of traffic or of manufacture. Low hills, crowned

o the very apex with the diadems of agriculture, enclose a vale of paradise; rose-burdened gardens load the air with fragrance and glad the eye with color; and, in the midst of

is but a place of yesterday. Antithems at Llandaff arose to break the stillness of primeval solitudes when not one stone of Cardiff Castle had been placed upon another, and not



Llandaff Cathedral.

the bewitching picture, the old cathedral lifts its imposing towers, representing as nearly as modern work can compass it, the very same which jointed skyward in that long past lay when Llandaff cathedral first sang its psalm of praise to God. In comparison with Llandaff, Cardiff

is but a place of yesterday. Antithems at Llandaff arose to break the stillness of primeval solitudes when not one stone of Cardiff Castle had been placed upon another, and not

one man who helped to build it had yet seen the light of day. Llandaff — which means “the place upon the Taff”—is said by some historians to be the site of the first Christian fane erected in Great Britain. It was certainly the seat of the earliest Christian bishopric.

Saints Dubricius and Teilo were its founders, but of the edifice which these good men caused to be erected, there now remains no trace. Bishop Urban rebuilt the cathedral during his reign over the see, which was in the twelfth century, and part of his work remains in all its original beauty. Still more of the existing cathedral was erected in the thirteenth century, when the northwest tower was put up by Jasper Tudor. Llandaff cathedral was then one of the wealthiest churches in Christendom, but after the Reformation it became greatly impoverished. The prelate in charge caused himself to be announced at court as "the Bishop of Aff," "for," said he, with a touch of grim humor, "the land is gone." The church went piecemeal, too. The roof fell in, and all the glorious sculptures were exposed to pitiless assaults of wind and weather. During the early part of the last century Llandaff was at its worst, being naught but a roofless ruin, with grass growing in its aisles, with bats and owls flitting through its paneless windows, and with ivy growing over the broken altar. No man now lives who saw this sorry sight, but tradition tells of the wreck of the once splendid edifice, which was deserted by all of mortal birth, and became the abiding place of phantoms, spirits from the vasty deep, and of the Tylwyth Teg, or fairies. Loud shrieks were heard to issue from the old stone tombs; the great bell tolled, though not a soul was near it; the dead walked, and

wild fires flickered fitfully through the long hours of the night and only fell at sunrise. Thousands of human beings claimed to have knowledge of these uncanny happenings, for although the population of Llandaff was never very large, the annual fair attracted vast crowds of people. The age of Llandaff fair is indeed remote. Tradition dates its origin to the first century A. D. At its most prosperous period the fair at Llandaff lasted many days. Monks as well as laymen attended the festivities, sometimes journeying a hundred miles to do so. Llandaff churchyard was a busy scene of buying and selling, drinking, dancing, and general hilarity. Tents and booths were set up among the tombs, and Sunday was the merriest day of all. These indecorous practices became so intolerable that Llandaff fair has been abolished of late years.

In 1730 a great storm blew down the last tower of Llandaff cathedral, which had remained in a fair state of preservation, and shortly afterward a movement, which had been accumulating strength for some time, attained sufficient force to start upon the great work of restoration. Such parts as were left of the original structure were of perfect beauty. The facade has a marked resemblance to that of the cathedral of St. Remy in France, being a transition between the late Norman and the early pointed styles. There are three stories, the lowest having a grand doorway, Norman as to its

arch, but pointed in its other characteristics, among which is the carving of birds, apes, and human figures in the stone. Over the door is a time-worn statue of the good St. Teilo. The second story presents three lofty lancet windows, and the third, a central window flanked by three descending arches on each side, while the pedimental angle overhead has a niche, in which stands an ancient statue of St. Dubricius, the first bishop of Llandaff. Very famous are both these holy prelates, but of the two perhaps St. Teilo is the more renowned, by reason of his marvelous achievement, related in the old chronicles, and known as "the miraculous triplication of his mortal parts."

This miracle was performed immediately after the death of St. Teilo, and while the funeral services were in progress. Three churches in South Wales, many miles removed from each other, laid claim to the saint's bones. One of these fanes was at Tenby, another at Llandeilo, while the third, of course, was the saint's own cathedral, Llandaff. The pious men decided to settle their dispute by direct prayer to St. Teilo. The saint thereupon promised to supply each of the three churches with an original body of himself; and when the clericals who were kneeling about the corpse of St. Teilo arose, they were astonished to find three corpses lying there, all so exactly alike that it was impossible to decide which of the three was the one first brought to the altar's

foot. With sanctified joy the priests of Tenby and of Llandeilo bore away the precious body of St. Teilo, to be deposited within the hallowed precincts of their fanes. In despite of the miraculous triplication and of the uncertainty of the bishops concerning the identity of the original corpse, the records of Llandaff claim that, as of necessity, the church upon the Taff holds the veritable bones used by St. Teilo when in the flesh, as St. Teilo himself would naturally have guided the bishop who was his successor to make the proper choice. A magnificent sarcophagus contains this precious dust; and across its stony surface men come to-day, as they have for ages past, to seal their bargains and bonds by a handshake beside St. Teilo's tomb.

We attended service at Llandaff Cathedral. It is a sweet memory which will not fade. Soft music arose in the vaulted spaces, intoned by a cathedral choir of gowned acolytes; the bishop himself preached a scholarly sermon; and the congregation possessed all those peculiar features which distinguish the British scheme of social caste, interesting for the American visitor to observe, but to which his sense of justice, as between man and man, lends no approval.

Very impressive was it after service to walk about among the ponderous monuments inside the old cathedral. Saints, knights and ladies lie sleeping on their backs, with enclasped hands, even as they

have slept for centuries in the past, and as they will so sleep for centuries to come. They slept thus through storm and sunshine during many and many a long year, and longer century, when the old church was roofless and, as a consequence, their stony features are now quite worn away. "Lady Audley," who lies in a niche, with two monks at her side bearing escutcheons, wears long sweeping robes, and a quaint coif of antique fashion.

"She fell a victim to disappointed love," we are told by the church's char-woman, who modestly, on request, acts as our guide. Lady Audley's nose and lips have been eaten flat by the tooth of time, and

the once rounded cheeks are no longer round, her eyes, too, are but shapeless hollows now; and the heads of the monks who attend her are mere formless balls of storm-worn marble. Christopher Matthew and his wife lie side by side—great magnates they were, of the long and long ago. The holy Saint Dubricius and many other bishops keep silent company. A knight of gigantic stature and enormous face, telling a tale of enormous strength, both physically and spiritually, was the mighty Sir David Matthew, a standard-bearer to King Edward the Fourth, a native of Llandaff, and a worthy of superlative eminence in his day. *Sic Transit Gloria Mundi!*



WASHINGTON IRVING.

By Margaret H. Williams, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Washington Irving, the sweetest of humorists and story-tellers, was born in New York, April, 1783. His parents were immigrants from Great Britain. At the time of his birth most of the inhabitants in New York were the old Dutch settlers, and having been brought up among them—naturally a curious observer no one could better present to us, in literature, the quaint manners and customs of that people, who formed so important a part in the history of New York. Irving was especially fortunate in his home environments, so far as good literature is conducive to culture, his father having

a well-stocked library of choice books. At an early age Irving delighted in reading the poems of Chaucer and Spencer. Out of their books of wisdom, fancy and imagination, he derived much of the inspiration which characterizes his writings. He was especially fond of novelty. When a child he would stroll out of town to observe the beauties of nature, the people and their peculiarities, as they could be seen along the wharves or the bye-places of the city. The origin of many literary productions was found in this way. His parents had intended him for the legal profession, but his

studies were interrupted by sickness. As means of restoration to health, he was sent to Europe to travel. He loitered along the shores of the Mediterranean sea for several months, finally reached Rome, where he met Washington Allston, and resolved to become a painter. Soon he changed his plans, and again began traveling through Italy, Switzerland, France, Germany and Holland, reaching London after an absence of eighteen months. On returning to New York he tried to resume his law studies and was admitted to the bar, but found it very distasteful to him. He again abandoned it and took up literary work as his real life work.

He disliked the study of law, preferred and loved literature, and at the age of nineteen wrote to a periodical edited by his elder brother. Soon after his return to New York, he contributed a series of genial and humorous essays to a periodical called "Salmagundi," the satire of which was purely local. On the first copy of "Salmagundi," he declared that "our intention is simply to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age; this is an arduous task, and therefore we undertake it with much confidence. For this publication we solicit no patronage, the patronage being entirely on our side. We advise the public to buy our numbers merely for their own sakes; if they do not, let them settle the affair with their conscience and posterity." As may well be imagined his first peri-

odical created a local sensation. In 1809 he wrote a "History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty," a burlesque article written in so quaint a vein of humor that it has sometimes been taken as veritable history. His next work was to engage in commerce with his brothers, as a silent partner, but still devoted his time to literature. During the war of 1812 he edited a magazine in Philadelphia. After the war he went to England, misfortune overtook him and he found himself reduced to poverty. Campbell and Walter Scott were very loyal to Irving during this financial crisis. Scott introduced Irving to the publisher Murray, who at first refused to accept his productions, but finally consented to publish "Geoffrey Crayon's Sketch Book," which was already appearing in America in periodical form. Irving was the first to compel acknowledgment of the power and originality of American genius.

Murray, the publisher, years afterward, offered him \$4,000 for the manuscript of "Bracebridge Hall," which he had not seen. In his "Sketch Book," his description of an English Christmas, the sketches on American themes and of a sea voyage are all very interesting, but the quaint and novel legend of "Rip Van Winkle" surpasses them all. The "Sketch Book" laid the foundation of his fortune, and during the seventeen years he spent abroad he did a great amount of writing. In

1822 he wrote "Bracebridge Hall," a work purely English, showing his observant powers had enabled him to correctly portray English country life. "Tales of a Traveler" was published the following year. He was now in comfortable circumstances and decided to travel again to be better enabled to enlarge his knowledge of peoples and customs. After a long course of travel, he settled at Madrid. While there he wrote his "Life of Columbus" and the "Conquest of Granada." He was appointed secretary to the London embassy, an office purely complimentary to his literary ability. At about the same time, the University of Oxford conferred on him a degree. Seventeen years' absence from the United States made his return a very happy one, where he found he was no longer unknown, but was universally known and honored as the first American who had obtained a European reputation merely as a man of letters and for his country recognition on equal terms in the literary world. Not yet satisfied with traveling, he went West, there to notice the rapid strides of progress. On returning to the neighborhood of New York, he built for himself a delightful retreat and called it "Sunnyside." After a delightful rest and isolation from the busy world, of which he had seen so much, he was appointed ambassador to Spain and remained there four years. On returning from Spain, he took up his residence at

Sunnyside, where he began and finished his greatest work, "The Life of Washington." He spent the last years of his life in his own "Sleepy Hollow," on the banks of the Hudson, near Tarrytown. In speaking of the Hudson river, he says, "I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own life to my early companionship with this glorious river." To him it was an emblem of a good man's course through life—ever simple, open and direct, or if overpowered by adverse circumstances, he should deviate into error, it is but momentary—he soon recovers his onward and honorable career and continues it to the end of his pilgrimage.

In deciding to build at Sunnyside, which name is so synonymous of his own cheerful nature, he says, "The thought struck me to arrest the desolating Hand of Time, to rescue the historic pile of utter ruin and to make it to the closing scenes of my wanderings a quiet home, where I might enjoy 'rest in rust' for the remainder of my life." Any one who intends visiting Westminster Abbey should read Irving's beautiful and vivid description of that historic church and organ. It having been my happy privilege to visit that historic church, I am sure much of the pleasure I derived was first from the reading of his description, and later on, as I stood in that imposing edifice and realized the force of his language and beauty of his description. I shall ever fondly associate Irving with West-

minster Abbey. Irving's name ranks among the noblest and brightest of the world. Everybody loved him. For more than a year after his death, which occurred in his seventy-sixth year, his neighbors dem-

onstrated their love for him by placing fresh flowers every morning upon his modest grave, at whose head is a small white slab bearing only the words, "Washington Irving."

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FANNIE TUNISON.

By Mrs. Jennie H. Jones, Cincinnati, O.

A short distance from historic Montauk Point, at the east end of Long Island, N. Y., is the quaint village of Sag Harbor. The writer, in search of a spot where she might spend the summer of 1900 in perfect peace, wended her way to the home of a friend in this delightfully unconventional retreat. There she found a haven of rest for a tired body and a weary brain.

Sag Harbor is an old whaling station, and many are the relics scattered throughout the village which tell to the stranger its past history. The region is not elaborately adorned by art, but nature there displays her riches in wild and generous profusion. There are woods in all their pristine grandeur, with secluded, well-shaded walks, together with every variety of landscape outline, which the sea during past ages has sculptured into varied and fantastic forms. There is not the much-sought surf for the convenience of the fashionable bather, but the gentle flow of the tide with its softly murmuring wavelets is a persistent

and irresistible invitation to the daily dip. The ancient whaling industry of the place has given way to the more modern factory, for here has been erected the largest watch-case factory in the United States, if not in the world. It employs almost a thousand hands and has given a new impetus to labor in what appeared to be a rapidly declining community.

It was in this retired spot that the writer discovered the most striking case of compensation ever brought to her notice. This life, to the observing mind, presents in its marvelous adjustments remarkable cases of compensation, but none more striking than one which is found in this strictly Puritan village.

Fannie Tunison, now more than thirty years old, was born a helpless and hopeless paralytic and has never known the use of upper or lower limbs. While these are strapped close to a peculiarly constructed chair, she performs feats which, unless actually witnessed, would be incredible. By the use of

her tongue, and perhaps with the slight assistance of her teeth, she produces clear, legible penmanship, draws with colored crayons, sews and embroiders, the designs for the latter being invented as she proceeds with her needle. She neither asks nor requires help from others except in placing all necessary materials upon a small table in front of her chair. She threads her needle and manipulates it and uses her scissors with a dexterity which is simply amazing. In the writers' presence she took up with her tongue and put into her mouth an ordinary porcelain button, followed it by the same means with a piece of thread, which she put through the eyes of the button, tied several knots upon the thread, and then with her scissors cut off the ends—all with her tongue. By the sale of her handiwork to summer visitors, she makes not only her own living, but materially helps her family, who are poor but thrifty people. When asked

if she was happy in her work, she answered, with beaming face, "Oh, yes, as long as I can work, but if I could not do this I should wish to die." Her utterance is somewhat slow and labored, due to the abnormal development of her tongue, but she has an ample vocabulary, and the correctness of her language is remarkable. There is no visible deformity in her person, and nothing unprepossessing in her appearance. Her silk patch-work quilts, bookmarks, embroidered scarfs and doilies and her drawings meet with a ready sale. Fannie began to sew with her tongue when but four years old, and by persistent practice she uses it with the facility that any other expert does his tools.

What a lesson is here presented, not only in ingenuity, but in cheerful patience and adaptation to environment under the most adverse conditions. Who, after reading this story, can truthfully say, "There is nothing I can do."



THE LATE MR. THOMAS WATKINS, GOMER. OHIO.

By Rev. R. Mawddwy Jones, Portland, Ore.

In September, 1833, three families and one John Morgan moved from Paddy's Run, Ohio, to take up land in Allen county of the same state. The families were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Watkins and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas and child, and Mr. and Mrs. David Roberts and family soon left for Iowa, and Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas died of old age at Gomer, but their children, except Mrs. Patrick, engaged in business and left the settlement. Mr.



Thomas Watkins.

and Mr. and Mrs. David Roberts and four children, fourteen in all. They had a journey of 140 miles, most of it along unfrequented trails through primeval forests. A few American families had settled there previously, but they were the beginning of the Welsh settlement at Gomer, which is now one of the foremost Welsh agricultural settle-

ments in the country, in wealth, magnitude and culture. David Roberts and family soon left for Iowa, and Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas died of old age at Gomer, but their children, except Mrs. Patrick, engaged in business and left the settlement. Mr.

Thomas Watkins lived and died at Gomer, and their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren make up a large part of the community to-day. Mr. Watkins is entitled to be called the father of the Gomer settlement.

Thomas Watkins was born at Dolau, Llanerfyl, North Wales, March 5, 1804, and emigrated to

America in 1826, a great venture at that time for a young country boy who knew no English. It was amusing to hear him in old age relating the incidents of that journey on sea and land. Then there were only twenty-four states in the Union and only two west of the Mississippi; there was not a mile of railroad in the whole country, and the population was only 11,000,000. He traveled by canal until reaching Ebensburg, Pa. He worked for a month for a farmer near there, and was never paid. He left Ebensburg for Paddy's Run, Ohio, and there married Miss Jane Evans, who proved herself to be one of the best of wives and mothers until her death in 1884. Thirteen children were born to them, six of whom survived their father. He had also thirty-two grandchildren and over a dozen great-grandchildren at the time of his death, and they are more numerous now.

When Mr. Watkins settled at Gomer in 1833, there was no railroad west of the Allegheny mountains. Lima, a thriving town of about 20,000 inhabitants, was then only a frontier post, with a few log cabins; and the vicinity of Gomer, which is now a paradise, was then a virgin forest full of bears and wolves. There, among the shrieks of wild beasts, Mr. Watkins and companions built their first log cabins. The families slept in the wagons while the cabins were being constructed, and they had fire at night to keep the voracious beasts

away. I heard Mr. Watkins say that what frightened him most of anything was suddenly coming across a dead bear in the woods—of course he didn't know it was dead. He bought 160 acres of government land for a dollar and a quarter per acre. He bought considerable land after that when it was much higher, and I heard him say that he paid more for the last twenty-four acres he bought than for the first one hundred and sixty. The first settlers, generally, are the wealthiest in every community. They have their choice of the best land and location, and have other advantages over later comers. Mr. Watkins was an example of this.

It was a serious thing to begin in the middle of the timber, so far from all conveniences. But Mr. Watkins was an industrious and courageous man, and through perseverance he gradually cleared his land. He had eighty miles to go to the nearest market, at Sandusky, and that through trees and mud. It took two or three days to go, and the same time to return, and he would get only a barrel of salt and some groceries for the load of corn he had hauled to market. Salt was exceedingly dear then. They hardly saw any coin in those days—everything was "trade." And I heard Mr. Watkins say that he was in Gomer for years without seeing any money, except a dollar to pay taxes. Mr. Watkins—after Mr. Clevenger—was one of the first in the neighborhood to build a brick house, and there is

a farming community anywhere with such fine residences as Gomer.

It is worthy of note that W. Watkins, son of John Watkins, and W. Watkins, son of Thomas Watkins, were the first white boys to be born in Allen county, Ohio. At the time of Mr. Watkins' death, he and his children owned about 1,100 acres of land in the Gomer settlement—more than owned by any other family in the vicinity. In politics Watkins was a Republican. He was the only son in the war. Another son, V. E. Watkins, was representative of Allen county in the legislature at Columbus, and the youngest son, F. J. Watkins, lives in the old settlement.

Mr. Watkins was an honest man. He would not wrong anybody, and he took good care that nobody could wrong him either. Some men are honest enough but too innocent to deal with the world, but he was not. A person would feel in the presence of those keen, sharp, penetrating eyes that Thomas Watkins was not a man to fool with. He had a strong body, a handsome face, but his eye was his glory. Such an eye is seldom seen—it pierced like an eagle's. First settlers in any community are generally given to hospitality, and of all the hospitable families of Gomer there were none more so than Mr. and Mrs. Watkins.

Their house was always open, and their door was locked neither day nor night. The first preachers who visited Gomer in early days gen-

erally stayed with them, and I was told that the first sermon in Gomer was preached in Thomas Watkins' barn.

From the standpoint of a farming community, Mr. Watkins was a liberal contributor toward every good cause. While I was pastor in Gomer I think he was one of the highest givers toward all religious causes. Probably he contributed more than any one else toward the building of the respective churches in Gomer—from the first log church to the present brick structure, which is an ornament to the neighborhood and one of the finest and largest churches that the Welsh have in the whole country. And his children and grandchildren follow his example according to their ability. He was a true friend of mine, and, for that matter, he was a friend of every minister that has been in Gomer. Mrs. Watkins was one of the original fourteen members at the organization of the Congregational church at Gomer, but Mr. Watkins, though he supported the church, did not join it until the great revival in 1868, when the late Rev. John Morgan Thomas was pastor. He was a man of good sound common sense, and through his keenness, experience and intuition he had a fair knowledge of human nature, which was of great help to him in his dealings with men. Being so much in the open air, he kept in good health, and that helped him to look at the bright side of things. I do not remember having ever seen him mel-

ancholy. He did not carry a burden of anxiety for years. He spent not physical and mental energy to fight phantoms, so, when real trouble came, he had strength and courage to meet it. He had faith in the providence of God. He was an optimist. He was far advanced in years before I became acquainted with him, yet he was as cheerful and lively as a lad.

He came to Gomer in 1833 a young man of twenty-nine, spent nearly sixty years in the place, and died December 6, 1891, at the age of eighty-seven. During that long period he saw many changes at Gomer, saw the young settlement growing to be a giant, saw the impenetrable forest turned to the finest

agricultural land, and the screams of wild beasts turned into the click of the self-binder, saw the settlement containing nine hundred Welsh people, and about half of them church-members. He was a prosperous farmer and a spotless Christian. He secured a comfortable home for himself and for his children around him, and we have strong hope that he is gone to that beautiful home that Jesus has prepared for those that love him. He was buried in the large family lot in Gomer cemetery, and it is a lovely spot to rest in. His children placed a costly marble monument over his grave. Let him rest in peace till the resurrection morn.

SAINT DAVID'S DAY.

By T. P. Williams, Esmont, Va.

An Address.

To-day the Welsh people throughout the world honor the name and works of our patron saint, Dewi. No fair historian doubted the fact that Saint David was a renowned saint, a most powerful orator and preacher, a profound scholar, and a noble Christian. He appeared as a great shining and leading star in the dark firmament of "Wild Wales" when oppressive superstition and false doctrines of Pelagius and popery prevailed over the land of our fathers.

At this time, when Dyfrig, the

archbishop of Caer-Lleon, caused the Welsh bishops and clergy to meet at a place—called afterward Llan-Ddewi-Brefi—in Cardiganshire, amongst whom were Teilo, Padarn, Pawlin, Cadoc, and Daniel (the bishop of Bangor), to devise means to purify the old Christian Welsh or British church, he, the saintly and influential Dewi, became above all the most powerful man of God to restore, purify and invigorate the depraved church and nation. The mentioned noted assembly met A. D. 492, or 1409 years ago, and on that very spot, "the summit of the

hill." where these pious leaders stood, a church was built and consecrated to the honor of Saint David. It is called to this day Llan-Ddewi-Brefi.

As the laws of Hywel Dda (Howel the Good) of Wales have given firm and glorious foundations to the best laws of England and America, so have the teachings of Dewi Sant leavened the ecclesiastical and educational bodies of "Dear Old Britannia" and "Noble Young Columbia." Our renowned Cambrian, Roger Williams, who planted religious, political and social liberty in this glorious country, the United States of America, followed in the footsteps of Saint David, and they practised the teachings of Christ and His holy apostles.

Our forefathers, the ancient Britons, were not as bad as some false historians would have them to be. Even foreign historians, like Eusebius, Tacitus, Tertulian, Pezron, Bede, Camden, Leland, King, Goodwin, Sir Henry Spelman, Archbishop Usher, Bishop Stillingfleet, Sir Walter Scott, William Gladstone, "Tom" Moore, and even the great enemy Julius Cæsar himself, paid their respects to noble characteristics of the Welsh people.

I believe that God loved the Britons, and He upholds them to this day as a favorite Gentile nation, as He loves His favorite Shemitic nation, the Jews. But, like a good father, God chastised Britain and Britons for idolatry, Druidism and popery, as He punisheth to this day

the unchristian children of His "friend," Abraham. But, as our Heavenly Father hath looked mercifully and graciously over reformed Wales, to make her now a nation of industrious and pious workers, a nation of poets and musicians and a nation of God-fearing Protestants, adorning Cambria with Bibles in every house, with schools in every hamlet, and with noble Christian temples in every parish, town and city so will He, in the near future, take up the veil from the eyes of the understanding of the Jews, and convert them and lead them, as a whole nation, with the power of the Holy Spirit, to make the Crucified Christ their Emanuel and Messiah and to make the Israelites a nation of Christian missionaries, with Christian universities, colleges and churches adorning the hills of Palestine from Dan to Beersheba, bearing learned and pious Jews as presidents, professors, teachers, preachers and pastors; and woe to any sultan or tyrant that will dare to fight against the decrees of God. Indeed, I can see the day when the children of Gomer from Wales will join and unite with the children of Abraham to sing Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah," on the Mount of Olives and on the heights of Carmel and Tiberias and at Damascus (in honor of Saint Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles) and angels will join in the choruses.

Behold, how the Lord hath dealt so kindly toward Britain and Britons! He allowed the brave and

dignified Caradoc (Caractacus) to be carried, chained, into Rome before Cæsar, and even under the dazzling splendor of Rome and the court of Cæsar God helped the brave British chief to get freedom, favors and gifts for himself and kinsfolk (hostages) that no other conquered king got. See the finger of God concerning Gwladys Ruffydd (the Claudia alluded to by Saint Paul, II Tim. iv:31), and see God's providence guiding the heart of the Roman nobleman, Pudens, who was one of the emperor's courtiers and one of the saints of Cæsar's household, to make love with the young, plain Welsh lady, and who also was directed by the Holy Spirit to marry Gwladys Ruffydd or "Claudia." "Pudens and Linus and Claud'a greet thee," said Paul in his letter to Timothy. Linus was the son of Pudens and Claudia and was the first Christian bishop of Rome, centuries before Roman bishops became obnoxious, unholy and un-Christlike popes.

Do you know that the Welsh lady, Claudia, who was converted by Saint Paul, persuaded Paul to go (after Philip and Aristobulus) into Britain to preach the Gospel to her people in "The White Isle?" And, inasmuch as the gift of tongues was given to these by the Holy Spirit they could and did preach to the Britons, in Welsh and Latin. Then again, before Saint David's time, behold the first Christian martyr of Britain, in the Welsh person of Saint Alban, who, for preaching and con-

fessing the Gospel of Jesus, was beheaded at Verulam (now St. Alban's, near London), on the 20th day of June, A. D. 285, or 1,616 years ago next June, and here I will say that the descendants of the ancient Britons ought to make every 20th day of June, until "time shall be no more," a holy memorial day, to be spent in religious exercises, adorned with the best of sacred music, in commemoration and in honor of the first Christian martyr of Britain, the brave and blessed Welsh saint, the beloved Alban. You know that Roman Catholics honor the names and works of many saints. God knoweth whether they all, or many of them, deserve the honor or not; however, let us honor two—Alban and Dewi.

Do you know that in 1894, on St. David's day, a Welsh choir of 250 trained singers, assisted a Welsh preacher to carry on "Welsh services" in the greatest and grandest church in England, the noted St. Paul's Church of London? God bless the "twenty thousand" Cambrians and their friends, that uplifted the Christianity of Alban and Dewi in the metropolis of the world. Ah! Welshmen to-day, in scores of places in America, as well as in Wales and England, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Patagonia and other countries, honor the memory and works of Saint David, and Saint David's God. The God of Nations will take care of our language, the old Cymraeg. God will not allow

our strong language of ideas and sacred poetry—the language of Alban and Dewi, Caradoc and Caswallon, Taliesin and Llywarch Hen, Gruffydd Jones Llanddowror and Goronwy Owen, “Charles o’r Bala” and Gwilym Hiraethog, Eben Fardd and Ieuan Glan Geirionydd, Christmas Evans and William Aubrey, Huw Tegai and Dafydd Rolant-y-

Bala, William Ambrose and John Jones, Tal-y-Sarn, and scores of others like them—to die. No, no! We may with strong faith say, “Oes y byd ir iaith Gymraeg.” Let us, like Dewi, “Fear God and keep His commandments;” and let our nation, though small, be great in the sight of God and in the sight of all nations.

A TOUR OF WALES.

By E. I. Jones, Cincinnati, O.

RADNORSHIRE.

This is the northeastern county of South Wales, bounded on the north by Salop and Montgomery, on the west by Cardigan and Brecon, on the south by Brecon, on the east by Hereford. It is the smallest county in South Wales, having an area of 432 square miles, with a population of about 24,000. The great majority speak English. The Welsh name is “Maesyfed” or “Maeswyfed,” meaning “the land of the Wye.” The river Wye runs west and south of the county. This beautiful river has its origin in Plynlimmon, and empties into the estuary of the Severn at Chepstow. Radnor county, as we have seen, anciently formed a part of Siluria. On the division of the sovereignty of Wales by Roderick, it was included in Powisland. Under Henry VIII it was made a county of South Wales. The Radnor forest is a

mountain or group of mountains 2,166 feet high. Black Mixon is 2,136 feet high. In the southeast there is level land, but much of it is bog and moorland. Small ponies and sheep are reared. The county has no manufacturing establishments. It has a number of medicinal mineral springs of good repute. The county returns two members to Parliament, one for the county and one for the principal towns. The principal towns are Presteign, Knighton, Radnor, and Rhayader.

Knighton is a small town of about 1,700 inhabitants, in the northeast part of the county, on the river Teme and near Offa’s Dyke. The Welsh name is “Tref-Y-Clawdd”—that is, “the town of the dyke.” On a hill near the town are remains of a British encampment, and on another hill, separated from the former by a deep valley, is said to have been

the camp of the Roman commander, Ostorius. On "Bryn Glas," a little west of the town, a bloody battle was fought in 1402, between Owen Glyndwr and Sir Edward Mortimer, in which the former was defeated with great loss. The valley in which Knighton is situated is very beautiful, clothed with wood and verdure on either side of the river Teme.

nor and Herefordshire. Wapley Hill, three miles southeast of the town, is one of the most perfect encampments in Britain. It is said to have been formed by the Romans, but occupied for a time by the forces of Caractacus.

Old Radnor is six miles southwest of Presteign. The Welsh name has been "Pen-Y-Graig," "the Head of



Llandrindod Wells.

Presteign is six miles south of Knighton, on the river Lug. This town is called by the Welsh "Llan-Andras," or the "Church of St. Andrews." It is regarded the principal town of Radnorshire, though it has only about the same population as Knighton. A bridge spanning the river at this place connects Rad-

the Rock." The vicinity abounds with crystalline limestone, the hollows in their rugged sides and summits abound with a rare variety of beautiful wild flowers, and the place is called "the Devil's Garden." Near the village is an old farm-house called "The Stones." There Charles the First passed a night in 1645. The

"Church at head of the rock" is quite beautiful and contains some handsome monuments of the Lewis family of Harpton. The village is small. New Radnor is three and one-half miles northwest of Old Radnor. It is now a small village of about 600 inhabitants, but it was at one time the county town, with a castle, walls and gates. The castle and fortifications were destroyed by Owen Glyndwr in 1401. About two miles west of New Radnor is a remarkable cascade, called "Water Break Its Neck," a small stream which rushes through a narrow chasm, a descent of about seventy feet, into a rugged and gloomy dell in the midst of the wildest Alpine scenery. The grandeur is heightened by an insulated mass of rock twenty feet high, standing erect over the water fall. Several gentlemen's seats are near New Radnor: Harpton Court, the ancient mansion of the Lewis family; Downton, the residence of Sir Cockburn, Bart.; Knill Court, the property of Sir Walsham, Bart.

Llandrindod—"the Church of the Trinity"—is eight miles west of New

Radnor. It is a health resort. There are three mineral wells here, one chalybeate, one saline and one sulphurous. The atmosphere is very bracing. There are various British and Roman antiquities near.

Rhayader is six or eight miles northwest of Llandrindod, on the river Wye. The Welsh name "Rhayader," means "the Cataract of the Wye." The river flows rapidly over masses of rock lying in the channel, but it is not much of a cataract. A castle formerly existed here. The town has a population of about 900.

Cwm Elan is five miles southwest of Rhayader. It is near the river Elan. The surrounding country is very romantic. We have now visited the principal places in this little county. The county is small, the towns are small, and while there are remains that interest the antiquarian, and scenes that interest the artist and poet, there is but little to interest the business man; neither soil nor minerals tempt the seeker after wealth. We shall now cross into Cardigan.



MUSIC NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

It is not generally known that the late beloved Victoria was a fine musician and possessed of a rich mezzo-soprano voice. But few of the newspapers had remarks concerning this fact. Naturally, the musical magazines dilate upon it. The following account is well known among musicians of a visit made by Mendelssohn to the queen in 1842, written by Lampadius, a friend of the illustrious composer:

"Her majesty received the distinguished German in her own sitting-room, Prince Albert being the only one present besides herself. As Mendelssohn entered, the queen asked his pardon for the somewhat disorderly appearance of the apartment, and began to rearrange the articles with her own hands, in which Mendelssohn gallantly offered his assistance. Some parrots, whose cages hung in the room, she herself carried into the next apartment, in which Mendelssohn helped her also. She then requested her guest to play something, and afterward she sang some songs of his which she had sung at a court concert soon after the attack upon her person. She was not wholly satisfied, however, with her own performance, and said pleasantly to Mendelssohn: 'I can do better; ask Lablache if I cannot; but I am afraid of you.'"

The queen showed her apprecia-

tion of what musicians accomplished by knighting them, such as John Goss, Henry Smart, Michael Costa, William Sterndale Bennett, Jules Benedict, Hubert Parry, G. A. Macfarren, Principal Mackenzie. It will interest all true students to know that the queen was admittedly a critical listener to singing, and that she was an absolutely tuneful singer herself, had a talent of high order for music and was a satisfactory pupil, always anxious to improve and to do all the necessary practicing to achieve proficiency in singing scale passages and arpeggios. She was also an excellent reader at sight.

A few days after the death of Victoria, the greatest of Italian composers passed away—Giuseppe Verdi, the "grand old man" in music. Verdi was born October 9, 1813, at Basetto, Italy—in the same year as Richard Wagner. Without detracting in the least from the fame of Verdi, probably the "greatest" musical genius of Italy was Palestrina, born in 1514, who was essentially a composer of sacred music, and who rescued church music from a relapse into comparative barbarity. Though Italy has produced many great musicians, but no second to Palestrina. In this sense, the homeland of opera is analogous with England, where Henry Purcell (1658-

1695) up to this day is considered "the greatest genius of musical England." Verdi composed about thirty operas and a requiem mass. The operas that will always hold and please the public are "Ernani," "La Traviata," "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "Aide," "Otello," and "Falstaff," the last one written when he was eighty years of age. The world concedes that "Aide" is his masterpiece, a departure from the strict Italian operatic form, and a confession to the Wagnerian influence. There is hardly anything as superb and magnificently artistic as the performance of "Aide" by the Italian Grand Opera company. Verdi died January 27 at his home, Milan. He amassed a fortune of \$2,000,000, most of which goes to his best monument, the Home for Aged Musicians, at Milan, which he built.

In a recent number of the Atlantic Monthly, Owen Wister's exquisite poem, "The Bird of Passage; An Ode to Instrumental Music," is published. This poem was read at the dedication of the new Symphony hall, Boston, October 15, 1900. The ode is worthy of the author and of the occasion. It indicates a great advancement in the cause of music, from an intellectual standpoint, and musical taste. The Boston Symphony orchestra, like the Chicago Symphony orchestra, has compelled thousands to listen to and appreciate the creations of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Brahms and Wagner.

They have also taught the American public that in their own country there are composers whose works are worthy of these great orchestras. Mr. Wister's poem has taught and will continue to teach, the high and spiritual message of music. Most people understand the words and thoughts of the poet, but music begins where words let off—Mendelssohn, or someone, said something of the kind. There are two stanzas I desire to quote for the readers of the Cambrian, the seventh and tenth. One cannot do justice to a complete poem by so doing, though:

"The Shepherd sang the pastures of the Lord,
The heathen's rages, and the temple's calm;
He sang how sun and moon and stars adored—

We only read his Psalm.

Cedars of Lebanon, and mountain sharp,
Waters of Babylon, we know full well;
Where are those hymns that swept the tingling harp

Of royal Israel?

By the white marbles and green bays of Greece,
Apollo smote his lyre through vale and hill;
Music! thou fleddest by the golden fleece,
Thou wert a wild-bird still.

The sculptured God, the tale of Troy, remain,
The priestess by her tripod in the dawn;
But, Delphic nightingale, where is thy strain?

That is forever gone!

And where is thine, that melted Tuscan groves
Till amorous branches were together blown,
While silken boys and girls kissed out their loves

Until the night was flown?

Those fluted intervals have passed the reeds
Of Echo's stream, and now in fields remote,
Autumns of memory, 'mid old names and deeds,

Like thin, light leaves they float.

In parchment pale the lovers still survive;
 On palace walls their eyes, their lips, still bloom
 With hues undying, but yet not alive,
 And silent as the tomb.

Such a stanza is historical of the "Bird of Passage" in the centuries before the "coming of the violin" and its kindred. The eighth stanza shows how the "wild bird" fled along, and that in the circle of the Arts there was "one vacant chair remained for Song." At length, "Cremona raised a master wand—

It was the body calling for its soul
 In tones that had not been;
 Beyond the shores of speech,
 Beyond thought's utmost reach,
 The heart's deep ocean waves began to roll
 Forth from Cremona's violin.

The evolution of the channels of music rushes through the eighth and ninth stanzas, and the tenth is exultant with the "deep things" of symphonic music:

Then, music! sweep
 Thy harp which hath a thousand strings,
 At whose unearthly bidding leap
 To life celestial visions of those things
 Which sometimes are with us in sleep.
 A province, new is thine;
 For when the wind blows through the mountain pine,
 Thou givest our responding sigh.
 The darkening tones contain the spirit's sky,
 When gliding night doth with the eve entwine.
 Thy magic harp can call
 Whatever lives within the waterfall,
 Whatever moves among the trees above,
 Or hideth in the earth beneath;
 Thine is the voice of many springs,
 Which no poet ever sings;
 No one has ever told like thee of love.

And none like thee can tell of death.
 A province new is thine:
 Most bountiful the harvest that it yields!
 Keep it, nor trespass on thy sister's fields,
 Nor seek to utter what themselves have spoken;
 For so, and only so, thy light shall shine
 Unclouded, and thy perfect utterance unbroken.

Much has been written concerning what woman has done in music. More has been written as to what woman has failed to do in music. The utility of the fair sex in an orchestra has been the subject of many peculiar articles in different magazines. No one has written better on the subject of woman in music than the veteran musical critic, George P. Upton, of Chicago, author of "The Standard Operas," "The Standard Oratorios" and other standard works. The following extract from his delightful book, "Women in Music," just published by A. C. McClurg Company, will be read with pleasure:

"Man may be the intellect in music; woman is its heart and soul. What she has not done with music matters little, compared with the great glory and beauty she has given to music. By the side of the great composers, in equal glory and fame, should be placed such women as Constantine Weber, Fanny Mendelssohn, Bettina von Arnim, Madame Voight (the friend of Schumann), Cosina Wagner, Delphina Potocka, Clara Schumann, Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, and others, who have elevated music to greater heights by inspiring

its creation and giving it to the world through the medium of the voice."

In the death of the late preacher, philanthropist, author and musician, the Rev. Hugh Reginald Haweis, of London, the world has lost a delightful writer—one of the most prolific and entertaining, not profound. Though an incumbent of St. James' church, Marylebone, for thirty-five years, he has been prominent as a musician, and his books, "Music and Morals" and "My Musical Memories," will be read by thousands for many years to come. He was the originator of the "penny

readings." How many of us remember the thrilling pleasures and the enobling influence of that popular innovation! Dr. Haweis was a man of bold spirit and broad sympathies. His home was a rendezvous for the famous musicians, painters and literary men of the last thirty years. He was an excellent violinist. It is said that in him a great violinist was sacrificed for an ordinary preacher. Many will remember him as one of the most successful speakers at the World's Fair Congress of Religions, where he advocated greater charity and wider tolerance.

IN MEMORIAM.

By Sir Lewis Morris.

1st.

Forth from her Palace gate
Down to the wintry shore,
Bear her with Royal state,
Who comes no more.
Glide solemnly, glide by
Oh silent ship, and thread
Her ironclads, where they lie;
Bearing the dead.
For this was she their Queen
Who three-score perilous years
Fronted whate'er has been;
Hopes, sorrows, fears——
Whom they, four brief years since,
Acclaimed with thunders loud;
Mute now the shouts, the cheers,
The applauding crowd.
Guard her, strong ironclads, well
Safe to her further shore,
For hark the tolling bell
She comes no more!

2nd.

Speed her with all her train
Of Kingly potentates
To where once more again
Her London waits.
And let the unnumbered throng
In this sad pageant see
As slow it sweeps again
Her Jubilee.
Let her loved soldiers brave,
As when a soldier dies,
Make for their leader's grave
Due obseques.
The flags, the muffled drum,
The dead, where lay the gun
Not here her feet shall come:
Her service done.
Lay her beside her dear!
Oh faithful lovers twain!
In Heaven above, as here,
Re-knit again!



FIELD OF LETTERS

CELTIC FOLKLORE, Welsh and Manx, by John Rhys, M. A., D. Litt., Principal of Jesus College, Oxford: Clarendon Press, Oxford.

These two volumes on Celtic Folklore are dedicated to all those who have contributed to the production of the work. In the Preface, Professor Rhys informs us that he began to collect the material in these volumes toward the close of the seventies and had been induced to undertake the work by the consideration whether anything as delightful as Campbell's "Popular Tales of the West Highlands" could be found among the stories of Wales; but he confesses that he soon discovered that the task of collecting these stray tales and putting them together required much labor and thought. He also found that folklore is not met with already compiled and arranged for publication, but is scattered wide in bits, like Absyrtus's body. However, after years of continuous thought, the author has completed what he undertook to accomplish, and the reader will find these two beautifully printed volumes replete with entertaining and instructive material.

The information in these volumes was obtained as the author states, "partly viva voce" and partly by correspondence and through books published by Welsh writers versed in folklore. We may here mention "The Curse of Pantannas," from the pen of J. C. Hughes, of Quaker's Yard, S. W., which is certainly one of the most powerful of the strange fairy stories related.

The materials of the earlier chapters contain stories connected with the

fairies, whether of lakes or of dry land, and are mere variants of the completer story which is known among the Welsh folklorists as "The Legend of Llyn y Fan Fach." We cannot say that these tales are exclusively Welsh, for they appear among the Irish and other western peoples but in Welsh lore they possess Welsh peculiarities which make them more pleasing to the Welsh mind. In these volumes is much material to attract and entertain the reader. The contents of the volumes are as follows: (1) "The Legend of Llyn y Fan Fach," with variants; (2) "The Fairies' Revenge," which contains delightful reading; (3) "Fairy Ways and Words," which furnish much entertaining material; (4) "Manx Folklore;" (5) "The Manx Brownie and His Friends," with strange bits of fairy and witch knowledge; (6) "The Folklore of the Wells;" (7) "Triumphs of the Water-World;" (8) "Welsh Cave Legends," a chapter of classical tales among the Welsh; (9) "Place-Name Stories;" (10) "Difficulties of the Folklorist;" (11) "Folklore Philosophy;" (12) "Race in Folklore and Myth;" additions, index, etc.

In the closing chapters are met attempts to interpret and analyze this interesting body of fairy lore, and although these discussions show an uncommon knowledge of the subject, the conclusions are not quite satisfactory, and the mystery of the creation and philosophy of fairy tales seems as yet untouched. However, Professor Rhys has performed a most difficult task in collecting and arranging this folklore, and it remains for some mind especially endowed with powers of interpretation, say a fairy Darwin or Spen-

cer, to describe the evolution of these creations of the imagination.

THE LIFE OF E. HERBER EVANS, D. D. From his Letters, Journals, Etc. By the Rev. H. Elvet Lewis. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row.

This volume has been prepared by the author from various sources, letters, journals, "Monthly Notes" from the "Dysgedydd," and from personal knowledge of Mr. Evans. For many years the Rev. Herber Evans was one of the leading preachers, in fact, the most eloquent Welsh speaker of his time. He was popularly known by the title of "Welsh Spurgeon," although he was superior to that celebrated preacher in "eloquence." For a flow of language, he was most marvelous. Preaching, he would attain the heights of eloquence; lecturing, he would become most voluble. He had the gift of speech beyond any of his countrymen in his time. Rev. H. Elvet Lewis has reviewed and narrated the "windings of his life" under the following parts: Preparatory Years; First Period of His Ministry; Darkened Noon; Closing Years. These parts are subdivided into twenty-six chapters. The story of his life reads like a novel, describing how a poor lad became a national power in religion and education.

FROM SLAVERY TO FREEDOM is a well printed volume of over five hundred pages, published by the author, Charles H. Davies, Aurora, Ill. Mr. Davies was born at Holland Patent, N. Y., of Welsh parents, and is himself a thorough Welshman. The family moved to Geneva, Ill., where Mr. Davies was brought up on a farm. His father has been a subscriber to the "Drych" since 1857.

The design of the author in this comprehensive volume is "to clear away what seem to be obstructions that tend

to hide from view the laws and means of social and material progress," and it contains a wonderful amount of information regarding subjects related to economic and social questions. The contents are as follows: (1) The Laws and Means of Social and Material Progress; (2) Some of the Evils of Competition and Monopoly; (3) Standard of Value and Medium of Exchange; (4) Institutions That Tend to Mitigate Evils of Monopoly and Rivalry; (5) The Church; (6) The Home; (7) Suffrage and Civil Government; (8) Recapitulation; to which are added an appendix and a chapter on the New Woman. It is a treasury of knowledge on social and kindred questions.

"Cwrs y Byd" is itself again after the confusion consequent upon moving into new quarters. In the opening article in the February number, "Backwards and Forwards," the author gives instructions to ministers as to how to become innocent and inoffensive. They must conform to the wishes and whims of their respective congregations. They must be as doughlike as possible. They must preach on heavenly subjects "alone," ignoring the failings and shortcomings of the church members. They must do all in their power to continue the "powers that be" in power. The way things are run and have hitherto been run is the correct way. Of course, this is irony. The other articles are "Books of the Bible"; "Spiritualism"; "The Dividing Line Between Matter and Spirit"; "The Boers and Britons"; "The World Across," by the editor; "How Did You Fall Asleep?" obituaries and poems.

"Cymru" for January has an article by Rhys J. Huws on "The Mind of Wales," its character and tendencies. During the last century, Wales has given its coal and its enthusiasm, he

says, to the empire. He might have added, also, that she furnished considerable iron, steel, tin, copper, etc., more than any other country of ten times its size. Its chief delight, however, has been its religion, its poetry and music. A Welshman loves a sermon, a poem and a hymn sung. He is imaginative and spiritual, very often to the neglect of his worldly weal. By education and culture, he may be made a leader in the best things pertaining to the highest civilization. We will hear of Wales on these lines in the near future, now that she has her colleges and universities. The religious reformation in Wales has left deep impressions which are likely to be permanent. It has created a wonderful love of theology and religion among the people; it has cultivated the highest kind of imagination; it has made the Bible the Welshman's moral guide; it has made Wales deeply interested in the moral civilization of the whole world; it has saved the people from the enjoyment of low and trashy literature; and has inspired the whole nation with a becoming, serious view of life. It is a condition of mind which, under cultivation, can yield the best results. Above all it is pre-eminently Protestant and opposed to salvation by magic and ritual.

The "Cronicl" mourns the death of her majesty in a becoming manner. The Welsh monthlies show great respect to the memory of the late Queen, and there is not a discordant sound amongst them. The several departments are as usual: Notes, by Eynon; Varieties; The Sunday School Corner; Obituary; Poems; Story of the Month, by the editor. In his Notes, Eynon glories in the unsectarian spirit of the Queen. She was simply a Christian woman. She was not only great as a queen, but also as a good, sensible, practical, simple, religious mother and Christian. In Scotland she went to a

Presbyterian church. The church people were jealous and discontented, but the little woman and great queen was first and all the time Christian. When celebrating her jubilee, she would have it outside St. Paul's cathedral, in the open air, under the canopy of heaven. and she had her Scotch Presbyterians as well as the clergy of the Church around her. We think of her with pleasure, for the reason that she was churchwoman, Presbyterian, Methodist and everything that bore His name. When she lived, we prayed and sang "God Save the Queen," and He did save her from every form of sectarianism and bigotry. Through the ages her name will be passed from heart to heart as "The Good Queen."

In the February "Cerdor," No. 58 in the Musicians' Gallery is Mr. Rhys Thomas, Ystradgynlais, who has lately come to Canada to take charge of the congregational music in the Knox Presbyterian church in Winnipeg. At the eisteddfod at Columbus, O., last New Year's, Mr. Thomas acted as adjudicator of music, and gave entire satisfaction. The other articles are "Musical Fables," by D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac.; "Clychau Aberdyfi," by Emllyn Evans; "Music in Wales," by Dan Protheroe, Milwaukee, Wis.; "New Year's and Christmas Eisteddfodau;" "Musical Plagiarism;" News Items and Notes, and Various.

In "Musical Fables," Mr. Jenkins writes of the power and fascination of music as taught in old-time fables among the ancients. In "Clychau Aberdyfi," Mr. Evans takes up the old discussion of the correct number of bells in the old popular tune. The discussion ranges from "five" to "seven." Some hold that the number should be limited to five (pump); others to six (chwech); others increased again to seven (saith). The disturbing element seems to be the Welsh "four," which is

duosyllabic. This "pedwar" seems to throw the music into some disorder, and probably has led musical archaeologists into an interminable argument. Mr. Evans discloses the fact that Aberdyfi church never had any bells as far as history narrates, so each one may put up as many bells as he sees fit. The trouble altogether is the word "pedwar," which monopolizes two bells for itself. English and German are the only languages with monosyllabic words for "pedwar." Even French, Latin and Greek are not in it. The French "quatre" would be quite as bad as "pedwar."

"Y Dysgedydd" opens on a fine portrait and sketch of J. Bryn Roberts, a stalwart Welsh liberal, or rather radical Member of Parliament for Carnarvon. He is the son of a farmer, and is descended from a race of farmers, strong, hardy, sound-hearted Calvinists. He is somewhat of a free lance, and is ready to lead himself where others are inclined to shirk. He is Welsh to the hilt (i'r carn); he is not steel at the point and the remaining part cheap iron.

—"A Hundred Years Ago and Now," by the Rev. T. Roberts, Mold, gives an interesting and sad sketch of the condition of things socially and industrially in Great Britain during the opening years of the last century. In 1800 a sheep was as valuable, or more so, than a human being. Among the common people, over the length and breadth of Europe, slavery was prevailing. The common people in Russia were serfs until within twenty years ago. In Austria, Prussia, Hungary, and even in Great Britain, the working classes were in actual slavery. The black people were slaves even in America until 1863. A great loosing spirit characterized the last century.

At the dawn of the last century, schools among the common people were

unknown. Boys from six to eight were sent to laborious work, and even girls scarcely older worked underground in coal mines. There they were often harnessed as mules and horses to pull small cars or carry coal in bags or sacks. They were worked for twelve, fourteen and sixteen hours a day. They often fell asleep at their work, for which they were brutally abused. As late as the fifties, in the mines in Wales, girls were employed loading cars. The latter half of the century wrought a wonderful reformation on the lines of human emancipation. The nineteenth century will be celebrated as the real dawn of civilization.

With the incoming of the last century, criminal laws were barbarous, and the administration of justice was horribly crude and cruel. Even in England light offenses were punished with death, and often twelve, fifteen and twenty were hanged on the same scaffold, as if they were dogs. Human life was almost valueless. People were treated like rats, if they gave the least trouble to the authorities that were.

The other articles are "Reminiscences of an Elder," Events of the Month, by the editor; Missionary Notes, etc.

"Y Geninen" for January is a treasury of knowledge. The first paper by the Rev. David Griffith, "The Last Century and its Notable Events," gives an interesting sketch of the political, educational and social development of Wales during the century. The increase of interest in education in the principality is truly phenomenal. The improvement on all lines is great and beneficial. In the present century, the world will hear something of Wales. Then follow "Life in the Rural Parts," by Rev. Cernyw Williams; "The Two Poets, Tennyson and Islwyn," by Ben Davies; "Welsh Consonantal Poetry," by Watcyn Wyn; "A Sketch of

the Rev. Thomas Lewis, Newport;" "The Penrhyn Quarry Affair," a reply by the Rev. W. Ryle Davies. The Rev. T. Rees, of Brecon college, discusses, the thesis, "Are Christian Ministers Priests Under the Christian Dispensation?" This is a response to an article by the Rev. David Jones, which appeared in the October number. "The Vale of Cynon" is a continuation of the story of Hirwaun and vicinity, by Jenkin Howell. "A Voice from Scotland," an appeal to Wales for the unification of the different denominations for co-operation and Christian work. "A Memoir of the Late Rev. David Saunders," an eminent preacher, who was born at Newcastle Emlyn, and died and was buried at Aberdeen, S. W. "Welsh Wesleyan Methodism," by the Rev. William Hugh Evans. "The Threshold of a New Century," (a poem), by Cadvan. "The Valley of Teivy," by the Rev. D. Stanley Jones, is very readable and pleasant. "The Two Love Poems," by Ardudfyl, wherein the two chief poems at the Liverpool National Eisteddfod are sharply and sarcastically treated. The handling of the two bards is done in a truly humorous vein. "The Music of Nature," by Prof. Ellis Edwards; "The Archaeology of Caermarthenshire," by John Rowlands and "Letters of Celebrated Authors," from the collection of Myrddin Fardd. There is also a good gathering of minor, poems, engegnim, etc., etc.

—The Rev. Kilsby Jones, quoted in "The Last Century and Its Notable Events," gives an interesting description of education in Wales as late as 1837, and states that up to that year there was no training college in the principality. Schoolmasters were generally failures and fakes. They were men who had failed to make a living otherwise, and were from the ranks of blacksmiths, carpenters, soldiers, barbers, tailors, shoemakers, weavers,

topers and good-for-nothings. As soon as a man was disabled and disqualified to make a respectable living, he was appointed to teach the youth. The schools are also described as being in a horrible state of discomfort. The floor was often cold, damp and fireless, where the children were in the winter frozen almost to numbness, and as the writer quaintly adds that the lessons were turned to hoarfrost and ice before they reached their destination.

The Welsh language is attracting more attention throughout Wales than formerly, and even the Church of England begins to discover that the vernacular is valuable as means of educating and cultivating the people. In the old time, the Church paid very little attention to vernaculars, the service was read in Latin, and salvation of souls was possible through an unknown tongue, external rites and rituals. High Church positions were filled in Britain by Italians and foreigners who did not know a word of the language of the people; and among the Welsh for generations, there were bishops and high church dignitaries who knew no Welsh. When we read Church history, it strikes us that language was not necessary. Very little attention was paid to instructing the common people, for throughout the ages no attempt of any kind was made to educate the masses. Ignorance was the foundation for salvation to work on. The Church was able to save the people more efficiently when sunk in ignorance and darkness, for the simple reason that enlightenment would discover the superficial means of salvation in vogue in the Church. Ceremonies and ritualism save no souls apart from truth and grace. Salvation was magic and witchcraft, not the inward grace of Christ. The Church of England in Wales would prosper and flourish if the clergy would respect and honor the Welsh language. The Church in Wales has been too long the Church of the gentry who have no sympathy with the language and aspirations of the people.

SCIENTIFIC

Sentiment is the safeguard of the old and the weak; the hope of the suffering. It lights many dark places, and binds us by invisible ties to all that is good in the past and to the great ideals of the world. In a thousand delicate ways it consecrates family life and makes of love a benediction. In trying to pull up the rank weeds of sentimentality, let us have a care lest we pull up with them the tender flowers of sentiment, which give humanity so much of its inspiration and life so much of its charm.

Huxley denied that he was disposed to rank himself either as a fatalist, a materialist or an atheist. "Not among fatalists, for I take the conception of necessity to have a logical and not a physical foundation; nor among materialists, for I am utterly incapable of conceiving the existence of matter if there is no mind in which to picture that existence; nor among atheists, for the problem of the ultimate cause of existence is one which seems to me to be hopelessly out of reach of my poor powers."

The patrol wagons of Allegheny, Pa., have been equipped with medical outfits, and the sergeants of the police have been instructed how to render aid to the sufferings of victims of accidents. The equipment includes antidotes for poisoning, dressings for burns and almost everything that is used in emergency cases.

The monthly statistics of accidents in France caused by the horse, the bicycle, the automobile, and the railroad, for October, have just been published. Here is the resume: Accidents caused by the horse, 967, of which

82 were fatal; bicycle, 119, with 6 fatal; automobile, 38, with 2 fatal; the railroads, 145, with 8 fatal.

M. Berthelot, the French chemist, declares against steam, which, he says, is already growing obsolete. Electricity, he thinks, will always cost too much to become the motor force of common industrial life. The future motor power will be petroleum and gas. The steam engine will be relegated to museums, where other anthropological curiosities are collected, from the Stone Age down.

It would be idle perhaps to recount, as might be done, many theories regarding the nature and origin of meteorites which have been found untenable as a result of the century's study. The theory of the lunar origin of meteorites had at times such able supporters as Laplace and J. Laurence Smith. Other able observers have believed meteorites to be material ejected at some past period from the earth's volcanoes; some have regarded them of solar origin, and still others as fragments of a shattered planet. Satisfactory conclusions as to the origin of this matter and its relations to the visible bodies of the great outlying universe remain yet to be drawn.

"The Devil of the Salvation Army," says Dr. Carus in his "History of the Devil from the Earliest Times, Etc.," "proves that there is still need of representing spiritual ideas in drastic allegories; but though Satan is still painted in glaring colors, he has become harmless and will inaugurate no more witch persecutions. He is curbed and caged so that he can do no more mischief. We smile at him as we do at a

tiger behind the bars in a zoological garden."

We are told on good authority that one-third of all burglars are boys from sixteen to twenty-one; that the proportion of criminals from sixteen to twenty-one is increasing in England, and is higher than at any other age, being nearly (sometimes over) a fifth of the total. While one-fourth of all the convictions for larceny are against juveniles under sixteen, twenty per cent of crimes against morals are committed by those under twenty-one.—*"Nineteenth Century."*

The negro is to be grafted upon the tree of civilization, and in order that the graft may take well it should be set upon the most vigorous and promising. The choice youth of the race should assimilate the principles of culture and hand them down to the masses below. This is the only gateway through which a new people may enter into modern civilization. Herein lies the history of culture. The Japanese looms up as the most progressive of the non-Aryan races. This wonderful progress is due, in a large measure, to his wise plan of procedure. The picked youth is sent to the great centers of western civilization, and the culture is first sifted through the sieve of their native comprehension.

The center of population in the United States is now at a point in latitude 29 deg. 9 min. 36 sec. north and longitude 85 deg. 48 min. 54 sec. west, which point is in southern Indiana about seven miles southeast of the city of Columbus. Since the last census of 1890, the center of population has moved westward about fourteen miles and south about three miles.

Not only are we to invite heavenly influences that our higher life may

prosper, but also are we to properly use every earthly kind, as the pledge of our sincerity. Hitching our wagons to stars and forgetting the patient oxen that possess so many elements of strength and efficiency is not the thoroughgoing sense upon which all truly cultural aspirations are well founded. Humanity needs the "feet of clay," as well as the spirit of the stars, the alluvial sustenance of the valleys as well as the lifting air of the mountains.

To preserve food substances by retarding putrefaction, it is necessary to protect them mechanically from germs and ferments, at the same time leaving untouched all their useful qualities—a condition not always realizable. It is no longer the same thing when we add to them antiseptic substances, for then we modify their principal properties. Living matter, when rendered non-purifiable and thus more stable, is at the treffable and thus more stable, is at the instability of organic matter being the essential condition of nutritive exchanges, foods containing antiseptics are products whose nutritive value has been decreased and their continued use may be injurious to the consumer.—*"Cosmos."*

We are quite too apt to forget that "the people" and "the government," in this republic, are identical terms. There is a habit of speaking of the government as an entity apart from ourselves. We hear of the plans of the government as if they were schemes that originated apart from the people. This sort of imperialism it is which constitutes the real danger. But there is a growing conviction in the country that all such ills will rectify themselves "under popular government." Certainly the national conscience is a factor of increasing import. Central-

ization has, in the long run, to deal with the moral conviction of the people.—"Unity."

The English victims of arsenic poison in beer, says "Popular Science," now number more than sixty dead and more than one thousand ill. The area affected is confined within a hundred mile radius from Manchester, but the panic among beer drinkers has spread almost throughout the whole country. It has been completely established that the cause of the poisoning is arsenic in the sulphuric acid used in the manufacture of glucose which the English brewers employ in place of malt and hops in making cheap beer. The poison has thus far been traced to only one establishment, which supplied glucose sugar to several breweries in the Midlands and the north. . . . An analysis shows that some beers sold in saloons contain arsenic sufficient easily to kill any persistent drinker, as much as one-sixth of a grain being found in a pint. The fact that arsenic is a cumulative poison makes it more dangerous.

A French investigator has come to the conclusion that the brains of military and naval men give out most quickly, says "The Medical Record" (December 15). He states that out of every 100,000 men of the army or naval profession 199 are hopeless lunatics. Of the so-called liberal professions, artists are the first to succumb to the brain strain, next the lawyers, followed at some distance by doctors, clergy, literary men, and civil servants. Striking an average of this group 177 go mad to each 100,000. Domestic servants and laborers are not far behind; the professional men supply 155 out of each 100,000 as candidates for the lunatic asylum. Next but with a long interval, come the mechanics, of whom only 66 in each 100,000 lose their wits. Wonderful to relate, commercial men

retain their sanity the best of the whole group, as they send only 42 out of 100,000 to the madhouse.

At a time when the United States is winning recognition as a world power, and is extending its boundaries over remote territory, the "Boston Globe" makes a plea for "expansion from within." It points out that there are no less than 600,000,000 acres of vacant land in this country. Of this, 374,000,000 acres are suitable for grazing and farming, over 96,000,000 acres are woodland, 76,000,000 acres contain forests of commercial value, and about an equal area is at present desert land.

The arable portion alone would furnish homes and farms for 10,000,000 people, and the timber from woodland and forest would suffice to build comfortable homes not only for all our present population, but for many generations to come.

Now that the rat is considered to be an important agent in the spread of plague, means are being adopted to lessen its numbers. For this purpose, J. Danysz proposes to employ cultures of an organism recently isolated by himself, which is pathogenic for the rat. The organism was isolated during an epidemic recently occurring among field mice. It is a short bacillus, somewhat like the *Bacillus coli*, and at first is only slightly pathogenic to rats. By cultivation in broth and upon agar and successive passages through rats, its virulence toward these animals is much augmented, and they contract a fatal disease by ingestion of food contaminated with the organism. In one experiment two hundred rats were fed on bread steeped in broth cultures of the organism, and in less than three weeks eighty of the animals succumbed. Tried practically in a store and in some stables, a great diminution in the number of rats was noticed after a dissemination of cultures of the organism.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

The last Prince of Wales who succeeded to the throne was George Augustus Frederick (George IV). That monarch was for fifty-eight years Prince of Wales, while his present majesty retained the title by which we knew him best for a little more than fifty-nine years.

The queen indirectly owed her crown to two Welsh gentlemen. When the question of the Hanoverian succession was before parliament, the vote trembled in the balance, but two Welsh members coming in settled it. They were Sir Arthur Owen, Bart., and Griffith Rice, Esq., members of parliament for Pembroke and Carmarthen respectively.

It does not seem to be well known that the late Mr. Thomas, of Berllandywyll farm, near Llandilo, South Wales, father of the late Mrs. Thomas, Gwynfe, Carmarthenshire, who was buried the other day, had the honor of paying the only quarter of schooling that the late historian and divine, Dr. Thomas Rees, of Swansea, ever had.

A remarkable village character was Thomas Lewis, the Talley blacksmith of seventy years ago. He was a strong and pious man, and wrote two hymns which are incorporated in the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist hymnbook. One of these, "Wrth gofio'r ruddfanau 'n yr ardd," is one of the best known and most sung of all Welsh hymns, and is generally in use during the service of Holy Communion. A movement is now on foot among old Talley boys to perpetuate the memory of Thomas

Lewis, either by presenting a commemorative tablet to the local Welsh Methodist chapel, or some other form which will have to be decided. Mrs. W. Davies, 3 St. John's Crescent, Cardiff, is the treasurer of the movement, and will be glad to hear from old Talleyites.

On the death of David M. Thomas, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Thomas, of Scranton, Pa., who died January 26, 1901:

Little David passed away
In the morning of his day;
He has passed forevermore
From earth's dark and stormy shore.
He is ever free from pain,
Far beyond Death's dark domain;
Loving parents, do not weep,
Little David's just asleep!
God will soothe your bleeding hearts,
Torn by Death's unerring darts;
In the realms of endless joy,
You shall meet your darling boy.

—Cadle.

—o—o—

THE LATE REV. EBENEZER
EDWARDS, D. D.

A Faithful and Conscious Worker in the Vineyard of His Master—Began Preaching in Wales When Eighteen Years of Age.

Mr. Edwards died at his home at Allentown, Pa., on January 24, 1901, after an illness of two weeks, aged 75 years. He was a native of Llangollen, North Wales. His father's name was John Edwards and he was a Baptist minister. He was converted when quite young, at Cardiff, South Wales, and be-

gan to preach at the age of eighteen years. He was educated at Haverford-west college, South Wales, and was ordained at Pembroke, Pembrokeshire, South Wales, in 1847. In 1850 he came to America and soon settled at Pittston, and the Welsh Baptist church there was organized and Mr Edwards installed as its pastor the same time, viz., April, 1851, and the meeting-house was called "Ebenezer," his first name.

October 18, 1851, he was married in New York city by the Rev. William R. Williams, D. D., to Miss C. S. Edwards, daughter of Thomas and Catharine Edwards, of Pembroke, Pembrokeshire, Wales, and soon after his marriage he left Pittston to assume the pastorate of the Welsh Baptist church of Cincinnati, O. During his pastorate at Cincinnati he felt a strong inclination to be a foreign missionary hence he left that church in 1852 or 1853 for Hamilton University (now Colgate), New York, to prepare himself for the foreign field, and spent four years and a half there and at the end of his course was assigned for Nowgang, Assam, and sailed for Wales in order to go to the foreign field, but ill health and the Sepoy war thwarted his purposes, and he was for two years not able to preach at all, but as soon as he was able to do so he took charge of a Welsh Baptist church at Brynmawr, South Wales. Ill health compelled him again to resign this church and accept a church at Llanelly, Breconshire. He, on account of his health, had to retire for a while to Pembroke. After his recovery he preached at New Milford, Pembrokeshire, and Newport Mon., where he founded a church, from whence he went to Hartlepool, England, where he labored four years and a half; whence he returned to America in 1868 and settled in New York state. This move was caused by the illness of Mrs.

Edwards. He served Brewster, Dykeman, Croton, Shelby, and Webster in New York and then came to Wilkesbarre in 1876 to take charge of what is now known as Mead Street Welsh Baptist church, which he served with great success for four years and then in November, 1880, he left to take charge of the Coatsville Baptist church. From Coatsville he went to Milesburg, Center county, Pa. and from Milesburg to Florida, where he settled on a piece of land with an orange grove. He made this move on account of the health of Mrs. Edwards. From Florida he returned again to Wilkesbarre, where he labored as a missionary among the English Baptists of Plymouth and Edwardsdale.

From Wilkesbarre he moved to Minersville, Pa., to take charge of both the English and Welsh churches, where he spent the last eleven years of his active ministry. About three years ago he returned to Allentown, Pa., in order to be near to his daughter, wife of Professor D. E. Miles, who lives in Allentown as a professor of music, and here he closed his pilgrimage and entered into his reward. His remains were buried at Allentown January 29, and his funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. W. S. Catlett, assisted by Revs. Jacob E. Davis, M. A., of Plymouth, D. E. Richards, M. D., of Slatington, J. S. Bromley, of Reading, T. C. Edwards, D. D., of Kingston, and S. G. Wagner, D. D., of Allentown, and a layman from Plainfield, N. J., named James Parker, whom Ebenezer Edwards had baptized at Hartlepool, England. The life of Brother Edwards was characterized by the strictest devotion to everything that was pure and elevating in character.

Much of his life was given to literary matters, especially to competitions in prize essays at the Welsh eisteddfods, and a valuable volume might be made

of his prize essays. His essay on Welshmen as factors in the formation and development of the United States republic, which took the first prize at the international eisteddfod at the World's fair, Chicago, in 1893, and which has recently been published by the Drych Press, Utica, N. Y., will live

did then. He leaves a widow, one daughter and a granddaughter and a host of friends to mourn his loss. "Blessed be the dead who die in the Lord."

John T. Griffith, D. D.

Lansford, Pa., Feb. 13, 1901.



Rev. Ebenezer Edwards, D. D.

for ages as a monument to the memory of the author, showing the greatness of his knowledge of the early days of the republic. When he preached at Pitts-
ton, April 14, 1851, his subjects were "The Path of the Just," from Psalms iv:18, and the "Reward of the Faithful Servant," from Matt. xxv:23. I believe that he now realizes the full meaning of those beautiful texts more than he

MISS HANNAH WILLIAMS, YOUNGSTOWN, O.

It is with sorrow and sadness and with a sincere expression of condolence with the parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Williams, of Grand View, Youngstown, O., that we present to our readers the portrait and sketch of the late Miss Hannah Williams, an artiste of ability

and a Christian young lady of simple and uncommon graces. In her attractive but modest personality were blended the finest instincts of the musician and the Christian conjoined with womanly good qualities. As one of her neighbors expressed it, "Everybody admired and loved Hannah." In her role of pianist and organist, she was always pleased to serve her countrymen and her American neighbors with alacrity and pleasure. Her temper was ever sunny, serene, kind, and pleasant. As the crown of her life, she was devoutly religious, living in the atmosphere of beautiful godliness.

She immigrated to this country with her parents and a younger sister in 1884, and when between twelve and fourteen years old, she became proficient on the piano and the organ and served as accompanist at the Youngstown eisteddfodau and at public musical and religious gatherings. She was organist at the Welsh Congregational church on Elm street for years, under the directorship of Mr. J. L. Lodwick. She accompanied several united choirs at competitions in Cleveland, Homestead and other places. During the closing years of her life she was organist at the M. E. church and the Jewish synagogue, where she was highly admired and honored. She was an indispensable element in the musical and religious life of the Welsh community, and, as a consequence, her death caused general sorrow in the town and vicinity. She had also served with ability and good grace the St. David's society and the Society of Welsh Pioneers, which has held its annual picnic for years. Hannah was instructor and conductor of the musical function of the last held. There never was a completer life, for she was also a lover of the Sunday school and the Endeavor meetings, and her serviceable activity was blended in every good and beneficial movement.

January 25, 1901, she died of consumption, after a lingering illness of some month's duration. She continued to waste away, although bright and hopeful, until she finally passed over to the Choir Celestial, to be forever happy among kindred spirits, music and singing, which she so much loved and delighted in. A little before her departure, she was observed to give ear as if she had already heard the heavenly strains. Had the Celestial Choir



Miss Hannah Williams.

and the Christian conjoined with womanly good qualities. As one of her

January 28 the funeral took place and services were held at her late home and at the M. E. Trinity church, the Revs. D. Jewett Davies, D. Buxton and J. B. Davies officiating.

She was Hannah (which is graceful),

She was fair and kind and good;

For all goodness and its graces

Hannah like her good name stood.

In her home, as child and sister.

And in church, in every place,

Welcomed was her genial presence,

Welcomed her beloved grace.



There are thirty-two Unitarian chapels in Wales, thirty-nine in Ireland, and in Scotland seven. England has twenty-nine.

There are no less than twenty castles in the county of Glamorgan, probably a greater number than are to be found in any other county of Great Britain.

Bangor has more patriotism to the square yard than most Welsh towns. Out of an area which contains fifty-one houses twenty-four men have gone to the front.

At Swansea there was a considerable trade carried on in pottery, which at the commencement of the present century was the largest and indeed the only important works of any consequence in Wales.

Apparently the Archdruid is a pro-Boer. Certainly his latest englyn can be regarded as Mr. W. T. Stead's views in tabloid form:

Rhyw ganrif wen ysblenydd—fu'r hen;
Canrif roes aml gynydd;
Ond, ar flew'r ganrif newydd
Duaf waed y Boerlaid fydd.

It is a curious fact that, while Welsh sentiment is regarded as strongest where Welsh is almost exclusively spoken, the most enthusiastic and painstaking plodders in Welsh history and folklore are found in the English fringes of Wales. Witness the Powysland club, the coterie of antiquarians which Mr. H. W. Williams, of Solva,

Pembrokeshire, has gathered around him, and the Oswestry "Byegones."

According to the "Globe," a Lincolnshire clergyman on a holiday in Wales was struck by the purity with which Welsh children in Merioneth and Mid-Wales speak English, a fact which made him ask whether the Welsh method of teaching languages does not produce better results than the English system accomplishes.

There is a connecting link between South Wales and the Pilgrim Fathers. One of their number was a young man named William Bradford, a weaver, of the family of Bradford, of Bettws. This young man, who by his reading improved himself greatly. During their first winter at New Plymouth their governor died, and they elected Bradford in his stead.

"The Welsh people, I am sure," writes Dr. Robertson Nicoll, "will best serve their highest national ideals and aspirations by maintaining and extending the influence of religion. Many of us look alike with hope and with solicitude to Wales as in a peculiar manner entrusted with the sacred fire. I have no fear for the political future of Wales so long as the Divine ardors of religion are kept glowing in the land."

Queen Victoria on one occasion, and probably only one, expressed herself in Welsh. It was during her last visit to the principality, after she had accepted an address of welcome by the

Nonconformists. With that gracious and winning smile of hers, "Diolch yn fawr iawn i chwi," said the queen, and the Welshmen were as proud to hear the words as ever their ancestors were to hear Edward II squeal in Welsh at Carnarvon castle.

On no occasion have the Welsh people displayed so much loyalty and devotion to their queen as when she visited North Wales some years ago, and was staying at Gwrych castle, when an attempt was made to induce them to boycott the royal party. But the Welshmen and Welshwomen of Denbighshire, Carnarvonshire, and Flintshire would not have it. The demonstrations were unusually enthusiastic, and the welcome given to her majesty everywhere was remarkable for its cordiality and sincerity.

Even the smallest of Welsh denominations—the Unitarians—have now under consideration the desirability or otherwise of raising a twentieth century fund of about £3,000, for the purpose of paying off chapel debts. If the other three Welsh dioceses followed suit with the bishop of Llandaff, we would have practically the whole of the Welsh religious denominations in the principality moving in the direction of a "Cronfa." So far, comparatively speaking, the Wesleyans in Wales report better progress with their fund than any other denomination.

The late Dr. Herber Evans composed at least one Welsh hymn, "Bydd oleuni yn yr Hwyr." The Rev. Elvet Lewis has now translated it into English, and it is difficult to say which excels, the original or the translation. Here is the English version of the first verse:

Keep me very near to Jesus,
Though beneath His Cross it be;

In this world of evil-doing,
'Tis the Cross that cleanseth me:
Should affliction come and darkness,
Let this hope with me abide—
After all the gloom and sorrow,
Light shall be at eventide.

As Lake Tegid suggests the name of the Roman historian Tacitus, who was a son-in-law of a Roman ruler of Britain, it is natural that Bala district should furnish us with authorities on British history. And so we have two historians, the one the professor of church history at the Calvinistic Methodist college, the other the vicar of Llanuwchllyn, whose standpoint is as contrary as their names—Hugh Williams and William Hughes. Then, of course, we have the well known brother historians, Mr. O. M. Edwards, Oxford, and Professor Edward Edwards, Aberystwyth, natives of Llanuwchllyn.

At the conclusion of a lecture delivered at Gwynfryn school the students sang in Welsh the following revised version of the national anthem written by Watcyn Wyn:

Duw cadw ar bob awr
Benadur Prydain Fawr
Mewn hawddaf hynt;
Cylchyna'i orsedd fry,
A'th ofal Tadol cu,
Yn dwr a chadarn dy
I'w dadau gynt.

This is probably the first time that "God Save King Edward VII" was sung in Welsh.

The memory of the writer of that great communion service hymn, "Wrth gofio 'i ruddfanau'n yr ardd," is about to be perpetuated in stone. Several pilgrimages from afar have been made to the "village of the lakes" to see Thomas Lewis's grave, and several magazine articles have from time to time appeared on the subject, but it has been left to a lady to initiate some-

thing practical, which reminds us of the old Irishism, "When something requiring tact and initiative needs to be done the ladies are the 'boys' to do it."

Vicar Prichard is still without a monument at Llandovery. Indeed, the exact locality of his grave cannot even be ascertained. The vicar, who flourished during the reign of "Good Queen Bess," bequeathed to his countrymen one of the most valuable books in the vernacular. "Canwyll y Cymry" (The Welshmen's Candle) is written in homely velse in the dialect of the Vale of Towey, and sheds a stream of light on the social condition of the Cymry of that period. Is there not enough public spirit left in the Welsh collegiate town to fittingly commemorate the memory of this distinguished ecclesiastic?

"Even the Salvation Army is the latest body to recognize the utility of the Welsh language. In reply to repeated representations from Wales the headquarters staff now send down to Welsh districts not the man with the Cockney accent but the genuine Welsh missionary. The army will gain as much by the change as the inhabitants of Welsh districts." So writes a correspondent, evidently in ignorance that the Salvation Army's first officers in Wales were good Welshmen, who for years published the "Gad Lef," and also a Welsh hymnbook.

Cymru o'i gwirfodd

Hon a garodd

is the Welsh legend inscribed on the wreath sent to Windsor by Madame Clara Novello Davies and the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir. The sentiment is a pretty one, and must not be spoiled by any attempt at translation. The wreath, which stands five feet high, takes the form of a Welsh harp, and is composed of Iceland moss, silver string

broken, decorated with arum lilies, eucharis, lily-of-the-valleys, camellias, azaleas, and orchids, finished with bows and streamers of white moire.

The Cardies have always had the name of being hard fellows. In times past they treated beggars worse than DeWet met the peace envoys. In Cardiganshire beggars were whipped the first time. Their ears were to be cropped the second time, and if they again offended they were to be sent to jail, indicted for wandering and loitering, and, if found guilty, would be sentenced to death, and afterward executed as felons. That was how things were managed in bluff King Hal's time. No wonder tramps still fight shy of certain workhouses in those parts. Bad reputations live long.

Vortigern is a name ever accursed in Wales. He was the king who invited the Saxons over to defend him against the Picts, thereby proving the destruction of his country. When his nobles at last turned against him he fled to South Wales, to the Vale of Teifi. Arriving there, he built him a castle, or, at least, tried to. When the building was completed a shower of brimstone and fire descended from heaven and consumed the building to ashes. The spot is still pointed out as Castell or Craig Gwrtheyrn, and stands midway between Llan Ffihangel-ar-Arth and Llandyssil, on the Carmarthenshire side. Strange to say, the rock still bears marks upon it of the conflagration.

Another striking proof of the spread of the Celtis revival and the growth of the national spirit among the Celtic fringe is the establishment in London of a Welsh society, composed of young men of the professional and business classes, whose aim and object are to

cultivate among its members a definite Welsh national ideal. The society, which has been appropriately named "Y Brythonwyr" (Ye Britons), has secured suitable rooms in Chancery lane, and will meet once a fortnight to listen to lectures by those interested in Celtic matters and conduct discussion on Welsh questions. It will also extend a friendly hand to their brethren of the Gaelic league and endeavor to bring about an interchange of ideas between two kindred societies.

Mr. John Sampson, the librarian of the Liverpool University college, has been telling the Welsh society of that town about the Welsh gypsies—a subject, he said, which had never been treated upon before. The Welsh gypsies were descendants of an ancestor named Abraham Wood, who arrived in Wales about the beginning of the eighteenth century. From Wood the present day Welsh gypsy harpists were all descended, and the latter had all preserved the musical tastes this old man brought with him. Mr Sampson quoted specimens of gypsy folk tales and language from collections which he had been making during the past six years, and also gave English and Welsh references to the presence of gypsies in Wales, including extracts from Ellis Wyn's "Bardd Cwsc" and Twm o'r Nant's "Interlude of Pleasure and Grief."

Phrases and expressions that do Wales honor we would long retain. "Little and good, like a Welsh cow," should ever remain a proverb, and Englishmen are welcome, if they choose, to make new proverbs referring to Welsh mutton and Welsh flannel. Especially a proverb about the last named. Few Englishmen, writes a cor-

respondent, have any proper notion of a flannel shirt. Ask any English firm to supply you with such an article, and they will sell you a miserable garment, partly cotton, fine to the touch, but which gets as hard as a board after the first washing. But the true flannel of Wales, on the other hand, so far from being fine, somewhat irritates the skin when it is new, keeps the pores well open, promotes a wholesome circulation, and if carefully washed, wears forever.

The sudden death of the queen, and the changes which must take place in consequence, have been uppermost in everybody's mind during past weeks. It is hardly necessary to point out that the late queen had Welsh blood in her veins, Henry VII being the grandson of Owain Tudor, James I being the great-grandson of Henry VII. George III was the great-grandson of James I, and the late Queen Victoria again the granddaughter of King George III, who had seven sons, the eldest being Prince of Wales, the second Duke of York, the third Duke of Clarence, the fourth Duke of Kent, the fifth Duke of Cumberland, the sixth Duke of Sussex, and the seventh Duke of Cambridge. On the death of George III, January, 1820, his eldest son, the Prince of Wales, came to the throne, and was known as George IV, and reigned until June 26, 1830. The second son of George III having died in the meantime without issue, the third son, the Duke of Clarence ascended the throne under the title of King William IV, who, June 20, 1837, died without issue, in consequence of which his niece, Princess Alexandrina Victoria, her father, the Duke of Kent, having died eight months after her birth, at Kensington palace, was made queen of England.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

"That girl accepts rings from men she doesn't know."

"How can she?"

"Has to. She's a telephone girl."

"It's no use to feel me wrist, doctor," said Pat when the physician began to feel his pulse; "the pain is not there—sure, it's in me stummick."

The astonishing total of \$485,000 has been realized from Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" in various ways, the proceeds going to the families of the men fighting in South Africa.

"Women and cats," said the youthful boarder, "are alike."

"Wrong, young man," said the Cheerful Idiot. "A woman can't run up a telegraph pole and a cat can't run up a millinery bill."

"Don' pass too much o' yoh time whah dey sells gin," said Uncle Eben. "When a man gets to be a saloon fixture, he generly goes to smash in a hurry, wifout waitin' foh a lady to come roun' wif an axe."

Brecon has the proud distinction of being the birthplace of Mrs. Siddons. But in Coventry are to be seen two houses, facing each other, on each of which a brass plate is affixed with this inscription: "In this house Ellen Terry, the celebrated actress, was born."

"What we want to do," said one of the nation's wise men, "is to get civilized."

"I know," answered the chief, "but how shall we go about it?"

"Well, I suppose the first step is to quit killing people by hand and to use machinery."

One of the advantages of a kind of peripatetic ministry is that one sermon will go a long way. An old Welsh Methodist preacher who was in much request had preached nobly. "Very good sermon," said somebody, as the congregation trooped out of the chapel. "Very good, indeed," said an old deacon, "but it has cost the Methodists hundreds of pounds, for Mr. Jones has preached it in every pulpit from Cardiff to Holyhead."

A charming little story is told at Malvern of those happy days long ago when the Duchess of Kent and her little daughter were staying there. An old gardener one morning found a girl climbing an ivy-covered tree in the garden. "What's your name, young ooman?" demanded the custodian. "If you please, sir, I'm Princess Victoria, and that is my mamma," pointing to a lady sitting reading. Then the old man hobbled off quickly, and until his death he used to tell how he called the queen "young ooman."

When a sick Chinaman consults a doctor he expects the prescribed medicine to take effect at once. Consequently most of the medical practitioners give their patients, for a first dose, some red-hot mixture, such as tincture of cayenne, which makes the invalids

feel as if a torchlight procession were coursing down their throats.

One of the stories told in Mr Stead's anecdotal history of Queen Victoria's life refers to a testimonial an old Welsh nurse gave to the domesticity of the queen. She was the nurse who looked after the Prince of Wales when he was young, and the old dame had many opportunities of seeing the young queen and Prince Albert and the babies. It would be impossible to pay a finer compliment than the one the Welsh nurse paid when she said: "The queen would have made a splendid wife for a working man."

A man once received as a present from a sea captain a fine specimen of the bird which sailors call the "laughing jackass." As he was carrying it home he met a brawny Irish navvy who stopped and said to him, "Phwat kind of burrd is that, sorr?" "That's a laughing jackass," explained the owner, genially. The Irishman, thinking he was being made fun of, was equal to the occasion, and responded with a twinkle of the eye, "It's not yerself; it's the burrd I mane, sorr."

One day, in a town where he was to lecture, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher went into a barber shop to be shaved. The barber, not knowing him, asked him if he was going to hear Beecher lecture. "I guess so," was the reply. "Well," continued the barber, "if you haven't got a ticket, you can't get one. They're all sold, and so you'll have to stand." "That's just my luck," said Mr. Beecher. "I always did have to stand whenever I heard that man talk."

The lecturer inquired, dramatically: "Can anyone in this room tell me of a perfect man?"

There was a dead silence.

"Has anyone," he continued, "heard of a perfect woman?"

Then a patient looking little woman in a black dress rose up at the back of the room and answered:

"There was one. I've often heard of her, but she's dead now. She was my husband's first wife."—"Youth's Companion."

The Duke of Cornwall and York, heir apparent to the British throne, is credited with telling this joke on himself. He was indulging in a strictly incognito ride on an omnibus, when the driver, having considerable difficulty with one of his horses, apostrophised it sharply with "Come up, yer royal 'ighness! Come up, will yer?" "Why do you call him 'royal highness,'" asked the duke. "Well, sir," said the driver, "that 'orse is so 'orty and lazy and good-for-nothing I call 'im 'is royal 'ighness. See?" The duke concludes the story with, "I thanked him, and asked no more questions."

A feature of a valentine party given in New York was a series of quaint posters. One read: "American Indians are respectfully requested to leave their papooses in the dressing room. They can check them with their coats." On another: "Irishmen may kiss the Blarney stone but leave the girls alone." To the British this caution was given: "While dancing Englishmen keep on their own feet." There was an alleged picture of Edward (not the Confessor) on this placard, asking: "Is my crown on straight?"

When the Virginian who lived in the wretched log cabin with a family of seven had told me that forty acres of his land was a solid coal bed, I asked him if his deed was all right.

"Never had no deed, sah," he rather proudly replied.

"But have you no papers at all."

"No paper 'tall, sah. I jest squatted down on this yere land thirty years ago, and hev been yere ever since."

"But if you have no papers won't the owner come along some day and bounce you out."

"Not skassly, sah—not skassly. That is to say, that the real owner has come along three different times and tried it, and every time he got killed and had to give it up. Deeds and sich things are all right 'nuff in their way, but my old gun, with a bar'l seven feet long, is a heap better right around yere."

This story is of an honest, hard working, industrious, temperate Vermont farmer, a man in the decline of life, but without any measure of weakness, physical or otherwise, who went to a doctor. The doctor naturally inquired of him why he came. "Well," he said "I never had a doctor before and I thought I'd have one." The doctor said: "How is your appetite?" "Well," said he, "I can eat as far as I can see on both sides of me." "How do you sleep?" said the doctor. "I sleep until it is time to get up and do the milking," said he. The doctor then made a physical examination. He said: "You are in perfect health, but you are in the decline of life and perhaps you ought to take a tonic." "Well," said he, "what had I better take?" "A little Scotch whisky," said the doctor. "Oh," said the farmer, "I could never do that. I have a son, and that would never do." "Who is your barber?" "I shave myself," said the farmer. "Well," said the doctor, "couldn't you have a bottle in your room and take the tonic whenever you shave?" The doctor did not see the farmer again until one day he met his son and inquired for his father. "He is getting on very nicely; he is more active than ever. But he is losing his mind." "Losing his mind?" said the doctor. "What is the evidence of

it?" "Well," said the young man, "he insists on shaving himself six times every day."—Col. Legrand Cannon.

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THE BIBLE.

I have been seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, was to be kept up, in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion on these matters, without the use of the Bible. Take the Bible as a whole, make the severest deductions which fair criticism can dictate for shortcomings and positive errors; eliminate, as a sensible lay teacher would if left to himself, all that is not desirable for children to occupy themselves with, and there still remains in this old literature a vast residuum of moral beauty and grandeur. And then consider the great historical fact that for three centuries this book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history; that it has become the national epic of Britain, and is as familiar to noble and simple, from John o' Groat to Land's End, as Dante and Tasso were once to Italians; that it is written in the noblest and purest English, and abounds in exquisite beauties of mere literary form; and, finally, that it forbids the veriest hind who never left his village to be ignorant of the existence of other countries and other civilizations, and of a great past, stretching back to the furthest limits of the oldest nations in the world. By the study of what other book could children be so much humanized and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between two eternities, and earns the blessings or the curses of all time, according to its effort to do good and hate evil, even as they also are earning their payment for their work?"—Huxley.

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INDIVIDUALITY OF THE WELSHMAN.

By Rev. Howell Davies.

By individuality we mean that which distinguishes the Welshman from the rest of mankind. There are many points of agreement between the Welshman and other nationalities as between the granite and other varieties of stone; but there is something that distinguishes him from his fellows, some peculiar elements that enter into and influence his life, making him stand out in bold relief. This is what we call individuality. The individuality of the Welshman has much in common with that of the Jew. It defies extinction. The history of Wales since its union with England clearly demonstrates this. After many centuries of residence alongside of his more powerful Saxon neighbor and conqueror; in spite of social customs, repressive laws, and a flexible language differing from his own, he retains his uniqueness among the inhabitants of the British Isles. Politically he may be united to England, but he cannot be absorbed. There is too

much of bone about him to make him an easy subject for assimilation. He is still a Cymro. But while the individuality of the Welshman is not less real than that of the Jew, it is less exclusive. An illustration of this came under the writer's observation some years ago when conducting a religious service in Montreal, Canada. Being a stranger in the city, and wishing to become personally acquainted with his Welsh compatriots, he inserted a notice in one of the newspapers to the effect that a Welsh service would be held in the Y. M. C. A. While not very large, the audience was cosmopolitan, representing several nationalities, Welsh, French, German, English, Scotch, Irish and Canadians, united by the magic band of marital love. "United we stand, divided we fall" is interpreted by the Welshman to include all so far as marriage is concerned.

But coming back to our subject, in what does the individuality of the Welshman consist? There is cer-

tainly room here for diversity of opinion, but the following considerations commend themselves to the writer. In our analysis of the Welshman we must not overlook the fact that by racial affinity, like his brother Irishman, he is a Celt. This differentiates him from other types, such as the Teuton, the Slav, the Latin races. If the Welshman is more imaginative, more impulsive, and consequently more easily moved to action; if in form he is more angular, and in action more agile and impetuous than his Saxon neighbor, it is because he has the warm blood of the Celt coursing through his veins. Daring and impetuosity make him an ideal soldier, and he is so regarded in the armies of Europe and America. Aside from his racial origin, the language of the Welshman contributes to his individuality. Although not every Welshman is a poet, a musician, or an orator, yet the language is friendly to the production of poetry, music and oratory. Its simple and unadorned words so closely allied to nature arouse the emotion, kindle the imagination, and give distinctness, rhythm and impressiveness to the speech. The Welsh pulpit, not less than the platform of the Eisteddfod, owes its prominence in part, at least, to the accident of language. It is an organic part of the Welshman's individuality. Religion too influences him. It sends its roots down into the subsoil of his personality. Generally the Welshman prefers a ser-

mon to a comedy, a religious service to a theatrical play, the house of God to a race course, the Bible to current literature. He has great reverence for the institutions of Christianity, such as the church, the home and the Sabbath. He makes a good citizen, for his religion teaches him to reverence God and obey the laws of his country. Among other nationalities he is distinguished for his religiosity. We can hardly conceive of him as being irreligious in the sense of wholly ignoring the power and claims of Christianity upon him. In the inventory of the qualities that go to make up the Welshman's individuality, mention should be made of his native land with its craggy mountains and picturesque valleys, its moss-covered castles and thatched cottages, its green fields and wooded groves, its smooth flowing rivers, and its deep sparkling wells. With pardonable pride the heart of the Welshman swells with emotion as on St. David's Day he sings:
 "The land of my fathers, so dear to my heart."

for the associations of home and native land are entwined about his personality as a tender vine to the trellis.

In regard to its bearing upon a Welshman's influence and success in life, it is very important that he should not allow his individuality to become exclusive, to make him a Welshman and nothing else. This will stunt his mental growth, and limit his influence in society. Not

to know the English language, or only to know it imperfectly, will stand in the way of a man's success. To have one's eyes closed to the importance of learning something from everybody, not to assimilate the best in others is suicidal to the highest welfare of the Welshman. If we study the lives of those who have written their names with indelible ink on the pages of American history, we will find that the knowledge of the English language, of American political and religious principles and history, were stepping

stones in their upward career. Let us by all means retain what is best in the Welsh, but at the same time let us keep our minds open to receive knowledge from every quarter. This will enrich one's life. It will make us broader in sympathy, and more progressive in thought and action. Thus individuality may become a lever instead of a weight, a help instead of a hindrance, a foundation on which to build a strong and symmetrical Christian manhood.



WELSH HILLS FOLK LORE.

III.

When All the Clocks Stopped.

By Raymond Evans.

The event, or phenomenon, or whatever you may choose to call it, that I am about to record, occurred shortly after the civil war. I have the story directly from the lips of the one who, perhaps, knows most about it. He was, we may say, an eye-witness of the thing, and he still lives to vouch for the truth of the tale.

* * * * *

It was a November night in the late sixties. It is a part of the story that this night was one of those rare moonlit ones when no moon is to be seen, when the sky is over-

cast by a thin but unrifted film of clouds through which the moonlight filters, seemingly without loss of intensity. Indeed, such nights, because of the pale canopy, often seem more daylike than those during which the moon shines with unclouded brilliance from a black sky.

The above-mentioned person, whom I shall call Jones (because that is not his name) was, at the time of which I speak, a young fellow about twenty years of age. On the evening described he attended singing school held at the Welsh

Hills Baptist Church. Thence, when singing was over, he escorted to her home a young lady living at some distance from the church, and at a still greater distance from his own home. At her door he received a most cordial invitation to enter and chat a while, and, nothing loath, he accepted it.

Within there was good cheer. A bed of incandescent beechwood coals threw a warm glow outward from the fireplace, there was a plate of boiled chestnuts upon the table and a pan of little, red-cheeked rambo apples on the kitchen bench. To be sure the supply of both nuts and apples was somewhat depleted, for the family had just feasted before retiring, but there still remained a handful or so of the one, and a scant dozen perhaps of the other, so the prospect might have been worse.

Now no one who hasn't experienced it, can conceive of the consuming sort of hungriness that sometimes possesses young folks coming home that way in the middle of the night after two or three hours spent at singing school. To have been an eye-witness to what transpired in the present instance might have served to give one some faint idea of it. The two fell upon the fruit and nuts as the Sabeans upon Job's oxen.

When the chestnuts had been consumed, and while a new batch was being put to boil in the kettle on the crane, the youth glanced furtively at the austere countenance of

the gigantic wooden clock that stood in the corner. It recorded a very seasonable hour indeed, one still quite distantly antecedent to midnight, so Jones composed himself in peace, and postponed departure.

When the supply of apples began to run low, and while the maid was gone to the cellar to replenish it, Jones again observed the clock. With an ejaculation of surprise he sprang to his feet and moved nearer to the ancient timepiece. Then he whistled a doleful little sliding note and pulled from his pocket an old silver-cased watch. After consulting that horologue he emitted another whistle, much more decisive than the first, and, turning to his companion, who had just re-entered the room, he said, "Guess I'd better light out."

"Well now! After I've gone to all this trouble too! After I've gone it blind around that dark cellar and got my nair all cob-webby, here you go bolting off like you were afraid of something!"

"O, but I've just got to go," said Jones firmly, getting possession of his hat. "Sorry I stayed so late, 'deed I am; but you see I didn't know."

"Well I never!" was the rejoinder. "Why, it's not so awfully late." She glanced at the clock. "It's not eleven yet. What 'has' got over you? Have you seen a spook?"

Jones silently held his open watch before her eyes. She gave a little gasp and looked again at the clock. "Why, it's stopped!"

"More than two hours ago," was the dry response. "Yes, I rather think I'd better be going."

"Well, maybe it would be better for you to go now, come to think," said the girl. "Then, maybe, you'll get home to bed in time to get up again before daylight."

They smiled into each other's eyes.

"Better not tell?"

"No sir-ee!"

"Good night."

"Good night."

Jones trudged away homeward. He cherished no rancorous feelings toward the unfaithful old timepiece, albeit it had been instrumental in putting him on the road in the small hours. Indeed he was rather pleased than otherwise with the affair, and he mentally dwelt upon it with many an unseen smile and many a chuckle unheard save by the chuckler. Thus it came about that, in the abstraction of his pleasing ruminations, he passed one farmhouse on his way, and was come to another before he woke to the consciousness of a strange thing respecting both of them.

He paused, rubbed his eyes, and stared at the windows of the house he was passing. There was a bright light gleaming from them, and the shadows of forms moving about within could be seen upon the curtains. Then it was that he remembered with a start that the same had been true of the house he had passed five minutes before, though, in his pre-occupation, the strange fact had

gone unnoted at the time. What were these people doing out of their beds at two o'clock in the morning? He puzzled over the matter for a moment, then yawned, gave it up, and went his way.

Presently he passed a third farmhouse. That too was lighted. A turn in the road brought still another into view, and there was a light in that!

By this time, you may well believe, he had utterly forgotten the episode of the unreliable clock. He had even forgotten the arch smile that had sent him on his way such a little time before, the memory of which had kept his heart warm hitherto. He thought only of the strange lights, and he pondered with growing wonder upon this heretofore unheard of spectacle of the people of all Welsh Hills being awake and astir in the middle of the night.

When almost within sight of his home he paused upon a little eminence, and turning back surveyed the valley through which he had just passed.

* * * * *

O, it all comes to me now, just as truly, I know, as if it had been I who stood there and looked to the eastward down the course of Goose Pond run! The black, shapeless masses of forest on either hand, the long vista of grey meadows and brown, ragweed-grown wheat stubble that stretched between, the clumps of willows marking the water courses, the fencerows, the very strawstacks even, and the scat-

tered fodder-shocks in the cornfield—I can see it all now, with my eyes shut, just as vividly, I feel sure, as did Jones then with his physical organs of sight. For I know every foot of the prospect. All that was there revealed in that cloud-strained milky-pale moonlight, long ago became as familiar to me as the doorway in which I used to play longer ago still. And from the time of our tale to the time in which I came to know and love the land, no appreciable change was wrought upon the face of it.

* * * * *

Jones looked, and, though he was not habitually a profanely spoken lad, he "did" swear a little then, to himself.

"Well I'll be blanked!" he ejaculated. "What in thunder does it mean!"

All down the valley, on this side and on that, where the water-springs are, burned the lights, a straggling constellation of kitchen window glimmerings, gleaning pale and mysterious in the moonshine.

"O shucks! I give it up," said Jones presently, "it's a little too many for me."

He turned on his heel and resumed his way. He had scarcely gone another furlong when he pulled up again, utterly dumbfounded. His own home was then in full view.

Another light!

He burst in at the kitchen door as wild-eyed and breathless as a courier from the field of battle.

"What under heaven does it all mean?" he gasped, "What—"

His voice was drowned by the cries of welcome.

"Here's brother," said his sister, clapping her hands, "Now we'll settle it."

Jones looked about him. He noted the family, seated about the room, all looking at him in a we're-waiting--for--we--don't--know--what sort of attitude. He noted the table spread and set, bearing unquestionable witness to a meal just eaten. The dog was sitting in the center of the room with his ears cocked and his brown eyes roving.

"Well, I think it's settled already," the lad said presently. "Nothing further needed to prove to me that the asylum is the proper place for this crowd."

"O, but 'do' tell what time it is!" was the reply. "Is it yesterday, or to-day, or what, and when will it be morning?"

Jones took his watch from his pocket and silently laid it upon the table. The others crowded eagerly around to get a glimpse at its face. Then there uprose a shout of laughter, and all subsided to their seats again in uncontrollable fits of merriment. When the gale of laughter had subsided somewhat, the mother said—

"Now I know why the yeast didn't come up worth a cent!"

"And 'I' know why those buckwheat cakes we had for breakfast didn't go 'down' worth a cent!" growled the father.

"No wonder old Bess didn't give down her milk!" chimed in the daughter.

"Should say not!" rejoined the father. "There wasn't any to give down. I must have milked her before eleven o'clock."

"And now," interrupted the younger Jones, "if you'll just tell me what in thunder it all means, and what you are doing out of your beds, milking cows and taking breakfast in the middle of the night, why then I'll go to bed, thank ye."

"Why, the clock stopped," answered the mother, "and it looked so light when I woke up that I thought it was coming morning. And pa, he wanted to get off to town early with the hogs, so we decided to get up, so as to be sure of his being early enough."

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" said the son. "What's got over the clocks anyway? This makes the second one I've—" he dropped the sentence unfinished, and abruptly shifted the subject.

"Well, good night," he said. "Better go to bed now all of you, like sane folks."

He started up the staircase.

"And what are you doing out of your bed in the middle of the night? That's what I'd be pleased to know," railed his sister laughingly.

"O, that's another story Sis," he said. "I'll tell you — sometime."

* * * * *

The next day Jones made systematic inquiries. The memory of the wierd lights would not let him rest, so he went boldly from house to house along the way he had traversed a few hours before, and

asked the people why they had been astir at such and such a time in the night. Everywhere he received the same reply. Their clocks had stopped, they said; the moonlight through the clouds had been so deceiving; they had thought morning approaching, etc., etc., through a half a dozen variations of the same theme.

* * * * *

Now, what stopped the clocks? I'm sure I don't know. You needn't wax scientific and attempt explanation by attributing it to the magnetic influence of some great meteorite upon the delicate mechanisms of the timepieces. Don't talk to me. What influence, pray, would a whole skyful of the choicest iron asteroids have upon a community of wooden clocks? I'm afraid that the best we can do is to say, in the language of Sam Weller, that it was "a very remarkable coincident"—and a compound coincident at that! But no! I have it now! I've just thought of it. This is only a hypothesis of course—no, it rises to a height that secures for it the dignity of a theory. For it explains all, it dissipates the whole mystery. This is it.

An itinevant "clock fixer" had passed through the neighborhood on the day preceding the events of our story. Those who have had occasion to note the languor and apathy that seizes even the best of clocks after the average member of that guild has tinkered it will see how it was. The man passed, and—he "fixed" those clocks.

A TOUR OF WALES.

By E. I. Jones, Cincinnati, Ohio.

(Continued.)

CARDIGANSHIRE.

Cardiganshire faces Cardigan Bay, in the form of a crescent, having a coast line of 44 miles. It is bounded on the north by Merioneth and

face is mountainous, interspersed with several fertile valleys, and toward the south and west extensive tracts of level rich soil, producing superior quality of wheat and barley.



St. David's College, Quadrangle.

Montgomery, on the west by the Bay, on the south by Pembroke and Carmarthen, on the east by Brecon and Radnor. The county is about 45 miles from north to south, and an average of a little over 15 miles from east to west. The sur-

The agricultural products are wheat, barley, oats and vegetables; cattle and sheep are also raised. The manufactures are unimportant. The county is rich in minerals, copper, silver, lead and zinc. These minerals lie within fifteen miles of Aber-

ystwyth, and are exported from that port to the amount of over \$2,000,000 per year.

The principal mountains are Plynlimmon, 2,469 feet high, Llander Fawr 1949, Tregaron 1778, and Crug Gynon 1725. Plynlimmon is a group of mountains with five peaks, on each of which there is a *carnedd* or heap of stones. These

describes his experience in part as follows: "The weather had been rather dull as we made the ascent, but suddenly the wind shifted, pouring rains descended below, darksome clouds drove round the mountain, enveloping the whole surrounding country in one complete state of impenetrable mist, while with us it was perfectly dry,



Distant View of Lampeter.

heaps are supposed to indicate the resting place of heroes, or places where beacon lights were placed in times of wars. It is supposed the name was "Pump-lumon," or "five beacons." The highest peak may have been called "Penlumon" or "chief beacon." The view from the highest peak is grand. One tourist

and over our heads was shining a most brilliant sun. We began to despair now of obtaining what we had been assured was a most delightful prospect. But as suddenly as the clouds were collected, they were, after a short time, dispersed, when a most majestic panoramic view burst at once on the astonished

sight. To the south the hills appeared beneath like so many hilllocks, expanding for a great extent in various directions; Cardigan Bay with St. George's Channel finely appeared to the west; to the north Cader Idris and part of the Snowdonian chain that parts Merioneth from Carnarvonshire; to the north-east the Breiddin Hills; and to the east parts of the counties of Hereford and Salop." Such a view repays the effort to ascend the summit of Plynlimmon.

The principal rivers of this county are the Rheidiol, Ystwyth, Towy and Teifi. The area of the county is 693 square miles, and the population from 70,000 to 75,000. A large majority speak the Welsh language. The county was anciently known as "Tyno Coch" (The Red Valley). The present name was given, we are told, as a reward to Caredig ab Cynedda for having driven the Irish out of Wales, about the middle of the fifth century. The Welsh name was Caredigion, anglicized to Cardigan. The county is also called by the Welsh "Swydd Aberteifi" (the Shire of Aberteifi). The district was under Roman sway for hundreds of years, then ruled by kings and lords till Wales was united to England under Edward I., the latter part of the thirteenth century. The following are said to be the lineal descendants of Cadifor ab Dinawol, Lord of Cardigan in the eleventh century: Lewis of Llysnewyddanol Dyffryn; Gwyn of Garth; Lloyd of Alltyrodyn; Lloyd

of Mabws; Thomas of Waen Ivor; Jones of Llanina; Touchet of Llwyd Siac; Lewis of Llanychaeron.

The principal towns in the county are Aberystwyth, Aberayron, Cardigan, Lampeter and Tregaron. These are market towns. Aberystwyth is situated near the confluence of the Rheidiol and Ystwyth, on Cardigan Bay. It is a town of about 8,000 inhabitants, is a popular watering place, sometimes called the "Brighton of Wales." It is supplied with pure water from a natural lake called "Llyn Llygad Rheidiol," situated 700 feet below the summit of Plynlimmon, and 1,700 feet above the level of the sea. It is conducted through glazed iron pipes seventeen miles, to a reservoir near the town. The harbor of Aberystwyth is formed by the estuary of the Rheidiol and Ystwyth. It is protected seaward by a spit of land called "Rofawr." It is claimed that until the sixth century much of the land covered by Cardigan Bay was a rich valley with fertile fields and towns and villages. This fertile vale was found from Cardigan in the south to "Sarn Badrig" (St. Patrick's Causeway) in the north, near Harlech. The principal town in this valley was Caer Wynddo, at the extremity of Sarn Cynfelin, 12 miles west of Aberystwyth. The inundation of this rich valley with its 16 fortified towns and villages was the result of a drunkard neglecting the sluices at the coming in of the tide. We are told that this guilty man was Seithinyn, son of St. Saidle.

and brother of St. David. The Prince of Cardigan at this time was Gwyddno, called "Garan Hir" (Long Shanks). The district was called Cantref Gwaelod. Prince Gwyddno Garanhir is made to speak as follows: "Stand forth, Seithenyn, and behold the dwelling of heroes, the plain of Gwyddno the ocean covers! Accursed be the sea guard, who after his carousal let loose the destroying fountain of the raging deep. A cry from the sea awakens me this night A cry from the sea arises above the winds! A cry from the sea impels me from my place of rest this night! After excess comes the far extending death." The desolation following drunkenness has come to many homes, beside the homes in Cantref Gwaelod. The ruins of the old castle at Aberystwyth stand westward of the town, upon a rocky cliff, overhanging the sea. The original castle is supposed to have been built by Gilbert de Strongbow in 1109, taken by the sons of Gryffydd ap Cynan in 1135, destroyed by Owen Gwynedd, rebuilt by Edward I. in 1277, and taken by Owen Glyndwr in 1402. In 1637 Charles I. authorized a mint to be erected in the castle. The coin made of the silver ore was stamped with a feather on each side. Some of these coins of 1638 and 1642 are still seen in cabinets of antiquarians. The castle fell under Cromwell, and was dismantled. Among the ruins a dungeon is found under one of the turrets, and a well 60 feet deep in

the center of the citadel. Near these old ruins is situated to-day the Welsh University College, a fine building where good work is accomplished. There are fine churches in the town.

Taliesin is a village 10 miles northeast of Aberystwyth. On the hill above the village is the grave of Taliesin (bedd Taliesin). Taliesin was called the chief of poets, who lived in the sixth century. That such a man lived, was a great poet, and that some of his writings have come down to us, is quite certain. But the legends connected with his history are almost beyond the range of imagination. They partake of magic, transmigration, and what not. The legend in the Mabinogion is about as follows: Caridwen living at Llyn Tegid (Bala Lake) had a son who was deformed. To qualify him to occupy a place at Arthur's Round Table he must become inspired. In order to do this Caridwen, according to the books, concluded to boil a caldron of inspiration and science for her son. The caldron must boil one year and one day. Then three drops from the caldron gave the grace of inspiration. Gwion Bach of Llanfair Caereinion was placed to stir the caldron, and a blind man to keep the fire burning. When the time was about up, the three drops of inspiration fell from the caldron on the finger of Gwion Bach. As his finger burned he put it to his mouth, the drops entered his body, he became inspired, and he saw at once

his danger from Caridwen, who would seek his life. He fled, and Caridwen followed; he turned into a hare, Caridwen into a greyhound; he plunged into the river and became a fish, she followed, and became an otter; he rose from the water and became a bird, Caridwen followed and became a sparrowhawk. As she was about to swoop down upon him, he saw a heap of winnowed wheat on a barn floor, he dropped on the heap and became a grain of wheat. Caridwen followed and became a black hen, she scratched till she found Gwion Bach; then she swallowed him. The result was the birth of Taliesin, who of course was Gwion Bach. The babe was placed in a coracle and committed to Cardigan Bay. Elphin, the son of Gwyddno, lord of Cantref Gwaelod, found the coracle and babe while fishing. When asked if he had caught any, he said "Taliesin." Elphin placed the coracle and babe on his horse and started home. On the way the babe, who was Little Gwion of course, sang as follows:

"O Elphin fair! lament no more;
No man should e'er his lot deplore,
Despair no earthly good can bring,
We see not whence our blessings spring;
Kynllo's prayer deem not unheard,
God will maintain his sacred word;
In Gwyddno's weir was never seen
Such good as there to-night has been."

We shall not attempt to give the whole legend connected with Taliesin's life. We have given enough to prove that it is not very reliable.

Llanbadarn Fawr is one mile

southeast of Aberystwyth. It is an ancient church, founded by St. Paternus in the sixth century. He was a man of noble birth, and from Brittany, who came to Wales to learn at the feet of St. Dubricius and St. David. The church founded by this good man occupied a high position in Wales for many centuries, and is still an important church, with some good monuments. Dafydd ap Gwilym, one of the greatest of Welsh poets, was born at Bro Gynin, in the parish of Llanbadarn Fawr in 1335. He was of princely blood, of fine form, tall and slender, with waxen hair, falling in ringlets over his shoulders, quietly but elegantly dressed, with bewitching eyes. He was a great favorite with the ladies; and while a great poet, he was not a great saint, for we are told that he made matrimonial advances to as many as twenty fair maids at one time, and made an appointment with each of them, to meet him at a certain time and place alone. Before the time appointed, David climbed a tree, where they were to meet, and concealed himself in the branches, and greatly enjoyed their confusion, as they met unexpectedly. When they had all assembled, he descended and told them in flowing rhyme that the one who was dearest to him should first assail him. The outcry at this time was such that David found it wise to retreat in haste. We are told that what Ovid was to Rome, a great poet of love and nature, that Dafydd ap Gwilym was to Wales. A

few lines from his description of a thunder storm will reveal love and nature.

"One day to the grove with my Morvid I
walked,
We feasted on kisses and tenderly talked,
The cuckoo sang cheerful, sweet warbled
the thrush,
Whilst with my dear nymph I sat under
the brush;
Though long for the fair one I joyless had
mourned,
Yet her look now confessed my warm pas-
sions returned,
I sang of her charms, and, rewarding my
lay,
She wreathed for my brow the green tro-
phies of May,
Alas' while these amorous moments of
joy
With sweetest excess did our feelings em-
ploy;
A clap of thunder with terrible sound
Affrighted the vales and the mountains
around;
The rain in a deluge came down from the
skies,
The lightning's rude gleam fiercely flashed
on our eyes,
How trembled my charmer, and wild with
dismay,
She left the green wood and ran fright-
ened away "

Dafydd spent much of his time with Ifor Hael in Maesaleg, Monmouthshire. When Ifor the Liberal died, David expressed his love and grief as follows:

"From dewy lawns I'll pluck the rose,
With every fragrant flower that blows;
The earliest promise of the spring
To Ivor's honored grave I'll bring;
This humble rite shall oft be paid
To deck the spot where he is laid,
To show how much for him I mourn,
How much I weep o'er Ivor's urn."

Dafydd ap Gwilym was elected to the bardic chair of Glamorgan in 1360. So we find that two of the

greatest poets of Wales were born near Aberystwyth.

Devil's Bridge is 12 miles east of Aberystwyth, at the falls of a little stream near the Rheidiol river. The Welsh name is "Pont y Mynach" (The Monk's Bridge). It consists of a dilapidated arch over the falls, supposed to have been built by the monks of Strata Florida during the reign of William Rufus, about the close of the eleventh century. How it came to be called Devil's Bridge is not so clear. The legend expressed in rhyme is as follows:

"Old Megan Llandenach, of Pont-y-Myn-
ach,
Had lost her only cow;
Across the ravine the cow was seen,
But to reach it she could'nt tell how;
The devil that chanced to wander that way,
Said he, 'Megan, what is the matter?'
'I am ruined,' said she, 'for the cow is lost
to me,'
And she set up a dolorous clatter.
Said the devil, 'a bridge I'll raise from the
ridge,
And the two rocks together I'll join
To recover your losses; but the first thing
that crosses
Must ever and ever be mine.'
Old Megan contented, and quickly con-
sented,
Satan hoped to have made her his prey:
So under her rose the high arch arose,
Said the devil, 'now trudge it away.'
In her pocket she fumbled, a crust out she
tumbled,
Then called to her little black cur;
The crust over she threw, the cur after it
flew,
Said she, 'the dog is yours, crafty sir.'
Old Satan looked queer and scratched his
right ear,
And sprang from the side of the ravine,
Said he, 'a fair hit, the biter is bit,
For the mangy cur isn't worth having.'"

There is now a good bridge above the old span, and travelers do not patronize the one ascribed to Satan. The total fall of the stream to its junction with the Rheidiol below is computed at 500 feet. The Parson's bridge is two miles up the Rheidiol, connecting two precipitous rocks, enclosing a boiling torrent. Havod is five miles southeast of Devil's Bridge, and 16 miles from Aberystwyth. Havod ("Summer Abode") is the name of a large estate, of many square miles. Originally the property of the Herbert family passed by marriage into the hands of Thomas Johnes, Esq., in 1704. Johnes was said to be a lineal descendant of Urien Reged, Lord of Reged, in the latter part of the fifth century, who defeated Flammddyn or Ida at Argoed Llwyfain. The last of the Johnes who lived at Havod died in 1816. He was a member of Parliament and Lord Lieutenant of Cardiganshire. He erected a costly mansion at Havod in 1783; furnished it with a grand library, a collection of antiquities from all parts of the world, a fine gallery of paintings, such a collection could hardly be found elsewhere in Wales. The mansion with all its treasures was burned in 1807. It was afterward rebuilt and furnished in part. Johnes' only child, a daughter, died in 1811, the widow in 1833, so the family became extinct, and the beautiful estate of Havod passed into other hands. It has changed hands a number of times since the death of the widow.

Strata Florida is 3 miles south of Havod, and 15 southeast of Aberystwyth. Here are the ruins of St. Mary's noted Abbey, erected by Rhys ap Tewdwr about 1080. The monks were of the Cistercian order, exercised liberal hospitality, and had great influence. Princes sought their counsel and sanction. Records were kept here. Here princes, nobles and bards were buried. In the wars of Edward I. the building was greatly injured by fire, but the king afterward allowed money for repair. Henry IV. in his wars with Owen Glyndwr destroyed the Abbey, which was again restored. It underwent the general dissolution of such establishments under Henry VIII. Excavations have recently discovered the foundations, and the glazed tile pavements. It was a beautiful sanctuary in its day.

Tregaron is 5 miles south of Strata Florida. It is a small town of about 800 inhabitants. In the church yard there is a stone erected to memory of a son of Rhiwallon ab Gwyn, who fell in a battle at Carno in 1010. There are many graves and tombs in the church yard. Among them the tomb of Rev. Ebenezer Richards the father of Henry Richards, a member of Parliament about the middle of this century, and a man of much power and influence. Tregaron is also noted as connected with Twm Shon Catti (The Wild Wag of Wales).

Llangeitho is 4 miles from Tregaron. It is a little village on the river Aeron. This village was a

center of a wonderful revival of religion during the latter part of the eighteenth century. Rev. Daniel Rowlands, the son of a clergyman of the Established Church, was born near Llangeitho in 1713, and died near the place of his birth in 1790. He was ordained to the ministry of the Church in 1735, but soon became interested in the Methodist movement, and became a leader in the Calvinistic Methodist Church. For 25 years his new church at Llangeitho was crowded, and men came from all over Wales to hear him preach. John Elias, a young man near Pwllheli in Carnarvonshire, contemplated walking 40 miles to hear Rowlands preach, but the great preacher was called home before the young man got to hear him at Llangeitho. He was doubtless the greatest preacher of his day in Wales.

Cilcennin is 6 miles west of Llangeitho. It is a small village. The ancestors of quite a number of Welsh Americans are resting in this parish churchyard. Aberaeron is 3 miles west of Cilcennin, and 16 miles south of Aberystwyth. It is situated on Cardigan Bay, at the mouth of the river Aeron. The Aeron is a small stream 12 miles long, having its origin in a mountain called Mynydd Bach (Little Mountain). It runs past Llangeitho and Talsarn. Near the latter place there stood at one time the nunnery of Llanllyr for white nuns. The river is famous for salmon and trout. Aberaeron is

a small port and watering place, with a little over 1,000 inhabitants. The coast and hill scenery is fine. There is here also a chalybeate spring. The parish church is a mile up the river, and is called Llan-ychaeron. In the mansion near the church flows, we are told, some of the blood of the ancient lords of Cardigan. Near this estate there is an Independent chapel called Neu-addlwyd. In the chapel churchyard is the tomb of Rev. Thomas Phillips, D. D., who was pastor of the church for many years, and who also conducted an academy for the preparation of young men for the ministry and other fields of usefulness. Dr. Phillips left a blessed influence upon his countrymen.

On the coast a short distance north of Aberaeron is a circular camp attributed to Cadwgan ap Bleddyn 1148 A. D. Llannon is a few miles north, bears the name of St. Non, mother of St. David. Llansantffraid (The Church of St. Bridget) is also a short distance farther north. Llanrhystyd, still farther north, was a place of importance 900 years ago. Llanarth is 4 miles south of Aberaeron, a small village situated in a wooded dingle, with a rapid stream which runs down into the Bay at Llanena. A short distance down this little stream there is an old quadrangular building called by the Welsh "Plas y Wern" (The Palace of Wern). In a large room on the second floor there is a tablet in the wall containing the

inscription that Henry, Earl of Richmond, afterward Henry VII., had occupied that room on his way to Bosworth field in 1485. We are told that he presented his host, Dafydd ab Ivan, with a drinking horn, richly mounted on a silver stand. The horn is still to be seen at Golden Grove, in Carmarthenshire, one of the seats of Lord Cawdor. Llanina is on the Bay a short distance from this old palace, and the little village of Cilfachrheda. The parish church is near the old mansion of Llanina. The mansion, we are told, has been occupied for ages by lineal descendants of the lords of Cardigan 800 years ago. New Quay is one mile south of Llanina, is a small port and watering place. From the homes on the cliffs there is a fine view of Cardigan Bay and of the mountains of North Wales.

Llandysilio Gogo (The church of St. Tysilio at the cave) is on the Bay north of Llanina. Tysilio was a son of Brochwel, Prince of Powys, who opposed the Saxons at Chester when the monks of Bangor-Is-Coed were slain. A number of churches in Wales are called by the name of this saint. Near this old church by the cave are antiquarian remains.

Lampeter is 12 miles southeast of Aberaeron, on the river Teifi. Near the town the river is crossed by a bridge said to have been built by King Stephen. The town has gone by the Welsh name of Lampeter Pont Stephen (The Church of St. Peter by Stephen's Bridge). Lam-

peter is a pleasant little town. The urban population is about 1,500. There was established here in 1827 a theological seminary for the training of young men for the ministry in the Established Church. Not long after this school was established, we are told, the famous Baptist preacher, Christmas Evans, passed by that way. The young students knew his fame. A number of them met him and expressed great surprise to see him riding such a fine horse, while his divine Master had ridden upon an ass. The great preacher was now old, but retained his wit and humorous turn of mind. He replied to the young men that in the community where he lived they raised many fine horses, but raised but few asses, and what few they did raise, they sent to Lampeter to prepare for the ministry of the Church. It is said that at another time Christmas Evans met a friend by the name of Herring on the summit of a mountain. The friend said, "It is strange to find Christmas in midsummer;" and Christmas replied, "No more strange than to find a live herring on the top of a mountain."

Llandysil is 10 miles southwest of Lampeter, on the same river. The old church bears the name of St. Tyssil, who flourished in the sixth century. On a hill a short distance from the church are the remains of an old castle, called Coedfon. The scenery on the shores of the Teifi are very beautiful. Bangor church is near by, and a moated tumulus called "Pistog's Castles." Near by

also is the modern mansion of Blaen Dyffryn.

Newcastle Emlyn is 7 miles west of Llandyssil, on the same river. It was anciently called Dinas Emlyn. A fortress existed here at an early period. On the site of a more ancient structure a castle was built by Rhys ap Thomas in the latter part of the fifteenth century. This gave it the name of New Castle. This castle was held by the royalists during the civil war, during the reign of Charles I. It does not appear that the castle was destroyed, but was allowed to fall into decay. The ruins occupy a delightful situation. The castle is almost surrounded by the river.

Cardigan is 8 miles northwest of Newcastle Emlyn, at the mouth of the river Teifi, where it empties into Cardigan Bay. It is the county seat, and something of a port. Slate, grain and dairy produces are exported from here. The town is a municipal borough with a population of about 4,000. It has St. Mary's Church with a fine tower, a town hall, a free grammar school, and a bridge of five arches across the Teifi. A great battle was fought near this place in 1136, between the Welsh and English under Randolph, Earl of Chester, when the latter was

defeated with a loss of three thousand men. Cardigan Castle is said to have been founded by Rhys ap Gryffydd, Prince of South Wales, in the time of Henry II. Maelgwn, son of Gryffydd, sold it to the Normans. During the Parliamentary war it was held by the royalists, but finally taken and destroyed by the Parliamentary army. The ruins are seen on a low cliff near the river. A small priory formerly stood near the river. It was occupied by a community of Benedictine monks. It was dissolved under Henry VIII. It was afterward converted into a private dwelling. Aberporth is 5 miles, and Llangranog is 10 miles northeast of Cardigan. They are small villages on Cardigan Bay. We have now spent some time in Cardiganshire, have visited the principal towns and other places of importance, have heard some of the tales and legends of old, have seen some of the great warriors, poets, statesmen and Christian ministers of the past. We have also seen proofs that Cardigan is facing a brighter future. It has an University College, and better schools than it ever had before. We shall now cross the bridge that spans the Teifi river at Cardigan and enter Pembrokeshire.



THE OBSERVATORY.

D. E. Richards, M. D., Slatington, Pa.

I wonder how many of us have ever studied ourselves in the light of the great question of heredity. It seems to me that all people who have but an occasional habit of thinking seriously, must, at some time or another, have endeavored to calculate the physical conditions and mental qualities inherited from their ancestors. Not long ago, a friend spoke to me in the following words, which set me thinking more or less: "I am naturally ambitious, I presume inherited from some remote ancestor, of a certainty not directly from either parent. Possibly the folks at home are that much happier than I, but I simply could not be happy under similar conditions," &c. If each individual is a product of preceding forces, there must be a more or less marked resemblance between son and father, grandfather or some one farther back.

* * * * *

The most exhaustive researches yet made along the line of heredity are undoubtedly those of Prof. Francis Galton. We are told that he carried it back as far as the seventh generation, and only stopped there because every trace of resemblance had then been lost. His conclusions seem to fully justify

that oft-repeated quotation from the Scriptures to the effect that the sins of parents shall be visited upon their posterity, even to the third and fourth generations.

This same eminent authority declares that what we call men of genius are seldom offshoots from an ordinary ancestry. They may inherit from a grandfather, or even a great-grandfather, but no matter how eminent the ancestor if three degrees removed the strain of genius is of little value.

Mothers and grandmothers do not figure very conspicuously according to Prof. Galton. And yet it is generally conceded that men resemble their mothers more than their fathers, while girls on the other hand take after their fathers. According to this, men are more likely to resemble their grandfathers on their mother's side, or their great-grandfathers on their father's side.

Think you not that with these pointers for a guide, you might be able to fix upon the particular ancestor from whom you inherited your genius, or any special mental or physical characteristic which you may possess?

* * * * *

Intermittent heredity, that is when

after disappearance for one or more generations, a trait reveals itself, is called atavism. "Moralists attribute to atavism a large number of offences which lawyers attribute to guilty dispositions." We all of us are quite willing to blame our defects and weaknesses upon our ancestors, especially if they are dead and gone, but genius or special talent of a creditable character we invariably take to ourselves. This is, probably, one of the principal reasons why we do not take more interest in preserving histories of the physical, mental and moral characteristics of our forefathers. If an individual happens to possess a disagreeable trait his neighbors are apt to say he came by it honestly enough, there being a "streak" in the family, either on one side or the other. Or they say it is in the blood, and consequently, must sooner or later reveal itself in the flesh. These old sayings do not differ materially from the new, save in the manner of expressing them; or as we may our boasted knowledge concerning such things may be nothing more than a shadow of the real truth. However, we are inclined to think that what we know is about all there is to know!

* * * * *

The two subjects that have been studied the most in the light of heredity are, insanity and the liquor habit, and yet no reliable conclusions have been reached in either case. Fifteen years or more ago Spitzka and other specialists prom-

ised to reveal the secret of mental diseases in a short time, claiming that they had traced it to brain and nerve cells, and as soon as they had studied these a little more carefully they felt certain of being able to locate and remove the malady, or at least to control it. But the limit has passed, and the malady remains as much a mystery as ever; at least the percentage of recoveries has not been increased in any marked degree. This has led investigators to take a new tack, and some of them feel justified in making promises of great results.

They contend that mental disorders are due to deformities or diseases of parts adjacent to the brain, which interfere with its normal functions. And they show results from treatment that go to prove their theory well founded. Evidences of developments for good are not wanting, especially along scientific lines; and we believe the world is improving in all respects, therefore we know not what the near future will bring forth for the uplifting of mankind, the amelioration of woes, and the universal benefit of the world at large.

And since we evidently cannot improve the past, it behooves us to to improve it by incorporating in our characters those qualities which if providence grants they be transmitted to posterity, will bear an inherent power for good and general uplifting wherever they may appear.

THE RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

By Daniel Phillips, M. A.

Druidism.

When the patriarch Abraham came from Ur of the Chaldeans, and had journeyed in the land of Canaan as far as Shechem, he pitched his tent under an oak at the foot of Moreh, where the Lord appeared unto him and promised to give his seed the land, and where he built an altar unto the "Lord, who appeared unto him." When he made a covenant with Abimelech and the king had returned into his own country, Abraham planted a grove in Beersheba and called there on the name of the Lord, the everlasting God. He made Beersheba his home, and the grove his temple. Wherever he pitched his tent he built an altar, and he pitched his tent and built his altar whenever he could under an oak. The oak afforded him shelter from the sun, the moon, and the wind, and withal wood for the sacrifice.

This love of worship, and this choice of the oak, under which to pitch his tent and build his altar he had brought with him across the Euphrates, for on entering the land of Canaan he strikes at once for the grove and the oak to pitch his tent and build his altar, where he associates with man and communes with God. He was seventy-five years of age when he came into the land of

Canaan, and had been a long time a worshipper of the true God before he left Mesopotamia. How long, we are not informed, but from his attachment to the worship and his eagerness to build the altar, we should naturally infer for many years. He had evidently pitched his tent and built his altar many a time before he had done so under the oak at Moreh. We are inclined to regard him established in the faith, and a veteran worshipper long before he pitched his tent and built his altar under the oaks of the promised land. He was the friend of God and the father of the faithful in the land of his nativity, if not in the days of his youth.

But we are not to believe Abraham the only one in that age to worship the God of heaven. There were, doubtless, others who called on his name. In many a forest, and under many an oak, altars were erected to Jehovah. From all parts of the earth incense ascended to heaven. Some of these altars, after the lapse of more than forty centuries, have been discovered in different parts of the world; in India, Persia, Western Asia, Greece, Northern and Central Europe, and the British Isles.

To erect altars under the oak, and to sacrifice to the true God under

the canopy of heaven, date back to the dawn of history and the origin of race. Hence the source of this form of worship is to be sought in remote antiquity and the far East, where the eight left the ark. To seek it in Britain, in Gaul, or in Greece, as many endeavor to do, is to seek the source of the river near the ocean. How touching to witness among the mountains the past, at the streams of existence, around the cradle of the race, the altars of devotion at which the heads of families sacrificed morning and evening to the God of heaven, on altars and in temples, the best they could furnish in that remote past before the birth of science, art, or civilization; and to witness them in their migration to the east, west, north, and south, take their religion with them, and like Abraham, build their altars wherever they pitched their tents, till Asia, Europe and Africa were ablaze with the altars of their devout hearts.

In that remote past and that distant East their temple was of necessity exceedingly primitive. Its walls the encircling forest, its dome the canopy of heaven, and its altar a few turfs or stones piled up with transverse wood and fire beneath. But in process of time huge stones also environed the sacred area and huge stones formed the altar and the rostrum. At no time was there a Bible to read, a Psalm to sing, or a gospel to preach, save the gospel of nature and the gospel of conscience. Yet the worship was at

first simple, pure and spiritual. In the book of nature they read the power, wisdom and goodness of God; and in the book of conscience their duty to love, serve and adore him as well as duty to love, serve and benefit each other. In the grand amphitheatre of nature, surrounded by massive walls, with the blue heavens above them, and the altar of sacrifice before them, and in the sacred temple of conscience with the inscription of right and the voice of God to be seen and heard, they lacked not environment and heredity to inspire them with awe and devotion, and many, doubtless, like the antediluvian saints and Hebrew patriarchs served their God and generation by the light of nature and the light of conscience. But as the centuries advanced they defied the works of nature and worshiped the hosts of heaven. Hence we hear Jehovah command the Jews to cut down the groves and destroy the altars.

The antiquity, simplicity and availability of the worship made the people attached to it. Their ancestors had from time immemorial worshipped God in that way. The broad expanse of the heavens, the dome of the grand cathedral, studded with vast and brilliant luminaries, broadened their minds, illumined their understanding, and purified their hearts. The dark and extensive forests by which they were environed and excluded from the world solemnized their thoughts and mellowed their emotions. And the

shady oak under whose branches they built their altar and sacrificed to the great spirit had in it mystic power, and on it the sacred mistletoe, which made them wiser and better, notwithstanding the use made of them by some to worship idols. Their veneration for the oak, which had heard them pray and seen them sacrifice so many centuries, and especially for the mistletoe which grew upon it, was wonderful. They believed the tree divine, and heard within the voice of God. "The first temple in Egypt, that of Jupiter Ammon," says Dr. Borlase, "was in a sacred grove." The ancient Tyrrhennians sacrificed in groves. Evander was sacrificing in his outside the city when Aeneas came to him. The Arcadians thought stirring the water of a fountain with the bough of an oak would produce rain. The Greeks had their vocal oaks at Dodona that gave forth oracles. The Persians and

Masfagates thought that the mistletoe was something divine.

This primitive, simple, and at first pure and spiritual worship, grew with the growth of centuries into an intricate, mysterious and mighty system, which exerted a powerful influence over the destiny of a large portion of the human race, under the name of "Druidism," and those primitive, simple, and at first pure and spiritual worshippers grew with the growth of centuries into a mysterious, important and powerful people under the name of Druids, from the oak under which they sacrificed, and for which they had such veneration, from the Greek language and the words drus and through the Welsh language and the word "Derw" (oak). Whether they assumed the name, or whether it was bestowed upon them is of little consequence. The fact is the same. They are called "Druids," and their system "Druidism."



HOW CAN THE PULPIT INCREASE ITS POWER OVER THE MASSES?

By Rev. W. R. Evans, Gallia, O.

It is a conceded and lamented fact that the pulpit is fast losing its hold upon the lower strata of society. We are not left to conjecture as to the cause of this deplorable state of things. In ages past one of the factors that contributed much to the influence of the pulpit was

superstitious fear. In the Roman Church it is still an important factor, but in the Protestant countries superstition is gradually dying. It follows then that if the church of to-day is to exert a salutary and renovating influence upon the great mass, it must be by the power of

truth and sympathy. The great fault of the pulpit and church of our times is seclusion and exclusion. The lower strata of society have no faith in the church because the church has but little sympathy for them. The church from its high eminence of respectability, if not self-conceited righteousness, looks down with disdain upon the outcasts, publicans and sinners. Thank God there are some beautiful exceptions.

Ministers court the favor of the wealthy, and are extravagant in their eulogies over the graves of the oppressors of the poor, the widows and the orphans. They walk the street with a Pharisaical air, called ministerial dignity. Religious services are held only at appointed times and consecrated places. Everything must give way to order and decency. Pews are held and occupied by those that are able to pay for them. Then we puzzle ourselves over the perplexing problem, How to reach and draw the masses? The problem is very easily solved theoretically, but is exceedingly difficult to reduce to practice. Do as Jesus did. Christ loved the poor. He came to seek and to save the lost—the outcast. He loved man as man apart from his belongings or rank or blood. He put his ban of condemnation upon caste. He ate with publicans and sinners. They in consequence came to hear him gladly. Christ was the holiest among the holy, possessed

“ministerial dignity;” halo of moral grandeur and celestial glory encircled him, yet his love and sympathy drew like the magnet all souls to himself.

Children, sinners, publicans, harlots, the Magdalens gathered around him as if they saw in him a sympathizing friend and helper. If we as ambassadors of the cross were imbued with the self-sacrificing and condescending spirit of our Master, the problem how to attract the common people would be solved. The ignorant and degraded poor have human souls and hearts that will readily respond to the melting influence of love and sympathy. Again, we must come down to their plane. Adapt ourselves and our teachings to their conditions and capacities. We often soar too high. We fire above their heads. - We address ourselves to the Nicodemuses that are in the audience. Learned ministers often when preaching to the unlearned air their erudition and rhetoric too much. Short, plain, terse, pungent, and unadorned sentences are the most telling. Few brief words coming red hot from the heart touches the heart, and moves the will much more than polished phrases and balanced periods. “What we want,” remarked a converted Chinaman, “is men with hot hearts to tell us of the love of Christ.” Intense earnestness has no leisure to indulge in the luxury of elocutionary flourishes.

MUSIC NOTES.

By William ApMadoc, Chicago.

Some time ago I challenged a brother musician who has been, and is now, on a "trip abroad," who promised to keep an open eye on all musical doings in Europe, and report in such a letter as could be used in "The Cambrian Music Notes." Just at the time I had given up hope of ever receiving the promised report, it came to hand with a flourish. To the writer of these notes, nothing could be more refreshing than the change by introducing the musician's letter verbatim, leaving out his name of course, though the remarks are timely, and exhibit the delightful humor and fearless criticism that characterize the life and work of its author:

Dear Friend ApMadoc.—My promise to write to you is like an elastic, being stretched, in point of delay, almost to the breaking point. But, at last, I am overloaded with things I want to tell you about, so lend me your "eyes," and you shall "hear." On my pilgrimage I have been busily forming strange opinions of this and that, and mixed with my report to you, I shall fling them in as the good wife does the raisins in a currant cake, only a little thicker.

My arrival in England was duly announced in London by the

whistle of "St. Paul," and London hearing, she hastily got together her "Royal Choral Society"—(I was going to add instinctively "purveyor to her Majesty") to the Albert Hall, and that the two great continents, America and Africa might form two wings, with Great Britain as a body, to welcome me. They had the dusky African, S. Coleridge-Taylor, lead the sweet, tender, and beautiful aborigines "Hiawatha" and "Minnehaha" before me on the very night of my arrival. You can imagine how charmed I was. The way this fine body of Her Majesty's singers rendered this would have made a native Ute weep out of pleasing sympathy with the noble "buck" who failed to provide rations for his "deer." Seriously, the work is charming, though frail. Eloquent and yet effervescent. At first hearing it moved me deeply, and at first sight in the book, it thrilled me with emotion. But after a few weeks of acquaintance with it, it seems almost weak, yet beautiful. It is the modern way, or style. We no longer grow oak forests, but attend to landscape gardening. The work is full of that freedom from the bonds of "counterpoint" that gave the old works such a solid woof, or texture. Still the absence of which frees modern works from

stiffness and conventionality, at the expense of weakening their power to last.

"Minnehaha's Death" is "just lovely." While I confess to have enjoyed it almost to weeping, I am not surprised that the glorious Nordica should cancel her Birmingham Festival engagement rather than sing its insipid soprano solos. Of course, my landing shook the entire United Kingdom, and it was only few days—three I think—before Dan Davies had his Merthyr and Dowlais United Choir up in London to greet myself and others who would pay two shillings and upwards to enter Queen's Hall. To take a proper and exalted position, two musical friends and myself went up to the second balcony. I seldom have anticipated more and been correspondingly disappointed than on this important occasion. Sixty out of the two hundred singers announced, must have missed the train, thus reducing the number on the platform to only about two thirds filling it. The absence of orchestra with choruses that require it so much as Mendelssohn's, and the one of Wagner's they sang, made a sense of amateurishness to crowd itself upon one. When will it dawn upon our Eisteddfodic enthusiasts that some choruses without orchestral parts, are about as complete as a stool without legs, and that it is musically criminal to perform them in this mutilated, incomplete state. A piano cannot fill the bill any more than I could pose as

a professional beauty. The tone color is all wanting. But let this pass by. The program was decidedly antiquated, even to what the vulgar would slang as being a "chestnut." Hirwaen Jones's one selection was the only artistic number of the evening. The tenderness of his tone, expression of word and voice, the beautiful sustained (Bell canto) method, and his fine correct phrasing and feeling, was something divine, and in sharp contrast with the stilted, chappy, mechanical adherence to marks of expression, as given in the choral work. Is this, after all, the legitimate result of constant attempt at competition? Does it naturally, and in spite of well-meant attempts at the reverse, develop mechanical and exaggerated expression? Is there something about the whole atmosphere of a "contest" that destroys the "repose" demanded by perfection in art? Is the Eisteddfod to-day smothering the artistic musical growth of the Welsh? Is the coveted union of the "divine art" with the "national sport" elevating the "national sport" to its high level, or is the "sport" side of it debasing the "art?" The rabble confusion around me, that would scarcely let one hear some of the numbers, that would jeer aloud at numbers that did not please them (sometimes deservedly) the over-drawn, forced expression from the platform—all seemed to rush to reply, "Sport! sport!" there is no "art" left. And out of my whiskers came the following as the choir hurled

the "Hallelujah Chorus" at me, while the police were putting an end to an interesting "free fight" among the "gods," "Bacchus" and "Cambrinus" near by—"Strive not to excell thy fellowman, but rather to reach an ideal, and thy growth will not have a limit, nor thy success or failure a sting." And, then, a twin-stanza in this form—

Strive, but not against thy fellowman,
To conquer thine own forces, to bring out
The elements of good within thyself:
That each to-morrow may excel thy yesterday;

Thine inability, alone, should be thy foe.

As you may imagine, it took me the rest of the night to place myself. But to proceed. These two occasions quite satisfied me in the way of a "Reception." Still His 'Ighness, "The Prince of Wales," would insist upon more honors to be showered upon me. He immediately sent for the great "Grand Opera Company" to swim over from the New York Metropolitan Opera House to "Covent Garden," that we might attend together; which we did nearly nightly for over two weeks. The Prince kindly and "umbly" sat near the lower floor (pit) in a plush-lined box—a wooden one—that I might again hold full sway in the higher regions of the historic building. Here Melba, after one week's diligent search, "found" or "recovered" her charming voice. And, later, Jean de Reszke managed to lose and find his. In the meantime, "Ternina," to my delight, used her's in an incomparable manner. By the way, speaking of what a beautiful "covered" tone

this truly great singer and actress produces, and how it has fed my vanity to see the London critics knuckle one by one to a full acknowledgement of her great merit, as on first hearing her in New York, I wrote her home as the greatest in the company. The London critics at once gave her credit for histrionic ability, but it took them weeks to declare her voice incomparable, which they now do.

Fancy the one and same artist making a superb "Elsa" and "Ortrud" in Lohengrin. Yet that is what she has done. This is a voice developed to its capacity, and not to be a high soprano, a mezzo-soprano, a contralto, etc. The chief beauty as well as protection of it is the perfect use of the "covered" tone. Melba too is "rounding" her tone quality, and in correspondence thereto gets the credit of singing with more warmth and sympathy.

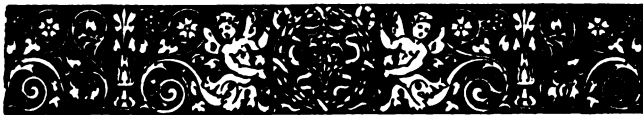
With all the efforts of the Prince to please me, I must say, New York hears opera to far better advantage than London, and not only "hears" it but "sees" it better mounted. O, yes, there is a stately old tune here sung on occasions. I have almost learnt it. I forgot whether it is called "America," "God Save the King," or "God Save the Queen." Well, as if all this were not enough, they would convince me that Handel was an English composer. To prove it they brought together 4,000 singers and instrumentalists, a lot of their leading English soloists with names such as Davies, Lloyd,

Albani, Brema, etc., all under the direction of the oldest "Mann" they could find in London, so that he would remember the "traditions," whatever that means. At the Crystal Palace they rendered in the most ponderous, slow, and impressive manner possible, a vast number of the old giant works. As I saw one hundred thousand, more or less, English people devotionally sit there four and five hours, I realized fully where the English part of Handel came in, as well as how these soloists from Wales and America were English. English traditions, English cash, English appreciation of merit, made them all possible, hence I yield forevermore to England all the honor and the title. If Handel and the rest were not English, they can thank England for being what they are, while England might thank their nativity for what it was possible for them to be. Handel would have been the mighty giant without the English, but not the "Oratorical" Handel whom we know. Ben Davies, doubtless,

would have been a singer had he never left "Lovely Wales," but he bears the English brand to-day just as much as if he were labeled "To Her Majesty, the Queen," and we admire him for it. The refinement of English singing tempers and finishes well the wild, warm and impulsive soul of the Welsh.

English choral work, the best of it, is beyond comparison, smooth, refined, and always under control. Never forced off the key. Never worn out, because never overdone. Do they lack fire and force? I doubt it. It may seem so to us who burn ourselves out in half an hour with our terrific intensity. I cannot say their "fire force" is not generally effective when demanded, more so, that it is reserved for occasions."

The letter was written at London at the close of the grand opera performances of 1900, and the Handel Festival, commented upon so instructively in the July and August numbers of the London Musical Times.





FIELD OF LETTERS

WALES AND HER LANGUAGE, considered from a Historical, Educational and Social Standpoint, with Remarks on Modern Welsh Literature, by John E. Southall; London and Newport, Mon.: J. E. Southall, 149 Dock Street.

In the Preface, the author states that he undertook the work with three ends in view: (1) To furnish Welsh educationists a review of their position; (2) To inform the minds of English-speaking people; (3) and to leave a historical record of the position of the Welsh language in 1892-93.

This volume will help the reader to form correct views of the struggle which has obtained in Wales between the enemies and the advocates of the vernacular. This struggle has been bitter and stubborn, but the old language has had the best of it in spite of the tremendous forces of the enemy. It was a miserable mistake from the beginning to try and crush what comes next to the love of country, viz., its language. Mr. Southall is well qualified to handle the question being an Englishman by birth and a Welshman by adoption. Being neither the one nor the other he is therefore a fair mediator. His critical remarks and his conclusions on every point that arises are satisfactory. The book furnishes a great amount of information regarding questions pertaining to the Welsh language and the peculiarities and paradoxes of Welsh life and literature. It is invaluable to the prejudiced Saxon as well as to the extreme Welsh partisan.

"CYMRU" is a Prize Poem by the Rev. T. C. Benjamin (Cynfelyn) of Plisgah, Cardigan. Price 10c.

This is a Poem of 16 pages on "Wales," crowned at the London Eisteddfod, November 29, 1900. It is the production of one who has attained some distinction as a poet. In reading these poetical and enthusiastic lines on Wales, we were carried on the wings of our recollections to the land of green hills and greener vales beyond the Atlantic, and we fancied we heard its echoes in the rhymes and the sweet aroma of its fields and meadows in its descriptions.

As the "Haul" in its paper "The Welsh Pulpit in the Church" truly says, the Welsh language in the mouths of eloquent Welsh clergy must be heard again in the pulpits of the Church. The Church should quit perpetrating the folly of preaching the gospel in mongrel Welsh by aliens and incapables.

In "Cymru'r Plant" for March, the Editor takes occasion in a few brief remarks on St. David's Day, to give a practical lesson on patriotism. "Be true to thy country," he says. To honor St. David means that, if it means anything. There is cause to fear that the honor we pay our Patron Saint is merely a superficial and artificial service. As the Editor says, "if a man has something better than himself to love, something to sacrifice for, he has means of self-education and self-improvement. Blessed is the man who has a mother or a country to honor and love. It will

purify his life." It is worthless, certainly, if we honor St. David's merely for the selfish enjoyment in it—the eating, the drinking and the mere talking.

The contents of "Cymru" for February are as follows: Frontispiece, "Teacher and Scholar;" the other illustrations are Llyndy Isaf; Ynys Hljbri, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Jones; Gwlad Dewi Sant; Ysturm Eira; Aderyn Coch; Owen Morice and Edward VII. The articles and papers are, "History of Wales" (II.); What Was Lost; Giasynys in Llanfachreth; Glyn Myfyr's Songs; "My First Journey to India;" "The Old Man's Advice;" Dr. Heinrich Zimmer; The Welsh Gypsy; Ynys Hljbri; St. David's Day in Abertonnau; "A Sailor's Autobiography;" "January Days;" "Old Aberystwyth Schoolmasters;" and several poems. The musical number is "Twyncarno," in memory of Mr. J. Lloyd Jones, of Rhymney, composed by Tom Price, Merthyr, S. W.

—H. Parry-Williams writes entertainingly of Professor Zimmer of Griefswald, North Germany. He was born and bred on a small farm in Prussia, and his brother and mother still live in the old homestead. Although a man of renown, Dr. Zimmer is of simple habits. He is a fine Welsh scholar, and talks it better than the majority of the Welsh people. He hates to mix English words with it. Such scholarly foreigners among the Welsh would shame them back to a proper regard for purity in the use of the vernacular. He had much difficulty in learning the language by reason of a lack of books in German. At home he is professor of philosophy and Sanscrit. He is an admirer of mountainous Cymru and the language of the people.

In "Trysorfa y Plant" for March, we find a fine portrait and sketch of the life of the Rev. John Williams, Prince's

Road, Liverpool, one of the leading Welsh Calvinistic ministers of to-day. Mr. Williams was born at Cae'r Gors, Llandyfydog, Anglesey. He was born a preacher, for when a mere boy he loved to commit to memory pieces for the sake of preaching them on his father's farm. He was asked to preach in an unusual way. The patriarch Hugh Jones, of Llanerchymedd, one Sunday morning, feeling indisposed, the young man Williams was requested to speak, which he did without preparation in a satisfactory manner. He entered Bala in 1875, and in 1879 was ordained at Denbigh. He took charge of Prince's Road, Liverpool, in 1895. The church now numbers 1060 members. He has been chosen to preach before the National Free Church Council at Cardiff. Mr. Williams has all the qualities of a fine preacher and minister.

The March "Traethodydd" opens with a poem, "John the Baptist Musing in his Dungeon," by N. C. Jones; then follow "The Greatest Worker and Man of Prayer of his Century," by W. M. Griffith; "Principal T. C. Edwards—Recollections and Impressions," by T. Gwynedd Roberts; "The Tablets of Tel-El-Amarna," by R. Williams, Llanllechid; "Jacob Boehme" (IV.) by W. Hobley; Dr. W. James and the Nonconformity of the 18th Century," by B. G. Evans (A Response); "Victoria," by D. Rowlands, Bangor.

—W. M. Griffith continues the wonderful life and work of George Muller of Bristol. T. Gwynedd Roberts records incidents in the career of Principal Edwards, and B. Gwynfe Evans re-surges the old controversy regarding the origin of Nonconformity. In his article in the November "Traethodydd," Dr. James passed Mr. Evans's Welsh under unfavorable review, and Mr. Evans in his response instances some of Dr. James somewhat exceed-

ingly involved and tangled sentences. The one on page 125, certainly, to an ordinary mind appears enigmatical, and the writer himself seems to have lost control of it before he got to the close. The production of good, orderly, transparent and delightful Welsh is almost a lost art now-a-days. Our Welsh colleges should pay especial attention to the instructing of students in the vernacular.

The contents of the March "Trysorfa" are as follows: "Why I am a Christian?" by the Rev. U. Khnong, Cassia Hills, India; "The Rev. R. Roberts, Llangetho," by J. M. J.; "The Late Presbytery—Monmouth, Glamorgan, and Carmarthen," by the Rev. Joseph Evans; "The Late William Edwards, Caerhun, Arvon," by the Rev. T. Gwynedd Roberts; "The Rev. Owen Thomas, D. D.'s Appeal;" The Monthly Meeting at Carneddi, Bethesda, N. W., (1863). by W. J. Parry, Coetmor; In Memoriam—Her Majesty, Queen Victoria; Monthly Notes, Reviews, Obituaries, News.

—In "Monthly Notes" the Editor writes favorably of the new king, Edward VII., and discusses briefly the other two questions which interest Wales greatly, viz., the question of the continuation of the title "Prince of Wales," and the place of the Red Dragon in the new coat-of-arms. Wales should have a place in everything that pertains to the kingdom. The Red Dragon will help to make the power of Britain more fearful.

—He touches also the opposition of the "Church Times" to the Free Church Mission. The old established churches are jealous of salvation outside their own circle. They entertain the eccentric belief that saving souls is a monopoly—something official, which cannot be done but by clerics and priests. Every human being that has a Christian heart has a right to save all he can. Christianity has nothing to do with officialism or clericalism.

The contents of "Young Wales" for March are as follows: "Classics of Welsh Literature" (Cynddelw Brydydd Mawr), by Professor Anwyl, M. A.; "Studies in Welsh Chivalric History," by Rev. D. Wynne Evans, Chester; "A Maid of Cymru," by the Two Wynnes; "On St. David's Day (1601-1901)," by Ernest Rhys; "Wales a Century Ago," by J. Arthur Price, B. A.; "Welsh Leaders"—D. Lloyd George, M. P., a Character Sketch," by Harold Spencer; "The Book of the Month" (Welshmen from the Earliest Times); "Wales—Month by Month," by the Editor.

—In his sketch of D. Lloyd George, the writer says: "For a young man of 37, this is surely a remarkable career. Here is a man without university training, without high birth, without riches, who has already climbed to a high political reputation." "This regular Welsh terrier," as one has called him, was born at Manchester in 1863, of simple parents—the son of a Pembrokehire schoolmaster—and he lost his father at an early age. As a child he was brought to Carnarvonshire to be placed under the care of his mother's relatives. In the little village of Llanystumdwy he was brought up by an uncle, Mr. Lloyd, who still devotes himself to his now illustrious nephew.

In an article on Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, in the March number of the "Dysgedydd," we have a sensible sketch of the life of the most noted ruler of modern times. She is compared with David who after having served his own generation by the will of God, fell in sleep. However we may regard the question of Divine Right, we must admit that God rules this world in some inscrutable way, and the late Queen must have been a part and partake of this divine order. She deserves credit for having been a virtuous and orderly sovereign. Throughout her reign, she was a Christian ruler; she reigned in righteousness;

she was exemplary in the purity of her Court and in her Christian virtues; she served her own generation in the interests of civilization. Kings and kingdoms hitherto have been corrupt and oppressive, but the reign of Queen Victoria marks the dawn of a better era.

"Welsh Music During the Last Century," by D. Emlyn Evans, in the March "Cerddor" will repay perusal. It furnishes interesting facts, and a fairly complete list of all those who took theoretical and active part in the evolution of music among the Welsh during the last century. The only kind of music prior to the nineteenth century was a few airs or tunes crudely arranged and published in 1770. This was all our music as far as is known to us. Of course, we have had our national music from time immemorial, if we give credence to our histories. In 1742 Blind Parry of Rhiwabon published "Ancient British Music," which contained 24 airs. Other editions were issued in 1752 and 1781. However, modern music in Wales dates from 1770. In 1816 John Ellis of Llanrwst, published his "Praise to the Lord" and others followed, a cloud of musicians who tried in a simple and conscientious way to improve Welsh music.

—In his article "Verdi," D. Jenkins furnishes a valuable sketch of the life and works of the great Italian composer. Verdi was born in extreme poverty; in a town almost devoid of musical opportunities; and yet this little musical prodigy as if thrown to struggle in a desert, was led from step to step by the hand of providence to the very highest mount of fame. God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Wales, as the writer says, should not plead poverty or lack of opportunities any more, for if she has the inspiration in her, she has sufficient opportunities to bring it to light. What we lack in Wales is a full

appreciation of the artistic side of music. We must cultivate the art of music—not mere music and singing.

In his "Religious Notes," in the "Cronicle," Eynon rejoices to find, that the Tory Government of England has been compelled to take the question of temperance into consideration. Hitherto, Lord Salisbury has made light of the horrible curse of inebriety in the British Isles. The old-fashioned John Bull would prefer being free and drunk to being restrained and sober. This half-civilized view of liberty is becoming obsolete, and very soon Britons will have to take a practical view of temperance. It is a pity the Church of England does not throw her whole weight on the side of sobriety. There is a wide-spread belief among temperance advocates that there is an understanding between the Church and the beer shops. It is an old-timed friendship. In ancient times, they were nearly related and located, but the time is near at hand when each will have to go its own way.

—The other departments are entertaining and instructive as usual, viz., Varieties, Musical Department, Obituaries, the Sunday School corner, Events of the Month, by the Editor, etc. A good many Welsh periodicals have taken offence at the way the remains of the good Queen were carried to their last resting place on a gun-carriage. There was something un-Christian in such means of conveyance. Was she so carried as a victim of the Boer War, for it is whispered that she died of a broken heart?

In "Cwrs y Byd," the Editor presents its readers with a sketch of the life of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. The "Cwrs" is no respecter of persons, whether they be royal or common clay. In this article he dares to strike a discordant note among the sweet harmony of praises from all the other

Welsh periodicals. In it we find a bitterness of spirit and a pepperishness of expression which is not quite civil. It is a maxim of English law that the sovereign can do no wrong, for the reason that he or she does everything through ministers. We could not call or regard the Queen as butcher, etc. In an article, we find the Editor reviewing the life and labors of the Queen for the sake of condemnation. He reduces all her greatness to the following three heads: (1) She had a family of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of 74; (2) she lived to a great age; (3) she was exceedingly rich. He goes on to compare her unfavorably with ordinary women and mothers. She had every advantage to live old; she had her homes free of rent; in fact, she had such a good life of it, that she should have been left unhonored, and in her death unmourned. He fails utterly to realize the fact that a person who represents an empire of 400,000,000 is entitled to more respect than an ordinary wife or mother. Does he mean to teach that a ruler of the high station of her late Majesty should be housed in a ten-dollar a month palace, and should ride to open Parliament in a street car?

—The other articles and papers are "Spiritualism;" "The Good Times Coming;" "The Books of the Bible;" "The Confines of Matter and Spirit;" "Here and There," by the Editor; "Tom Paine and the Rights of Man." We are told that Tom Paine was "a conscientious Christian" excepting in his theology; "Common Christians are Christians in profession only—externally," Paine was infinitely better than his creed, while other Christians are so, far worse. "Cwrs" is not afraid of anybody or anything.

The St. David "Geninen" contains biographies, sketches and obituaries: Principal T. C. Edwards, D. D., by the

Rev. Rhys J. Huws; D. Roberts (a poem), by Ben Bowen; The Poems of Daniel Ddu o Geredigion, by Ben Davies; Edward Anwyl, by the Rev. Richard Morgan; Eos Bradwen as Poet and Musician, by Anthropos; Reminiscences of the late Archdeacon Griffiths, by Watcyn Wyn; Lleurwg, by the Rev. D. W. Morris; Eos Llechyd, by the Rev. W. Richards; Alun, by Iolo Gaernarfon; John Jones, the Astronomer, by Eleazar Roberts; the Right Rev. William Williams of Swansea, by the Rev. Aaron Davies; Canon Owen Jones, by the Rev. J. Thomson Jones; the Rev. T. C. Edwards, by Prof. J. E. Lloyd; Gaerwenydd, by Rev. T. Dennis Jones; the Rev. Ellis Owen, M. A., F. S. A., by the Rev. R. Williams, F. R.; Poems by Twynog Griffiths, Gwilym Dyfi, Eifion Wyn, Caerwyn Roberts, Ap Ceredigion, and others.

—In his article "Principal Edwards," the writer reviews and criticizes elaborately the life and labors of the late scholar and divine. Principal Edwards was not only a minister and theologian of renown, but was also a nationalist of power and enthusiasm. He was a nationalist in the best and purest sense. He was a Welshman first and last. His great purpose was to nationalize his fellow-countrymen, lift them out of the rut of denominationalism and sectarianism into a united people and a nation. He was an enthusiastic Kymro himself, and he yearned for the unification of the Welsh people under one national banner. To attain this end he labored for the establishment of a national system of education which has been realized in the Welsh Universities. He was not only an educationist but also an advocate of the best in religion and art. He was not a revolutionist, but a leader and a teacher in the best sense. He was a man of ideas and ideals. He yearned to see Wales enlightened and religious. He placed before her the most beautiful and beneficent ideas.

SCIENTIFIC

Great inventions have often a considerable period of incubation before they assume their proper importance and development. Thus, nearly seventy years elapsed between the discovery of the electric light by Sir Humphrey Davy and its practical introduction for purposes of street-lighting.

The eminence, the nobleness of a people depends on its capability of being stirred by memories, and of striving for what we call spiritual ends—ends which consist not in immediate material possession, but in the satisfaction of a great feeling that animates the collective body as with one soul—George Eliot.

From the days of Noah, who illustrated the drunken habit if Scriptural evidence is to be trusted to our own day, and in all climes there is a desire and craving represented for alcoholic stimulation. Even a cup of tea represents stimulation, in another sense of course, but in a way instructive enough when we reflect that the theine of the tea is a stimulant of decided kind. Dr. Campbell thinks that a stimulant is a something that liberates energy or "the power of doing work." If the heart is whipped up by a dose of alcohol it is not that the stimulant has given more power to the heart; it has merely drawn from the heart an increase of work.

Unfortunately, at the present time, the leading economic and social questions are partly political in their nature. Their public discussion is almost wholly partisan, rarely scientific, and violent passions are easily aroused. The tariff, the coinage, the question of the so-called trusts are all alive in the public mind, and the professor of

economics therefore stands on very precarious ground. What are his rights and his duties now? They are still limited, and his responsibilities are greater than ever.—"Science."

No doubt, sanitary reform is doing an excellent work. Insanitary surroundings, overcrowding, uncleanness, impurity and intemperance, must all be done away with or lessened. Educate the children in the pure air of the country; make the parents aware of the great constitutional value of sobriety and morality; give them all pure air and plenty of it, and away fly the pale faces, lowered vitality, stunted development, muscular attenuation and the imperfect elimination of functional products.—"The Lancet."

Hermann Diele, a German writer, has no faith in the success of a universal language, unless Latin be the language selected. Few even in Germany are interested in the resurrection of Latin as a spoken language, and some educational curricula show a tendency to omit Latin entirely. Moreover, a universal language is of value only in commerce, and its desirability has ceased to exist for the great commercial establishments since they can obtain at beggarly salaries clerks capable of writing business letters in half a dozen languages.—"Lit. Digest."

Anything which tends to make the ordinarily quiescent half of the brain assume control tends to impairment of mental processes and the damage of the individual. If this be true, the attitude of those who advocate a cultivation of ambidexterity is thoroughly illogical. Instead of trying to make a right-handed person less right-handed

we ought rather to try to make him more right-handed. Conversely, the attempt to make a left-handed boy right-handed is a physiological crime. Every effort ought to be made to make the left-handed boy more left-handed.

In the manufacture of musical instruments ozone is no inconsiderable factor. The kinds of wood of which such instruments are made are treated with it to give them increased clearness and mellowness of sound. As is well known, the wood used for stringed instruments is much better as it grows older, that is, drier; and is it not related that the celebrated Stradivarius violins were made of the wood of the old choir stalls of an Italian church? Instead of letting the wood lie for years in special sheds to dry, it is now made ready for use in a short time by treatment with ozone.

The library is not fulfilling its mission, I believe, where more than sixty per cent. of fiction, including juveniles, is circulated. Forty books, including works of reference, history, biography, travel, religion, science, literature, art, and the many other divisions of a well-stocked library, are surely not too many to be circulated out of every hundred from "the people's university." The abnormal circulation of fiction in many libraries demands far more serious consideration than it is receiving. Large sums of public money, and, what is vastly worse, an immense amount of time and effort, are expended on books that produce useless, if not pernicious, results. Undoubtedly too much that is trashy and ephemeral is offered to the public.

Revelation is a process that overflows texts, antedates Bibles, and outlives creeds. It lies back of all litanies; it lights up all symbols; it clothes the prophet with power; it gives authority

to institutions. In this larger view, we use the Bible as a lumber room for dogma, but we enter it by the new gateway of reason and find it a rich pasture-land for the free soul. We escape from it as a prison to come back to it as a wonderful treasure house of spiritual things. We cease to use its texts to club doubt and bind inquiry, but we learn diviner uses: we pile them on the altar fires to create heavenly motives.

Consul Hughes, of Coburg, says that Prof. Pictet, of Geneva, is reported to have devised a plan by which oxygen can be produced on a commercial scale and at a cost that will greatly increase its use. By this method air is admitted into a condenser, the condenser being cooled by liquid air. The low temperature causes the oxygen to separate by gravity from the nitrogen of the air. It is then drawn off from the bottom of the condenser, and the nitrogen from the top, while any carbonic acid present, made liquid by the low temperature is drawn into tubes. As a 500 horse power engine will make 500,000 feet of oxygen a day, it seems that the process is not expensive.

An interesting statistical return has recently been compiled showing the remarkable growth of railways in Great Britain from 1872 to 1899. In the former year 15,814 miles of railways were in operation, while in 1899 the mileage had increased to 21,700. The gross receipts derived from all the railways in 1899 exceed those of 1872 by over \$242,157,675. On the other hand, working expenses have increased to the extent of \$169,065,235. The third-class passenger traffic is the principal source of revenue, the number of first and second class passengers for the year 1899 showing a decrease of 3,469,856 and 3,972,491, respectively, in comparison with the returns for 1872. The average

dividend earned by the railways in 1872 was 4.74 per cent., and it has now decreased to 3.61 per cent. for 1899.

I would have placed, so to speak, one foot on the past and the other on the future, because the music of the future causes me no alarm. I would have said to young disciples: Practice the art of fugue constantly, stubbornly until your hand is sufficiently strong and free to bend the notes to your will. Address yourself to composition with confidence; see to it that your part-writing is good, that your modulations are free from affectation. Study Palestrina and some of his contemporaries, then pass on to Marcello, and pay special attention to recitative. Go and hear a few performances of modern works, but do not be dazzled by the numberless harmonic and instrumental effects, nor by the chord of the diminished seventh, a danger, also the refuge of those who cannot without its aid compose four consecutive bars of music. To these studies add strong literary culture. Put your hand on your heart, set your pen in motion, and—granted an artistic temperament—you will be a composer.—Verdi.

A description of the ravages of white ants, or termites, in Rhodesia is furnished by the Rev. A. Leboeuf to "The Zambesi Mission Record," January. It is no uncommon thing, says the writer, for the colonist, on returning from his day's labor, to find the coat he left hanging on a nail of his cottage wall and the books on the table absolutely destroyed by these tiny marauders. Nor is this all. "On awaking next morning," writes Mr. Leboeuf, "you are astonished to see in the dim light a cone-shaped object rising from the brick floor a short distance from your bed, with two holes on the top like the crater of a miniature volcano. Upon closer examination you discover that

the holes have just the size and shape of the inside of your boots, which you incautiously left on the brick floor the night before. They have given form and proportion to an ant heap, and nothing is left of them except the nails, eyelets, and maybe part of the heels."

The "London Standard" has been advocating the manufacture of beer from beet roots. A large farmer in the southwest of England has been carrying out experiments for several years for the distilling of brandy from this product, but the results were not encouraging. Other experimenters, however, have been more successful in their efforts, and it appears extensive preparations are being made to give the suggestion a thorough practicable trial. The beet abounds in the sugar juice, but it is stated that the cost of separating it from the gums, acids, and salts is somewhat expensive and would result in a higher price being charged for the beer. On the other hand, the principal recommendation in its favor is that its utilization would dispense with the employment of those dangerous substances conducive to arsenical poisoning.—"Scientific American."

That "all men are mortal" is to civilized man a truism; to very early savages it would necessarily have seemed a startling paradox. No man ever dies within his own experience; ever since he can remember, he has continued to exist as a permanent part of all his adventures. Most of the savage's family have gone on continuously living with him. A death has been a rare and startling occurrence. Thus the notion of death as an inevitable end never arises at all; the notion of death as due to natural causes seems quite untenable. When a savage dies the first question which arises is "Who has killed him?" If he is slain in war, or devoured by a tiger, or ripped up

by an elephant, or drowned by a stream in spate, or murdered by a tribesman, the cause is obvious. If none of these, then the death is usually set down to witchcraft.—Grant Allen.

THE SUN AS FUEL.

For many years the attention of inventors has been directed to the question of utilizing the direct rays of the sun as a substitute for coal, wood, or other fuel; large burning glasses or reflectors being the general form of the various machines. Especially in France have these been seen. A so-called "burning mirror," made by a Frenchman named Villette, was four feet in diameter, and produced so intense a heat that, according to the report, it melted cast iron in sixteen seconds. The heat resulting from the sun's rays is remarkable. An Englishman, one Parker, years ago built a lens about three feet in diameter, which melted a cube of cast iron in three seconds, and granite was fused in one minute. This result was produced from a concentrating surface of seven square feet; which suggests that if the reflector could be made so that the field of concentration would be a square mile the iron would melt in less than a millionth of a second, suggesting the possibilities in this direction with enormous reflectors, or groups of small ones.—"Scientific American."

SURVIVAL OF TOADS IN ROCKS

Some experiments were recently made in England to test the belief that toads can live for long periods in rocks

without air or food. The Rev. W. Buckland took a large block of coarse oolitic limestone and prepared twelve circular cells in it, each about one foot deep and five inches in diameter. A groove or shoulder was cut at its upper margin so as to receive a circular plate of glass and a circular piece of slate was in turn to protect the glass. He then prepared twelve smaller cells six inches deep and five inches in diameter in a large block of silicious sandstone, these cells also being covered with glass and slate and luted around with soft clay. The object of the glass cover was, of course, to permit of the toads being seen without having to remove the lids. One live toad was placed in each cell and the covers cemented on. The weight of the toads was ascertained before sealing up the cells. Both stones were buried under three feet of earth for thirteen months. All of the toads in the sandstone cells were found to be dead and their bodies were decomposed, showing that they had been dead for a long period. The majority of the large toads in the block of limestone were alive, says "The Engineering and Mining Journal," and in every instance the glass covers were cracked. The toads were weighed, and it was found that they had decreased in weight. The conclusions drawn by the naturalists were that the toads cannot live a year totally excluded from air, and cannot live two years if totally deprived of food.

It is said that Dafydd ab Gwilym composed some of his lyrics at Baglan hall, the residence at present of Mrs. Griffith Llewellyn.





WELSH NEWS & NOTES

George Borrow knew Wales as he knew his mother's features. It was said of him that "there was not a tortuous mountain pass or lonely glen which he did not thread, or a mountain top which he did not reach."

Among Mr. Fisher Unwin's forthcoming publications is a story of village life in one of the remotest corners of North Wales by a new writer (Miss Gwendolen Price), entitled "John Jones, Curate." The "Athenaeum" says that the author claims familiarity with the scenes depicted and a knowledge of the Welsh language as her credentials.

There still survives a clergyman who took part in the coronation of Queen Victoria. This is the Rev. E. W. Vaughan, M. A., vicar of Llantwit Major, Glamorganshire, who is also alleged to have sung as a choir boy at the coronation of King George IV. Mr. Vaughan, who is in his 92nd year, still performs his clerical duties with unimpaired vigor.

The ease with which the Welsh language can be made to supply new words—new names for almost anything is not always an advantage, for we are sometimes led to coin a strange new word when an old one would do better. The memorial service of the Church of England for the Queen's funeral was ordered to be said "some day during the octave." The translator, blissfully oblivious of the fine old Welsh word, "wythnos" (a week or eight nights) boldly but not happily renders octave by "wyth-ddydd."

It is perhaps too much to hope for the realization of the suggestion made by the "Western Mail" that Craig-y-Nos—the palatial residence of Madame Patti—be secured as a royal residence, though we agree with our enterprising contemporary that "the influence of such a departure on the populace would be enormous," and that "the mere anticipation of such an event goes straight home to every Celtic heart."

It has often been asked whether a Welsh lady bard has ever been chaired. Cranogwen, we all know, is entitled to the honor, though she declined to go through the ceremonial. Recently however, a young lady from Newport, Mon., was actually installed as a "chaired bardess" at the North Wales University College Eisteddfod, Bangor, for her successful poem on "The Poet."

Tennyson visited North as well as South Wales. When he was preparing "Enid and Geraint" he was caught in a tempest of rain on Cader Idris. Later on he was in Monmouthshire, where he wrote—"The Usk murmurs by the window, and I sit, like King Arthur, in Caerleon." Here he studied "Hanes Cymru," having received some preparatory lessons from a local schoolmaster. He also visited Festiniog.

It is stated in the "Manchester Guardian" as coming from an authoritative source that in the present Parliament strenuous effort will be made to introduce a new Welsh Land Bill based on the report of the minority of the Welsh Land Commission. A Bill on the lines

of the report, which was drafted, it is said, by Mr. Seebohm, and which Mr. Llewelyn Williams recently described as "a marvel of clear thinking and searching criticism," is now in course of preparation by the representatives of two of the agricultural constituencies of Wales. The Bill will in due course be considered by the Welsh Parliamentary party, and will, no doubt, be fully supported by them.

There is a story of a wealthy Welshman in the sixteenth century who from mere wantonness of pride ("upon a proud stomach," the relater has it) would not let his son be christened in water, but had the font filled with wine. The consequence of this pride is said to have been the decay of his family, their humiliation and final extinction. The "Evening Standard" thinks the clergyman might have objected to the wine on religious grounds, just as Pope Gregory objected to the Norwegians baptising their children in ale. Not unnaturally, this dignitary wrote to an Archbishop of Norway, insisting that "they ought not to be accounted as baptised who are baptised in ale."

Like Welsh fairies, the Manxones had horses to ride; they had also dogs, just as Welsh ones had. This I learn from another story to the effect that a fisherman, taking a fresh fish home, was pursued by a pack of fairy dogs, so that it was only with great trouble he reached his own door. Then he picked up a stone and threw it at the dogs, which at once disappeared; but he did not escape, as he was shot by the fairies, and so hurt that he lay ill for fully six months from that day. He would have been left alone by the fairies, I was told, if he had only taken care to put a pinch of salt in the fish's mouth before setting out, for the Manx fairies cannot stand salt or baptism.

The bishop of St Asaph, asked as to the church's present relation to the disestablishment movement states in the current number of "Young Wales": "The special form of attack has passed away, not, I believe, to return. But the idea remains. The disestablishment party in attacking the church in Wales, thought they had got hold of the invalid member of the family. But the country has since learned that the strength of the church in Wales is quite as great as it is elsewhere, and any future attack, therefore, will probably be directed against the whole Church of England. It would be strange if the disestablishment party did not see their opportunity in the troubles that have recently come to a head within the church itself."

Cadrawd's remarks in the "South Wales News" (writes "A Vicar") about the Mabseintiau, or the patronal festivals of the various parishes of Wales, tempt one to point out how utterly devoid of any religious significance the Mabseintiau had been long before their final discontinuance. Originally intended as commemorations of the patron saint of the parish church, mixed up with a little harmless festivity, they had long become nothing more than jollifications of somewhat sordid and almost immoral character. Even Vicar Prichard, writing in the days of James I., speaks of these festivals as the "afan mabseintiau."

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ST. DAVID CELEBRATIONS.

Welshmen and Welsh women to the number of 250 did honor to their patron saint, St. David, and the valor of their unconquered forefathers at the annual dinner of the St. David's Society at the Savoy Hotel, New York. It was the sixty-sixth annual dinner of the society, and also the one hundredth anniversary of the formation of the first

Welsh society in New York. High above the head table, between the flags of England and the United States, hung the Welsh banner, with its red dragon on a blue field and bearing strange legends in Welsh. To give a Welsh flavor to the feast the dishes—were on the menu with Welsh names, for which, however, an English translation was provided. There were Welsh songs, too, in the same language. Some of the Welshmen at the feast got through them somehow and were heartily cheered.

Among those at the head table with Julien T. Davies, the President, were Major-Gen. Brooke, Rear Admiral Barker, ex-Judge Henry E. Howland, William E. Dodge, the Rev. Dr. Parker Morgan, Attorney General Davies, Charlton T. Lewis, George A. Morrison and William M. Polk. Before introducing the speakers President Davies gave the toast "The President of the United States and the King of Great Britain," and in doing so he said, "In this alliance let us recall the close ties which bind our countries and bring together our ruler to-day and the monarch to whom our forefathers paid allegiance. General Brooke spoke for the Army; Admiral Barker responded to the toast of "Navy;" former Judge Howland and Attorney General of New York State Davies also spoke,

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The memory of the Patron Saint was honored by the Scrantonians in the Fairchild Hotel, and the Tabernacle Church. At the former place the Ivories met and partook of a feast, and enjoyed an evening of speech and song. The meeting was opened by President Owens, and Mr. J. R. Edwards distributed the toasts. The Rev. H. H. Harris responded to the toast "St. David." Palmer L. Williams spoke on "The Welsh in Law," and J. Courier Morris addressed the audience on "The Welsh in Journalism." E. E. Robathan fol-

lowed with a short but hot address on "The Welsh in Politics." David Stephens and Phillip Warren discoursed fine vocal music, and Prof. Silas Rosser presided at the piano.

Over a thousand also partook of the commemorative feast at the Tabernacle church, the eleventh of the kind. An elaborate menu was served, and every one was pleased with the exercises. One of the pleasant features was singing by the William Connell Glee Club. Attorney James E. Watkins, Taylor, was chairman, and delivered an able address on "St. David's Day, What it Means to the Welsh People." The affair was a decided success, socially and financially.

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Sons and daughters of old Cambria met at the Brainard House, Buffalo, N. Y., to celebrate the great Welsh Saint. "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" was sung by the sweet, full-voiced chorus of 60 men and women, residents of the city and vicinity. The event was successful, although the night was disagreeable. It was a happy crowd who went home on the cars at midnight singing old Welsh and American tunes. The toastmaster was William Lewis, and the toast "The Welsh in America," was responded to by Mr. Richard Humphrey, a sound-hearted Welsh-American. Others followed. Mrs. Hibler, Samuel Davis, Mr. Boughton, Miss Catherine Humphrey furnished the vocal music, and Miss Edith Humphrey and Master Hugh Price the instrumental. William D. Humphrey toasted the "Ladies."

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The Benevolent Society of Racine, Wis., celebrated the first of March with a supper and entertainment at the Guild Hall. John T. Pryse presided, and an interesting and pleasant program was performed. At Slatington also the Literary Society honored the Saint's memory with a banquet and entertainment, under the presidency of

R. G. Pierce, Professor Gilbert Johns at the piano. The following toasts were responded to: "The Day we Honor," Prof. J. M. Roberts, Superintendent of Bethlehem Public Schools; "The President of the United States and Edward VII," by Benjamin T. Jones; "The Land of Our Fathers," by Dr. D. E. Richards. A pleasing musical program was also rendered.

The Welsh Society of Philadelphia celebrated their 103rd banquet at the Bellview Hotel, corner of Broad and Walnut Streets, with the enthusiasm of patriots. Colonel David T. Davies was chairman, and the chief speakers were the Rev. W. H. Roberts, son of the late Dr. Roberts of Utica; Dr. R. T. Jones; the British Consul, Mr. Powell; John Levering Jones; the Principal of Princeton; Judge Bebear and others. The musical numbers were rendered by Dan Thomas (Cwmbwrla), and Morgan Williams, and Dr. Gwilym G. Davies gave "Boed Gwalla'n Wlad y Bryniau" in good style. The proceedings were brought to a close by a rendering of "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau," Williams, Thomas and Puntan singing a verse each, the audience joining in the chorus.

The Welsh Students Society of Marietta College, O., held their celebration at the Wakefield Hotel, Marietta, when a number of interesting toasts were called and responded to, and a musical program served. Addresses were delivered by Thomas Aber Williams; Albert Williams (St. David); Glen Edwards (Welsh Americans); J. Rhys Evans of Treorki (The Present Welsh of Marietta); A. G. Lewis (The Welsh and their Characteristics); Howell R. Williams (Impression of Welsh Communities); D. H. Morgan (Education Opportunities of Wales), and T. Aber Williams (The Giants of Wales). The banquet and entertainment were an encouraging success.

The Patron Saint was honored, and his Day celebrated by the Welsh of London at St. Paul's and the City Temple. It is reported that the congregation was larger and more Welsh at St. Paul's than ever before, and fewer of the pseudo-Welsh of the Richard John Davis's type were there. The service throughout was Welsh, and the exercises were simple and impressive. The service was read by Principal Thomas, of Gray's Inn Road, and the Rev. L. Roderick, Camberwell, and the lessons by the Rev. Thomas Jones, the Welsh missionary, and Sir John Puleston. The choir was made up of choice voices from the Welsh churches, and Ben Davies, the Welsh tenor, sang twice as part of the musical portion of the service. The preacher was the Venerable Archdeacon Evans of St. Asaph, who took for his text Heb. xii. 1.

At the City Temple, the Welsh admirers of the Saint appeared in great numbers, and exceeding interest was taken in the service. This was also a religious service. The exercises were led by the Rev. J. Machreth Rees; and the preachers were Principal L. Probert, D. D., of Bangor, and the Rev. Hugh Jones, the Wesleyan minister. Portions of the Scriptures were read by the Rev. J. E. Davis of Jewin, and the Rev. B. Thomas of Harlesden offered a short prayer. Mr. E. Maengwyn Davies had charge of the singing, a choir of 1,000, while J. Chas. McLean presided at the organ. Principal Probert preached from Luke ii. 49, and the Rev. Hugh Jones from Ephes. ii. 1-7. Before undertaking to preach a sermon on the occasion, he had written to a friend in London inquiring as to what kind of sermon would be acceptable, and the answer came advising him to preach a sermon somewhat like the one the old Saint would have preached had he been there. Both celebrations at the Cathedral and the Temple were successes.

Jenkin Jones and Jonathan P. Bowen, well known coal operators from the Pocahontas region in Virginia, came to attend the Cambro-American banquet at Wyoming Valley Hotel, Wilkesbarre, Pa. After the banquet the committee held a reception for the visitors from a distance. Mr. Jones is somewhat of a humorist, and entertained the company with stories and reminiscences of Virginia as he found it a quarter of a century ago. He is also a poet both in the Welsh and English languages, and stated that a few weeks ago he was somewhat displeased when reading an article in a magazine on the emblems of different nations, because it had forgotten gallant little Wales, and further stated that the emblem of America was the one dollar bill. He sat down and penned the following stanzas:

France has the lily,
England has the rose,
Everybody knows where the shamrock
grows.

Scotland has the thistle,
That grows upon the hill,
But the emblem of America
Is the one dollar bill.
And if you are at leisure
To travel for a week,
Go to the blessed country
Whose emblem is the leek;
It grows so universal,
On the hills and in the dales,
It is my native country,
The lovely land of Wales.
The scenes are so romantic,
I see them in my dreams,
The speckled trout is ample
In all her silvery streams.
It seems that God and nature
Combine to do their best
To adorn that little country
And crown it as the blest.

The following may be seen in Ystrad Church, Vale of Aeron:—

In Memory of

John Davies, of this Parish, who died
Dec. 28, 1799, aged 77 years.

Beneath this stone lies John alone,
Cordwainer, scribe, musician,
Poet sublime in Blank and Rhyme,
Divine and Politician.
God's foes, the King's, as noxious things
With honest zeal detesting,
The ways of God till death he trod,
For heavenly joys contesting.

An attempt—so 'tis reported—is about to be made by the authorities of the Yale University College, Connecticut, to remove the remains of Elihu Yale, the founder of Yale College, from Wrexham to America. The body of Elihu Yale was laid to rest about 150 years since in St. Giles Parish Church, Wrexham. The American proposal favors the removal of his tomb and all the fixtures thereto, as well as all that remains of the body of Yale, from Wrexham to the Yale campus. The present time, it is thought, is most opportune for this to be done in view of the preparations that are being made for the bicentennial celebrations. The inhabitants of Wrexham, however, are not likely to allow the remains to be removed without doing their utmost to prevent the Americans from carrying out their proposal.

Other banquets and celebrations were held at Nanticoke, Lansford, Fair Haven, Boston, Wilkesbarre, Chicago, Seymour, Conn., and other towns and cities in the States.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

RHYS THOMAS, F. T. S. C.

By Rev. J. M. Thomas, Ph. D., Columbus, O.

A veritable acquisition to our Eisteddfodic circles has been the advent to this country of Mr. Rhys Thomas, F. T. S. C., and a brief sketch will, we feel assured, be keenly appreciated by the readers of "The Cambrian." Mr. Thomas made his debut amongst us as adjudicator at the very successful Eisteddfod held recently at Columbus, O. The brilliant manner in which he acquitted himself upon that occasion,



Rhys Thomas, F. T. S. C. has afforded universal satisfaction, and the Welsh people are to be congratulated upon the prospect of valuable service by him in the future.

It is eight years ago since the writer became acquainted with him. We were then fellow students at the University College of South Wales, where Mr. Thomas distinguished himself as a man of remarkable ability. He was in fact, and without exaggeration, universally regarded as an incarnation of musical genius. I speak from knowledge and experience when I say, that among the

students with whom he associated every composition of his had the power and pertinacity of a popular air. As conductor he invariably inspired confidence by the positive character of his attitude, and the strong allusiveness of his comments. Mr. Thomas has also literary proclivities and aspirations.

Next to the anthem comes the essay, and his ear is as well trained in rhetorical as in musical expression. I heard Dr. Herber Evans say upon one occasion with his characteristic pungency, "I might have been a Canon," and in the same manner Mr. Thomas might say, "I might have been a preacher," and those who know him can testify that he would be no ordinary preacher either.

Then, there is a certain indescribable charm in his personality which wins him a friend at first sight, a charm as simple as it is rare—a pure soul, and a humble spirit. In fact, he has many gifts which will tell sooner or later upon his public career, but the greatest of these is music.

Mr. Thomas is a native of Ystradgynlais, Breconshire. At the age of 18 he won a three years' scholarship at the Tonic Sol Fa College, and in 1894 was made fellow of that institution. He studied harmony and counterpoint under Geo. Oakey, Mus. Bac.; voice production under Emil Behuke and Joseph Proudman; acoustics under F. Harris, B. Sc.; elocution under Mr. Kestin; conductorship under L. C. Venables and Dr. McNaught; composition and orchestration under Dr. Parry. Mr. Thomas has been in constant demand as adjudicator in Wales during the past few years. Having paid a visit in June last to some members of his family re-

siding at Winnipeg, Canada, he was during that time offered a position as conductor in Knox Presbyterian Church in that city, which he accepted.

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D. W. JONES, WILKESBARRE, PA.

By Cadle.

The subject of this sketch is one of the best and most favorably known Welshmen in the city of Wilkesbarre. Mr. Jones has identified himself with the business, social and political spheres

the welfare of his people. For a long period he has been President of the Cambro-Americans of Wilkesbarre, and was the other week re-elected for another term. He has also taken a keen interest in the politics of his chosen city, and his worth may be attested by the fact that he has been returned three terms in succession to represent his Ward in the City Councils; so Mr. Jones has made meaningless the phrase, "the fatal third term." His integrity is unquestioned by those who have the



D. M. Jones, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

of Wilkesbarre, rarely achieved by those who had to paddle their own canoe from early youth. Mr. Jones has been very successful in business. He is the senior member of the well known firm of D. W. Jones & Co., his partner, Mr. D. C. Jones is a brother to Mr. Ben Jones, District Attorney for Luzerne County. He has always taken interest in everything that enhances

pleasure of knowing him; his word is as good as his bond.

It is refreshing in these days of political rascality to be able to point to such characters as our subject. The need of the hour is more for such men, and political demagogues would soon be relegated to where they belong. The following note from "The Wilkesbarre Daily News" will serve to show how the

press regards our compatriot: "The nomination of D. W. Jones, without a dissenting voice, is a splendid tribute to that gentleman's service in the City Council. Mr. Jones commenced his career as a successor to Hon. M. B. Williams, when the latter was elected to Congress, and has filled the position most creditably since. When Mr. Ira Kirkendall retired from Councils, Mr. Jones was appointed to his place as chairman of the Street Committee, about the most important Committee of Councils; and his excellent work speaks for itself. As a member of the Fire Committee, he has distinguished himself by efficient service and diligent attention to duty, and his constituents are to be congratulated upon their good judgment in selecting Mr. Jones to again represent them in Council." Mr. Jones being a staunch Republican, we have the pleasure to note that the Democratic papers were commendatory in their remarks on his re-election. Mr. Jones was born at Penllwyn, near Aberystwyth, Cardiganshire, S. W., in the year 1856, and came to the States very young. In 1880 he married Miss Sarah Nichols of Emporia, Kansas. They have reared an interesting family. We wish D. W. Jones a long and happy life.

Love for the good in Wilkesbarre prevails,

And thus it honors this true son of Wales.

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We have received a card from the Rev. J. P. Jones, of Pasumalai, S. India, conveying the information that he will soon return to this country to recruit his health. Mr. Jones will stay at Oberlin, O., where his family resides.

Mr. and Mrs. George Vincent Cooper, of Norwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., opened their attractive home one evening recently for a song recital given by Mrs. Nellie Hibler. The attendance was

large, and enjoyable. The programme consisted of part songs for women voices, piano and vocal solos. One especially pleasing was a solo by Mrs. Hibler, entitled "Lullaby," composed by herself, which she intends soon to publish. She was well known from childhood in Utica and vicinity as Nellie Owen. After some years of successful music teaching at Bradford, Pa., she moved with her mother to Buffalo, where she has already gained many friends.

The "Daily Chronicle" says: "Wales desires to be represented in the Royal Standard, but the gallant little Principality seems to forget that it is represented at Court in a more pronounced manner. Years ago it was the custom of the Prince of Wales to have a harper, and in 1849 Queen Victoria selected the late Mr. Ellis Robert for the post, which, by the way, he held until his death in 1873, when he was succeeded by Mr. John Thomas. The Court instrument stands about 6ft. high, and conspicuous in the beautiful carving is the figure of the leek surrounded by oak leaves. On either side of the comb is carved the sentence, "Iaith enaid ar ei thanau," which it is hardly necessary to say means "the language of the soul is in these strings." The arms of Wales, with the Prince's plumes, are shown on the sound board.

Pathetic interest attached to the memorial service held at Llansantffraed Church, near Brecon, recently, in connection with the death of Mr. Louis W. Powell-Williams, who died on January 24th from dysentery at Grey's Hospital, Pietermaritzburg, South Africa. Mr. Powell-Williams was the only son of the Rev. M. Powell-Williams, the rector. He was one of six brave young fellows who won from Mr. Justice Grantham the tribute, paid at the Breconshire Assizes last summer, "that out of a population of 200

people at Llansaintffraed Parish six had gone to the front. He did not think many parishes could beat that." Fellowship in suffering for their country had been shared by three clergymen living at one time in adjoining parishes in the Vale of the Usk. The Rector of Llanveigan, the late Rector of Llanfrynach (now Archdeacon of St. David's), and the Rector of Llansaintffraed have each had the mournful honor of knowing that a patriot son has given up his life on South Africa soil in the service of the Empire. At the relief of Ladysmith Mr. Powell-Williams was one of the bodyguard of General Buller.

The great and good Queen, whom so many millions mourn to-day, had evinced of late years "a distinct partiality for Welsh choirs, no fewer than four choirs from the Principality having had the honor to sing before her and the Court" since 1894, viz., Mrs. Novello Davies's Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir, the Treorky Male Voice Party (under the conductorship of Mr. William Thomas), the Rhondda Glee Society (led by Mr. Tom Stephens), and finally the Eryri Male Voice Choir, drawn from Carnarvon and Llanberis, conducted by Mr. John Williams.

Sir William Preece was the chairman at the Savage Club dinner lately, and the Lord Chief Justice was one of the speakers. His lordship (known of old as Sir Richard Webster) made the following happy reference to the great Welsh scientist:—"It is to me a personal gratification to see in the chair so admirable a public servant and so great a scientific man as Sir W. H. Preece. There is an idea that Marconi is the inventor of the wireless telegraphy; but I remember that many years ago, long before wireless telegraphy was heard of, Preece practised it. I was endeavoring to make some simple scien-

tific explanation at a public meeting. Preece was sitting at the end of the room, and the expression on his face communicated to me that I was making a fool of myself. Moreover, so receptive was the condition of every member of the audience that everybody else saw it too simply from the expression of Preece's face. His wireless telegraphy is now operating in a different manner, and I am disposed to say—

Let Preece o'er the club his wireless smiles extend;

Let mirth begin and melancholy end."

Birmingham Welshmen seem to have been claiming some big things for Wales at the recent St. David's dinner in that city. Says the "Birmingham Gazette," with good-humored banter:—"That the Welsh are an ancient, great, and famous nation no one disputes. We should not like to say, however, that all was authentic that was claimed for gallant little Wales at the dinner in celebration of the patron saint, St. David. It was announced that Wales sent St. Patrick to Ireland (another Irish grievance), that America was discovered by a Welshman (another insult to Spain), and that as the captain of the Mayflower was named Jones he must have been a Welshman also. The orators were on safer ground when they pointed out that Shakespeare had delineated Welsh characters in "Henry V." and other plays, and had invariably made them brave and virtuous, never evil. The natural corollary is that Shakespeare himself was a Welshman, and doubtless this will be proved in course of time by cryptograms or something else equally convincing." Our contemporary may be informed that the other day a Welsh "pedigree man" sought to demonstrate that Shakespeare was a descendant of Welsh kings.



Among the Victoria Crosses recently awarded for gallantry in South Africa two went to boys from the truant school at Merthyr Tydvil, S. W.

"It's all very well," says the gravedigger, "to advise a young man to begin at the bottom and work upwards, but in my business it ain't practicable."

A Newport grocer received an order in the following terms conveyed by a little boy for his mother, who was unwell:—"½d. salt. What you takes inside."

Clergyman (indignantly): You say you haven't anything to be thankful for? Why, look at your neighbor, Hayes. He has just lost his wife by influenza.

Burke: But that don't do me any good. I ain't Hayes!

Who shall doubt that Wales is the land of song? This fragment of an old ballad of the Celtic King Coel should prove it:—

Old King Coel was a merry old soul,
And he was a very good king;
And three of his sons he turned out of doors
Because they could not sing.

There yet remains in London of the old taverns seven Adam and Eves, five Noah's Arks and, naturally, connected with that, as many Olive Branches. There are two Jacob's Wells, one Job's Castle, and one Sampson's Castle. Oldest of all, but not the least appropriate, is a Simon the Tanner, in Long Lane,

Bermondsey, the seat of the tanning industry in South London.

Miss Helmore writes to the "Musical Times" that Arthur S. Sullivan was proud of his inappropriate initials; but her mother did not like them, and always wanted him to drop the Seymour, and this after some time he did to please her.

Dr. Treharne revives the fact that the Irish harp as represented on the Royal Standard is, to use the necessary Irishism, a Welsh harp, and is so called in the conferring Act of Henry VIII. So that "the harp that once thro' Tara's halls" may have shed the soul of music in some Welsh home first.

"I'm afraid," said the patient wife, "that yours will be the fate of Abel."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the astonished husband.

Well," she replied, "Abel was killed by a club, and your club will be the death of you if you don't come home oftener."

Dr. Hamilton said that he once had a patient who believed that it was a mortal sin to ride on a horsecar on Sunday, and who later believed that it was a mortal sin to sit in the presence of God, and believing that God was everywhere refused to sit down at all and died of exhaustion. He said that he should consider that that man had delusions of religion.

There is one French custom we should like to see introduced into the United

States and become universal. In France, when a funeral passes, every man raises his hat to salute it. The deceased person may have been a child, a pauper or a beggar; it is no matter; the cortege is saluted by every man, whether he be prince, millionaire or mendicant. It is a good and lovely custom.—Dumb Animals.

In the face of all the costly show that gathered around the funeral of England's Queen, there is peculiar beauty and fitting pathos in the wreath sent by the Salvation Army, a wreath consisting of ten thousand ivy leaves, the leaves having been gathered from different parts of the realm by ten thousand Salvation Army lassies.

A curious and astounding statement is that of our author, F. Hopkinson Smith, that "Uncle Tom's Cabin is the most vicious book that ever appeared. The book precipitated the civil war, and made the North believe nothing but the worst of the South. We are not an inhuman people; we are all alike; we are Americans. It was an outrage to raise the North against the South. The book was an appalling, awful and criminal mistake."

A rumor comes from Arizona that the Hon. Joe Mulhattan, the liar-laureate of the world, is dead. If this be true, it would be just like those appreciative Arizonians to carve with a jack-knife upon his headboard something like this:

Here lies what's left of liar Joe,
A truly gifted liar,
Who could outlie the liar below
In realms of flame fire.
He lied in life, in death he lies,
And if, his lies forgiven,
He made a landing in the skies,
He plays the lyre in heaven.

The "D. D." rage is happily dying out, and the ranks of the "D. D. Declined" brigade are being reinforced. It is now announced that the Rev. Dan Evans, Cwmavon, has asked to be excused from accepting this honor, which that very generous College of Gale, U. S. A., was anxious to confer upon him. "The thirst for titles," writes "Eynon" in the "Celt," "is not confined to Wales. The same plague affects a larger section of the ministry in England, and has now become a scandal. As a rule, they who long for these transatlantic honors (?) are men who have never been to college."

The phrase, "Word of God," was never used by the Biblical writers themselves to designate or describe a sacred volume. To them it was simply the name for some great conviction of the living soul in immediate contact with the living God; a supreme moral or intellectual truth. When the Hebrew said, God thunders, he meant no more than we when we say, "It thunders." And when he said, "Jehovah spoke to me," he meant no more than we when we say, I am convinced or I have discovered this truth.

CORRECTING THE TIME.

The clock struck nine. I looked at Kate,
Whose lips were luscious red,
"At quarter after nine I mean
To steal a kiss," I said.
She cast a rogulsh look at me,
And then she whispered low,
With just the sweetest smile, "That
clock
Is fifteen minutes slow."

—"Ind. Journal."

—:C:—

It is the poor who look after the poor. A Cardiff cabman was home ill for months, and has a wife and four children dependent on him. Some time ago a football match was played be-

tween a team of postmen and a team of cabmen, and as a result £18 were handed over to the ailing cabman's family. This sum was in addition to several "whips round" which have been made at the various stands. As we have been joining in the complaints about the way the local cabmen overcharge, it is only right we should also say a word about their virtues.

MAMMA'S KISSES.

A kiss when I wake in the morning,
 A kiss when I go to bed,
 A kiss when I burn my fingers
 A kiss when I bump my head.
 A kiss when my bath is over,
 A kiss when my bath begins;
 My mamma is full of kisses,
 As full as nurse is of pins.
 A kiss when I play with my rattle,
 A kiss when I pluck her hair;
 She covered me over with kisses
 The day I fell from the stair.
 A kiss when I give her trouble,
 A kiss when I give her joy;
 There's nothing like mamma's kisses
 To her own little baby boy.

A COWBOY'S RELIGION.

A converted cowboy once gave this very sensible idea of what religion is: "Lots of folks that would really like to do right, think that servin' the Lord means shoutin' themselves hoarse praisin' his name. Now, I'll tell you how I look at that. I'm workin' here for Jim. Now, if I'd sit around the house here, tellin' what a good fellow Jim is, and singin' songs to him, and gettin' up in the night to serenade him, I'd be doin' just like what lots of Christians do; but I wouldn't suit Jim, and I'd get fired mighty quick. But when I buckle on my straps and hustle among the hills and see that Jim's herd is all

right, and not sufferin' for water and feed, or bein' off the range and branded by cattle thieves, then I'm servin' Jim as he wants to be served."

—o:o—

LAST CENTURY IN A NUTSHELL.

This century received from its predecessors the horse, we bequeath the bicycle, the locomotive and the motor car.

We received the goosequill and bequeath the typewriter.

We received the scythe and bequeath the mowing machine.

We received the hand-printing press, we bequeath the cylinder press.

We received the painted canvas, we bequeath lithography, photography and color photography.

We received the hand loom, we bequeath the cotton and woolen factory.

We received the tallow dip, we bequeath the electric lamp.

We received the galvanic battery, we bequeath the dynamo.

We received the flintlock, we bequeath Maxims.

We received the sailing ship, we bequeath the steamship.

We received the beacon signal fire, we bequeath the telephone and wireless telegraphy.

We received ordinary light, we bequeath Roentgen Rays.

—o:o—

Those who had enjoyed the privilege of actual conversation with the queen speak of her sympathetic manner. Madame Clara Novello Davies recalls how that whilst "Darby and Joan" was being sung she observed tears rolling down her majesty's cheeks. "Of course, that made us all feel a lump in our throats, and it was only with difficulty that we restrained our tears," adds Madame Davies.

❁ THE CAMBRIAN. ❁

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WHEN THE SHOW CAME TO LLANDDEUSANT.

By Winnie Parry.

Llanddeusant's one street consisted of two rows of small houses build on a gentle slope, at the foot of which ran the high road to Caer. A stranger, may be, would not have thought it worth while to turn aside for a closer look at the humble little dwellings; and had he climbed the long street to its very top, where he could see Llanddeusant common spread before his eyes, he would not perhaps have felt himself unrewarded. They called it there "Ponc y Shipsiwns," though the gipsies who once frequented it had long ceased their visits. The yellow glory of the gorse seemed to cover it for the greater part of the year. At one end rose the grey stone walls of Bethel chapel, and on warm Sabbath days the faint fragrance of those yellow flowers floated through the open doors and windows. A placid stream skirted its other extremity, and on its farthest side a low broad wall or "clawdd" divided it from the Penlan farm lands. Hardly a stone of that wall was visible, so thickly was

it covered with plants and grasses of various kinds. Every wild flower could be found there in its season. Primroses, violets, anemones, "bwt-shiars y gog" or wild hyacinth came peeping slyly from its crevices with the early spring; while later the soft blue of the harebell, the purple glow of heather, "blodau'r grug," dear to a Welsh heart, and the warmer hue of the stately fox glove lent themselves to its adornment.

After a fashion of its own Llanddeusant itself appreciated the common, dried its linen on the prickly gorse bushes, reared its ducks and geese on the waters of the little stream, and let loose its pigs and donkeys, cows and horses there to seek a part at any rate of their subsistence.

Occasionally, during the summer months, it was invaded by a string of yellow caravans, and words of an alien tongue broke the stillness of the place: those travelling showmen were almost invariably English. Whatever might be the nature of their contents, as long as they re-

mained on the common, the caravans were called the show at Llanddeusant. They pronounced the word there in a way impossible to an English tongue. The youthful portion of the community declared shows to be delightful: their elders however were of a different opinion, looked upon them, in fact, as so many devices of the evil one for the allurements of youth. All connected with them were dubbed contemptuously "Mountibacs," and there was thought to be no limit to their wickedness. Members of Bethel never forgot how they had been scandalized one "seiat" night by hearing the piano-organ of the show then occupying the common, strike up the Old Hundredth in double quick time, just as the congregation had come to the end of the first bar of that tune. It never occurred to Llanddeusant that it had the power to prevent their visits. In the eyes of the inhabitants the common was as free as the high road to any who cared to make use of it, and if those wanderers chose to do as they all did there was nothing more to be said.

Only at the Harp Inn, or as the villagers called it "Sein Delyn," was a show bill ever exhibited. Nothing else could be expected of the landlord. According to Llanddeusant he was a kind of heathen, for he "saw not the inside of church or chapel once in a year." Among the brethren at Bethel his bar parlor was usually referred to in Scriptural language as "the seat of the scornful," and he and his abode were to

be avoided by every self-respecting individual.

A show generally arrived about the dinner hour, and the children at once formed a procession and escorted it up the long street to the common. Women with babies on their arms stood at the doors, and men lounged smoking over the low stone walls of the garden patches, while the cars went slowly past. But this was the usual dinner hour custom in Llanddeusant, so it must not be supposed that they were evincing any particular interest in those invaders of their village quiet. Some mother's eye perhaps would catch a glimpse of curly heads through the window of one of the living cars, and she would mutter, "Petha bach" with an indescribable air of pity for the childhood passed amid such surroundings.

That afternoon the attendance at the village school was considerably below what it was on other days, and the master knew that all the boys against whose names he set an A in the register were at that very moment sitting in a row on the top of the low wall of the common, watching the showmen at their work of preparation for the evening performance, with an intensity of interest never vouchsafed him even during the geography lesson, in the teaching of which subject he undoubtedly excelled, and compelled on that account a certain amount of real attention on the part of his pupils. Before the show opened that evening, every child in the place was perfectly acquainted with

the outside of the long tent put up on the common, and it would have surprised their parents had they known how many in spite of all the warnings and prohibitions dinned into their ears, were in possession of a tolerably accurate knowledge of the inside as well, when they laid their heads on their pillows that night.

Though shows of different kinds were yearly visitants to Llanddeusant, once only had a circus taken up its position on the common, and its coming created no little excitement. Rumors of half-naked women pirouetting on the backs of galloping horses had reached the village days before it made its appearance. The young people had been solemnly admonished in the "seiat" on the Wednesday night previous to its arrival by every one of the six deacons in succession to keep away from the terrible and wicked thing that was coming amongst them.

There were three people in Llanddeusant who long remembered that circus. One was a lad of fourteen known as Bob 'Refal, which might be rendered in English as "Bob of the Smithy." He was the son of the village blacksmith, a smart boy, the acknowledged chief of one of the two factions which made the common their fighting ground, when disputes arising from various causes had to be settled in the only way possible. The other two were Danial Willias, Penlan Farm, and his daughter Margiad. The master of Penlan was greatly

respected in the neighborhood. He was a deacon at Bethel chapel, taught a class of boys in the Sunday School. By the way Bob Refal was of the number, and gave board and lodging of the best to every strange minister who preached at Bethel. In worldly affairs Danial Willias was known for miles around Llanddeusant as a judge of horse flesh. No purchase of the kind was ever made without his advice. He generally had some choice bit of his own at Penlan, and it was told in the village that he had once refused the fabulous sum of a hundred guineas for a certain colt which the lord of the manor coveted. Penlan was freehold fortunately, and was in fact a kind of Naboth's vineyard on the estate.

The master of Penlan was not as proud as might have been supposed of his reputation in this line. It was an unseemly thing in his eyes, and opposed to the spiritual side of his nature, but stronger than all his efforts to conquer this leaning towards his fourfooted friends was heredity. It was in the blood. He had a brother, a farrier in the neighboring county town, his father had the same gift or failing, and there were traditionary tales floating about the countryside still of his grandfathers and great-grandfathers and their doings with horses. Some of the tales were wild enough without doubt, and not to Danial Willias' liking, but there was no resisting the instinct, and the Irish dealers still came to Penlan, and its master was still sent for and still

went to view and report on any animal in the vicinity.

The circus came to Llanddeusant on a Saturday, and only gave one performance on the Saturday night, departing early on Monday morning. All day Sunday Danial Willias was greatly disturbed to find his thoughts turning about the subject of the circus horses, and he repressed with horror a hankering to go and have a look at them on the common. In Sunday School he could hear Bob Refal, who was far from ignorant of the points of a good steed, dilating in whispers and with the air of a connoisseur on the beauty and perfection of the different specimens then on the common. He silenced them at once with a severe reprimand, but he had heard too much, Bob's descriptions ran in his mind through all the evening service, and he reflected thankfully that the source of temptation would be gone with the morning.

It was always the custom of the master of Penlan to rise early, and on Monday morning he was out almost with the early dawn of the midsummer day. Wandering through the fields he heard hoarse shouts and exclamations very unlike anything ever heard near Penlan. He raised his eyes and found to his horror that he had wandered, quite unwillingly it must be confessed, to that field bordering on the common, and there in full view was the circus, the whole a moving medley of horses and men, the latter evidently busily making ready for departure. It was more than hu-

man nature could stand. Danial Willias forgot everything but those lovely creatures with their beautifully marked satin-like coats. Forgot that this was the awful "show syr-cys," against which he had inveighed from the "set fawr," where the deacons sat at Bethel chapel. Almost unaware to himself he was in their midst, picking out the irreproachables, giving a word of advice involuntarily to a certain individual who had come up to him, and so absorbed was he that he was not even surprised that the man answered him in Welsh. When he was in the midst of a dissertation on horse breeding in general his eye alighted on the low wall of the common and he stopped short while a peculiar look passed over his face. Seated there regarding the animals with an interest akin to his own was Bob 'Refal, one of his Sunday School scholars, and the son of one of his fellow deacons. The situation was almost too much for poor Danial. He moved hastily towards Bob, and laying his hand on his shoulders said tremblingly, "Don't ye tell now, Bob, my boy, don't ye tell." The lad stared at him a moment in astonishment, thinking surely old Danial Penlan had taken leave of his senses; for what was there to tell in his being on the common watching the circus going away? It was a perfectly natural proceeding in Bob's eyes. But he was a sharp lad, and like a flash it all came to him. Of course he saw it now, and something else too, something much to his own advantage; so he turned confidentially and also condescendingly to Danial Willias, and promised "not to tell."

(To be Continued.)

A BUNCH OF HEATHER.

(Out of the Welsh of D. B. Davies in "Cymru.")

I.

There was unusual excitement up at Cockett because Eve Bryn Silin was going out to war to fight the Boers. Eve was quiet, and innocent enough he was; but ever since Wil Hopkins had won the V. C. for his bravery in Afghanistan, an awful ambition had caught the boys to become soldiers. Eve's parents didn't like the idea of his having anything to do with the red coats; but it was the same as talking to a wall. Although he was submissive and obedient in all things else, a most pernicious desire to handle a gun seized him. After moving to the Lower Havod, he in spite of everything joined the Third Glamorgan Volunteers, and he very soon became one of the best shots in the corps. At his home, in Bryn Silin, you could see five medals which he had won at Margam and Bisley. Tucker Williams told me that he would have won the gold medal without fail like Sergeant Davis, of Llanelly, had things turned out the way they should.

Eve was about 23 years old, and he stood 5 feet 9½ in. in his stocking feet, as they say, and as straight as an arrow.

He had never had more than one

sweetheart, and they had been love-making since they were mere children, at the old Cwarebach School. Every Sunday evening, after coming out of the Meeting House at Sketty, you could observe them going home past Pebill up Birch Place, where Jennie lived with her father, an old one-armed widower, who depended on a pension he drew from the railway company.

When there came a call for volunteers to go out to the Transvaal, Eve was one of the foremost to offer his services, and he was accepted at once. Jennie was madly opposed to his going to war, especially to fight the Boers, because she thought highly of them on account of their being so religious. But it was no use talking with him; Eve would go, although Jennie was near heart-breaking for fear the worst would happen.

The last night before his departure Eve and Jennie were strolling for the last time over the Hendrevolion hill. I'll pull down the curtain over the sacred story of that memorable night; however, before separating, their hearts almost breaking, Jennie made a wreath of heather bloom, and with the tears tumbling out of her eyes, she said

to Eve in a broken voice: "Eve, keep this for Jennie's sake." There was a big lump in Eve's throat, so he could not respond. They merely kissed and parted! Unfortunate lovers!

II.

Where are we now? We are out in the Cape on the veldt. A company of scouts has been working all day trying to find out Cronje and his army, and they return with the news that the Boers are in a trap. Among the scouts, we observe Eve's face—the lad from Cockett. After reaching the Cape, he had joined a party of scouts, and was already a corporal. The night before the battle, they all slept after a laborious day. Nothing is heard, excepting the solitary neighing of a horse or a sentinel's challenge.

Over there there is a young soldier in the quiet of midnight, standing outside his tent. It is Eve, sleepless by reason of thinking of the Old Country. Many things come to his mind: his boyish pranks; the way he used to climb up old Jack Darby's sycamore tree to rob a macpie nest, and the times he was ketched at it; the bathing in the Llwytha river, and especially the time he saved Dave Bach, Cynore St.; and the fight between the boys of Sketty and Cockett on White Lady Road, which left a scar on his forehead. He had seen more real fights since, and had come out of them without a scrape. But that night there was some black foreboding which made him sad.

Suddenly a thought struck him, and he shoved his hand into the inside pocket of his khaki tunic, whence he drew out the bunch of Hendrevailon heather. A tear rolls over his cheek, as he remembered Jennie and the sweet times gone by. Many a time this little bunch of heather has comforted him, but there is a fear in his heart that it is about the last time. "Jennie will break her heart if I fall!" he said to himself, when he kissed the bunch of heather and stepped inside the tent.

III.

Now it's the night after the battle. It was an awful night with the thunder and lightning and the downpouring of the rain, as if the elements were mimicking the struggle that had occurred below. Britain had won the day, but many had been killed and wounded. Through the rain and the darkness, you might notice the doctors walking around with their lanterns. There you see the ambulance, here the hospital.

There on that copje, the greatest number has fallen. On the highest bank a young scout lies with a bunch of heather in his hand. There is a smile on his face, and, you might believe he is asleep, and dreaming; but blood is trickling out of his side dying the veldt with red. The doctor comes along, stoops and puts his hand on his heart. He half rose and uttered "Dear little Jennie!" like a last great love-sigh, fell back and died. A tear glistened in the doctor's eye,

for he was Welsh too, from Merioneth, and he had also dear ones in the old land. Says he, "Some fair girl (lodes lan) will break her heart, when this news will reach home." The tears rolled off his cheeks, right on the Cockett lad's face who had died for his country far from his home and his sweet-heart Jennie. His eye alighted on the bunch of heather and his heart went back to the heather banks of the Aran. He placed the bunch back in his hero's breast, and it was buried with him.

IV.

Yes, it is a fine stone. Ask anyone in the village, and he will tell you the love-story of Eve Bryn Silin and Jennie of Birch Place. The Jingo spirit has lost his hold on the village of Cockett, because the God of war treads roughly now and again. There are two graves far apart—one at Magalisberg and the other at Sketty, and at the head of a stone over the latter is carved a bunch of heather.

X.



CHANGE.

By May Stedman Harpel.

All night the southern wind
And earth have mourned old winter kind,
Going his way.

The sympathetic sky,
Her hopeful stars cloud-hid, bends nigh,
Wishing for day.

Morn's arrows dart:
A quivering change swift rends apart
The hangings of the night,
The airy blue
Decking with wreaths in festal hue
Of ever-waxing light.

Her tears down-shook,
The south wind softly murmurs, "Look!"
Earth reads the sign astart:
So, all about
Her willows hang their signals out.
Deep throbs her warming heart.

She girds her scanty gown,
Hepaticas with dead leaves brown
Thrusts in her hair,
(Ah, hear the blue-birds sing!)

And, as the magic sun
Transmits her teardrops one by one,
A face most fair
Lifts to the kiss of spring.

WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH.

(Isle of Wight.)

By Isabella.

The Isle of Wight, on which are situated Newport (the capital), Osborne House, the marine residence of the late Queen, East and West Cowes, is appropriately called the "Garden Isle." It is charmingly situated on the southern shore of Hampshire, fifteen miles distant by water from Portsmouth (the naval key of England and birthplace of Charles Dickens, the world renowned novelist and reformer), and ten from Southampton. The facilities for reaching it from all parts, its adjacency to London, together with the salubrity of its air and select character of its inhabitants, make it an ideal summer resort, and as many as 100,000 spend their holidays there.

Leaving Southampton by steamer, we pass Netley Military Hospital, the largest and most picturesquely situated in the United Kingdom, if not in the world. Its foundation stone was laid by the Queen on the 19th of February, 1856, during the Crimean War. In a letter to the King of the Belgians next day, she wrote, "Loving my brave army as I do, and having seen so many of my poor sick and wounded soldiers, I shall watch over this work with maternal care." Such

true motherly expressions proclaimed her once more a royal woman, crowned with sincerity of purpose and dignified common sense. The pages of history for the last fifty years are full of indelible proofs that she fulfilled her promise by watching over it with maternal solicitude and care, and many a wounded soldier from the snowy heights of Inkerman, Alma, the Redan, the trenches of Sebastopol, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Modder River, Elangslaagte and Spion Kop in South Africa, bears grateful testimony to the practical sympathy which emanated from Victoria's great heart toward her loyal subjects and defenders of England's honor, she and they always doing their full duty.

After a delightful sail on Southampton waters and the Solent, we reached West Cowes, a pretty primitive town, similar to many in Wales, and crossed by ferry to East Cowes and Whippingham village, within the boundaries of which stand Osborne, East Cowes Castle, together with many handsome villas, cosey cottages and stately dwellings. The parish has an area of 4,255 acres of undulating country, made accessible by the customary solid and well kept road found in

England. Passing Osborne, where some of the happiest and many of the saddest days of the Royal family were spent, and after walking about a mile through unrivaled scenery, inhaling the perfume from roses and honeysuckles, we reached our objective point, Whippingham Church. It has become historic

cel, erected by the Queen, contains memorials to the Prince Consort, Prince Leopold, Princess Alice and the sarcophagus containing the remains of Prince Henry of Battenberg, late husband of Princess Beatrice, and Governor of the Isle of Wight. A wreath of white flowers had been placed upon the tomb by



Whippingham Church.

since 1845, when the Queen purchased Osborne House, as, with the Royal family, she always worshipped with her neighbors, the peasantry, within its sacred walls. It has been the scene of many functions of gladness and deep sorrow to Her Majesty and family.

The church bears the name of St. Mildred, and is in the diocese of Winchester, dating back to the 12th century, rebuilt in 1801. The chan-

cel, erected by the Queen, contains memorials to the Prince Consort, Prince Leopold, Princess Alice and the sarcophagus containing the remains of Prince Henry of Battenberg (the favorite son-in-law of the Queen), and Beatrice, the best beloved Princess, had plighted their troth; and here that relentless wrecker of human happiness, mildly

called the Reaper, but whose plain name is Death, had torn them asunder, and the words of the Queen at the death of her Consort, Albert the Good, were applicable here.

Farewell, beloved. Here at last
I will rest with thee,
With thee in Christ I shall rise again.

God's acre, adjoining the church, bears silent but eloquent testimony to the affection Victoria had for her servants, as many monuments erected at her expense mark their last resting place. Here is a specimen:

Erected by Queen Victoria
As a mark of regard and in remembrance of
George Warren,
for his faithful and zealous service.
He was for 34 years Telegraphist to
Her Majesty.
"Rest in the Lord,
Wait patiently for Him."

Since this never to be forgotten visit, Victoria the Good and Queen of women has "crossed the bar," and with her heaven-sent Consort,

Albert the Good, has met her "pilot face to face." In the words of Sir Lewis Morris, we

Lay her beside her dear,
Oh! faithful lovers twain.
In heaven above, as here,
Reknit again.

and while in the lines of Chadwick.
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet
Who walk with us no more.

Tennyson's prophetic lines of many years ago have been amply fulfilled.

And leave us rulers of your blood,
As noble till the latest day,
May children of our children say
She wrought her people lasting good.

Her court was pure, her life serene,
God gave her peace, her land reposed.
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as mother, wife and Queen.

Although the Queen is dead, God still reigns, and the government of England lives. Long live the King and well.

BRIEF IS LIFE.

(From the Welsh of Vicar Prichard.)

How soon our passing life is sped—
To-day we live, to-morrow dead!
To-day we're vigorous and brave—
To-morrow carried to our grave!

For a brief hour, we stay on earth—
How brief the space 'twixt death and birth!
May we this solemn truth now learn,
Before we leave ne'er to return!

As runs its speedy course the day;
As the wax candle burns away;
As fades the rose, as passes by
The morning mist, 'tis so we die!

Just as a ship sails out of sight;
Or like an arrow in its flight;
A flooded stream that hurries by—
'Tis so we live and so we die!

We like unstaying shadows go;
We disappear just like thawed snow;
We like the tender blossoms fade—
We live awhile and are unmade.

No more our trodden paths are seen;
No memories of what we've been;
The flying arrows leave no trail,
Nor do the many ships that sail!

THE IMMORTALITY OF MAN.

 By G. H. Humphrey.

Does death end all? "If a man die, shall he live again?" "Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?" When Daniel Webster was on his death bed, he whispered his last coherent words, "I still live." Could he, out of the same consciousness, have said the same thing somewhere, somehow, to somebody, an hour after his lion heart had become still and his great brain had become cold? It is supposed that he could. Very few people have ever asserted that death is an eternal sleep. At the opening of the twentieth century it is currently believed that though a man die, his personality will continue; that the ancestors of the race are still somewhere, call it sheol, hades, tartarus, purgatory, heaven, elysium, paradise, valhalla, the grave, the land of shades, or what you will; that the prophets really have an endless existence; that Daniel Webster could as truly say to-day as on the 24th day of October, 1852, "I still live;" and that he can repeat the same fact a million or octillion years later on. This is a well grounded belief, supported by many reasons, and by much circumstantial evidence.

Various views have been held as to the elements entering into the constitution of man. The materialist contends that his constituent

parts are all such as the chemist can analyze and define; that he is wholly of the earth, earthly; that even his mind is only the effervescence or florescence of his physical organism. The ancient Greeks and the earliest Christian fathers held, as many of the lower races hold to-day, that although man is made up of two substances, those substances are both material, one form of the matter being coarse and terrestrial, while the other was ethereal and celestial. Even the gods of the Greeks were supposed to be constituted of refined matter. A prevalent opinion first clearly stated and argued by Plato and Aristotle, and later fastened on Christian theology by Augustine and the school men, and still later woven into the fabric of philosophy by Descartes and other original thinkers, is that there are in man a material and an immaterial substance, the latter being called spirit. Many who favor this view believe that there is an account of the uniting of these distinct substances in Genesis ii: 7: "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Now, the doctrine that man is imperishable is consistent with either and with all of these views. The materialists maintain stoutly that matter and force

are absolutely indestructible. Why, then, is the endless existence of matter and force so combined as to constitute man not a possibility and a probability? The late Prof. Tyn-dall said in his Belfast address: "I find in the matter the promise and the potency of every form of life." Why, then, not the promise and potency of everlasting life?

It has been frequently remarked that nature contains many suggestions that another and higher mode of being awaits man. An allegory of this doctrine has been found in the water lily, starting its ascent in the slime of some pool, slowly working its way up, a thing of no comeliness, until at last it reaches the surface, where in the air and sunshine it discloses and exposes its hitherto hidden treasures of beauty and fragrance. Man in this world, with his vexatious limitations, his unused faculties and his ungratified aspirations, has been compared to an unhatched robin, supposed to be soliloquizing and wondering why he was quickened into life and provided with such possibilities, and yet with no opportunities to exercise them, until finally his surrounding shell is broken, and he enters his enlarged sphere, where he may understand himself better. In the Greek language the word *psyche* meant the human soul and also the butterfly, signifying that as the unsightly and creeping caterpillar is metamorphosed into the beautiful and light-winged butterfly, so man in the transition of death rises from the groveling con-

ditions of his earthly state into the wider and more glorious conditions of his future state. Human immortality is certainly consistent with a method or plan that seems to pervade the physical universe. What scientist or philosopher can determine when and where evolution must cease?

It has been inferred from man's instinctive and universal desire for immortality that he is immortal. The whole system of nature is so constructed that it gives plausibility to this argument. Tendrils or vines presuppose objects that they may seize and cling to. In the animal kingdom the instincts of the young have invariably their counterparts in provisions expressly suited to sustain and protect them. Plato applied this reasoning to the longings of the human soul for immortality, and concluded that man must be designed for an endless existence. Alexander Pope reasoned in the same way when he wrote:

Hope springs eternal in the human
breast,
Man never is, but always to be blessed:
The soul, uneasy, and confined from
home,
Rests and expatiates on a life to come.

Hence, "a life to come" awaits him.

Man's intuitive and universal belief in a future state is a further argument for this article of faith. The fact of this universal belief has been amply shown by Alger in his "Doctrine of a Future Life." The very word cemetery is derived from a Greek verb which means to sleep.

The graveyard, or God's acre, as the Anglo-Saxons called it, is only a dormitory. The classics are full of this idea, from Homer to Whittier. Man cannot, even when he would, get rid of the apprehension expressed in Hamlet's soliloquy, that there may be "something after death" that "must give us pause." What man constitutionally accepts as true or probable is very apt to be so. No theory that does violence to man's nature can be reliable. If you disregard the testimony of the senses, of consciousness, of the instincts and intuitions, you will land in blank nihilism. Do not disregard that testimony on your peril. Believe in your God by believing in your fundamental self. Let the free compass of your soul direct your voyage and you will eventually reach the fair havens.

The teachings of the Holy Scriptures are constant, cogent and cumulative on this subject. The Old Testament is full of this doctrine, yet more in solution and by implication than by express and direct declarations. But, as Paul said, Christ Jesus abolished death, and brought life and incorruption to light, through the gospel. He taught the truth of a continuing life by parables, as in the case of Dives; by miracles, as in the case of Lazarus; and by explicit statements, as in the case of the penitent thief on the cross. The transfiguration proved the unbroken identity and character of Moses and Elijah many centuries after they had passed away. In his discussion with the

Saducees, on one occasion, Jesus asserted that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, though dead and buried long ago, were still living.

But the adamant rock on which the reality of a future life is established and the whole superstructure of the Christian religion rests, and will rest forever, is the stupendous fact of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. That that resurrection actually occurred is better attested than any event in history. The accounts of Caesar's and Bonaparte's careers are very dubious in comparison. The records of Christ's ministry, death, burial, resurrection and ascension, as given by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, are such as will satisfy every candid mind that will examine them thoroughly, that they are literally true. Years ago, two talented and educated Englishmen mutually agreed to disprove the Christian religion by writing each a book, one on "The Conversion of Paul," and the other on "The Resurrection of Christ." They parted and went to work. Some time afterward they met, and lo! both had become firm believers in that which they started out to refute. A close scrutiny of the narratives had made converts of them. No work is better known and more highly esteemed among American and English lawyers than "Greenleaf on Evidence." Simon Greenleaf was a great teacher, a great author and a great judge; but he also composed a book entitled "The Testimony of the Evangelists Administered in Courts of Justice."

In that great work he analyzes and tests and examines and cross-examines the four gospels rigidly, and concludes with the following findings of facts and conclusion of truth:

First—That the gospels are in all respects credible and true.

Two—That the resurrection of Jesus Christ is a fact established beyond a reasonable doubt.

Third—That the religion taught by Jesus is divine and worthy of all acceptance.

•How significant and far-reaching is the fact of Christ's resurrection! It demonstrates that, though a man die, he may nevertheless be alive. It proves the possibility of a general resurrection of all the dead of the ages at the end of the world; while it throws some light on the nature of the resurrection body. As the apostolic theologian said: "But now hath Christ been raised from the dead, the first fruits of them that are asleep. * * * For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." This seems to mean that the resurrection body, reunited with its soul, changed, we know not how, will be proof against decay and death, so that the whole reorganized man will thereafter be imperishable. This is why the expression "Immortality of man" is better than "Immortality of the soul."

It follows from his immortality:

1. That man is crowned with

great dignity and honor. He is distinguished as a prince with God. He is superior to the material universe with all its glory. When the mighty angel, bestriding the sea and the earth, like a gigantic colossus, shall swear by the eternal that time shall be no longer, man's life will be just beginning; and it will be only beginning, beginning, beginning for evermore.

2. A correct view of the future life tends to a correct view of the present life. To a being realizing that eternity awaits him, how comparatively insignificant are all earthly pleasures, treasures and plaudits, and how trifling are all human ills. If we look ahead into the infinite vista of immortality we will have more patience, fortitude and hope in our cares, sorrows and sufferings.

3. Every light casts a shadow. Immortality will not make everybody alike, or equal, in the future state. Beyond death, as on this side of it, character will determine the question of condition. Nor should it be forgotten that wrong-being and wrongdoing here will project their consequences into the remotest cycles of the world to come.

4. Nothing can be more pleasing to people fitted for it than the prospect and contemplation of immortality, for it involves an outlook that is full of everything that is calculated to satisfy rational creatures. In the future state the good will have such environments as will make them completely happy, and such associations as will give them unlimited edification and ineffable delight.

A TOUR OF WALES.

By E. I. Jones, Cincinnati, Ohio.

(Continued.)

PEMBROKESHIRE.

Pembrokeshire occupies the extreme southeastern part of Wales. It is bounded on the north, west and south by the sea; on the east by Carmarthenshire, and for a few miles northeast by Cardiganshire; the river Teivy being the dividing line. The surface of the county is comparatively level, there being only one mountain chain of about ten miles in length, which is in the northeast part of the county. This group or chain, called the Preseley mountains, is 1,758 feet high, being less than one half the height of Snowdon. The highest elevation beside this is Plumstone Down, 586 feet; the next highest is Norchard Beacon, 367 feet. There are four other hills of less height, the lowest being 281 feet. The principal rivers are the east and west branches of the Cleddeu, which rise in the northeast and the northwest parts of the county, and come together at Milford Haven, and form one of the best inland harbors in the kingdom. Much of the land is quite fertile, producing grain of superior quality, and on its pasture a great number of black cattle are fed, which are in great demand in the market. Salt, butter and cheese are exported in considerable quantities. The mineral productions are not of great

value. Coal is found in the southern part, but it is of an inferior quality. Limestone is abundant, and some lead is found. The climate is quite pleasant. In the southern part flowers, vegetables and fruit are produced as early, and in as great perfection, as in any part of the kingdom. The fisheries are very valuable. The oysters of Tenby and of Milford Haven are of superior quality.

This territory was called by the Britons Dyfed, as it was occupied, as we have seen, by the people known as Demetii. The name Pembroke is supposed to come from "Pen Bro," which means promontory or headland. The county contains an area of 611 square miles, with a population of about 95,000. Two-thirds of the population speak the English language exclusively. The southern part of the county is occupied largely by Flemings, who were planted there by Henry I. in the first part of the twelfth century. These Flemings never did use the Welsh language, and the district has been called Little England. Pembrokeshire is rich in castles and ancient churches. The principal towns are Haverfordwest, Milford, Pembroke, St. David's and Tenby.

St. Dogmael's Priory is about one

and a half mile west of Cardigan. It is a small village composed chiefly of fishermen. Its interest to the tourist centers in the ruins of the Priory. This Priory was founded in the days of William the Conqueror, by Martin de Tours, for the reception of Benedictine monks. The place was called by the old Britons "Llandydoch." Martin resided here, and his son continued as one of the chief benefactors of the Priory. The ruins of the Priory have been converted into barns and sheds.

Cilgeran Castle is on the south bank of the river Teivy, about two miles southeast from Cardigan. The remains of the castle stand on a vast naked rock. The remains consist chiefly of two round towers with part of a gateway, and certain wall and fragments of massive bastion. This castle was the scene of many conflicts for many centuries. Henry II. was entertained here by the chiefs of South Wales in 1171:

Stately the feast and high the cheer,
Girt with many an armed peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Within Cilgeran Castle hall;
Sublime in formidable state,
And warlike splendor, Henry sate.

It was at this feast the British bard revealed in song, to the monarch "The Grave of Arthur." Arthur had been dead and buried for more than six hundred years, but the bards had told that he was alive, and would return to avenge his people. It was claimed that crusaders had seen him in the far east; others had seen him on the continent. It

was quite generally believed by the common people in Wales and England that Arthur was living, and would return. This hope cheered the Welsh for renewed conflicts, and caused English warriors to fear. Henry was anxious to remove this hope and fear, and the Welsh bard enabled him to accomplish this. He was told that Arthur had died, and was buried at Glastonbury. The tomb was opened by order of the king. Giraldus Cambrensis, the historian, was present, and saw the bones and sword of the monarch, and the leaden cross in the tombstone, with the inscription, in Latin, that it was the resting place of King Arthur.

Newport is ten miles southwest of Cardigan, at the mouth of the river Nevern and Newport Bay. It is a quiet watering place. A baronial castle was built here by the Norman settlers in 1215. It was destroyed by Llewelyn, but has been restored by a lineal descendant of the first baron. Courts were held here. Numerous Druidical relics are found in the vicinity.

Fishguard is six miles southwest of Newport, and sixteen miles southwest of Cardigan. It is on Fishguard Bay. The natives call it "Abergwaen," as it is at the mouth of the river Gwaen. The harbor is very fine. Ships of the largest size may anchor here with perfect safety. The last French invasion on the English coast was made near this place. On February 22, 1797, the French General Tate landed 1400 men at Llanronda, two and half

miles west of Fishguard. 800 of these men proved to be criminals, liberated from French prisons. The night after the landing was devoted to plunder and intoxication. They surrendered to Lord Cawdor, with a few militia, not half their number. It is said that the intoxicated French were panic stricken on seeing a number of Welsh women in their

west of Fishguard, and thirty miles southwest of Cardigan. It is the most western point in Wales. The urban district contains about 2,000 inhabitants. The place was anciently called Menevia. A religious establishment was founded here at a very early age, and was deemed of the highest importance by the ancient Britons. In the eleventh cen-



Fishguard.

beaver hats and red shawls, ranged on the summit of an adjacent hill. They were taken for an army of British soldiers, and the French hastened to surrender. General Tate sent a flag of truce, and agreed to unconditional surrender. So ended the invasion. Fishguard has a population of nearly 2,000, a weekly market, and five annual fairs. The coast scenery is romantic and grand.

St. David's is fifteen miles south-

tury the ecclesiastical see was transferred from Caerleon on Usk to this place. Seven subordinate bishoprics were included in its pale, namely, Worcester, Hereford, Llandaff, Bangor, St. Asaph, Llanbadarn and Margam. The early church was burned by pirates in 1087, rebuilt in 1180, was damaged by an earthquake in 1248, was restored and enlarged at different times until the present. The present church is a fine structure. It contains the

shrine of St. David, the shrine of St. Caradoc, the effigies of Bishops Le Gras, 1247, Giraldus Cambrensis, Anselm, Magum and others; also the tomb of Edmund Tudor, the father of Henry VII. The shrine of St. David was regarded with peculiar sanctity for ages, and was visited by crowds of pilgrims, whose offerings enriched the ecclesiastics, supplied funds for the adornment, and for the relief of the poor. William the Conqueror visited this shrine as a pilgrim and devotee, and made an offering in 1081. His example was followed by Henry II. in 1171, and by Edward I. and Eleanor, his wife, in 1284. But St. David's was renowned for good and learned men long before the transfer of the ecclesiastical see from Caerleon on Usk to this place. When Alfred the Great ascended his throne in the latter part of the ninth century, he desired to be surrounded by learned men; but had but few such in his kingdom. So he got Grimbold, the Frenchman, the priest and monk, "adorned with every moral excellence, and skilled in vocal music." He got John, the Irishman, "who was acquainted with the treasures of literature, versed in many languages, and accomplished in many arts." And he got Asser, the Welshman, from the western boundary of Wales, known to his countrymen as Geraint Vardd Glas, Bishop of St. Asaph, who then presided at the great college at Menevia, or St. David's. He bore the highest reputation for intelligence, learning and piety. This

sage became King Alfred's most intimate friend and counsellor; his historian and biographer. Asser says, "I was called by the king from the western extremity of Wales, I was benignly received; he asked me earnestly to devote myself to his service, and to become his companion." St. David has been a center of much influence for more than a thousand years.

Haverfordwest is fifteen miles southeast of St. David's, on the banks of the west Cleddeu river. It is near the center of the county, and is the county seat. It has a population of about 7000. It was the border town of the settlement, and the capital of the Flemish community. The town was known to the old Britons by the name of "Hwlfordd." The town was formerly fortified by walls and towers, which have long ago disappeared. Upon a rocky eminence overhanging the river, a strong castle was built by Gilbert de Clare, first Earl of Pembroke, about the middle of the twelfth century. This castle like all others had its banqueting halls and its dark dungeons, where unfortunate prisoners suffered, died and were buried. We are told that the Earl of Clare in the early history of the castle, cast Ivan Ap Meyric, a Welsh chief, into the dungeon. In the absence of the Earl, his three boys would often accompany the jailer to visit the Welsh chief. Ivan made bows and arrows for them, and taught them how to shoot, which pleased them greatly. One day while they and the jailer were

in the dungeon they heard the sound of the trumpet, and knew the Earl was coming. The jailer ran out speedily and left the key inside the prison door. Ivan as by inspiration, saw his chance, and formed his plans. He locked the door, put the key into his pocket, and took up the knife. When the jailer returned for the boys, he found the door locked, and was told by Ivan to tell his master that his three sons should be sacrificed if he was not given his liberty. The Earl came to the dungeon door, and stormed and raved, but to no purpose. Ivan sharpened his knife in the hearing of the Earl. The sons and wife pleaded for Ivan's release, the Earl finally promised Ivan freedom. But Ivan demanded that the promise should be confirmed by an oath before the priest, upon the holy rood. The priest and the rood were brought, the oath was taken in Ivan's hearing, and the door was unlocked. Ivan walked out a free man. Free to breathe the pure air of his native land; free to feast his eyes on hills and valleys that by right were all his own; free to join his loved ones, and his loyal friends. In the days of Glyndwr the castle was held for Henry IV. and for Charles I. during the parliamentary war, but like all others it fell, and has long been in ruins. Milford is seven miles south of Haverfordwest, a port on Milford Haven. It has a population of about 4,000. Its trade has been removed largely to New Milford, four miles east.

Pembroke is three miles south of

New Milford, and ten miles south of Haverfordwest. It is on a branch of Milford Haven. Has a population of about 15,000. The Royal Dockyard, established here in 1814, covers 88 acres of ground, with half mile frontage. It has three ancient churches, and the remains of Monkton Priory, founded in 1098, a fine Norman castle, built by Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, in the twelfth century. Here Henry VII. was born July 26, 1456, and spent a number of his early years. The castle was dismantled under Cromwell.

Carew Castle is four miles east of Pembroke, on an elevated bank, on a branch of Milford Haven. It was formerly the residence of the old British princes. Rhys ap Tewdwr gave it as a marriage portion to his daughter Nest when she married Gerald de Windsor, an Anglo Norman chieftain, to whom the lordship of these parts had been given by Henry I. One of their descendants mortgaged the property to Rhys ap Thomas. Here this Welsh chieftain received Henry, Earl of Richmond, when he landed from France, on the 7th day of August, 1485. Here the Welsh chieftains were gathered, and Henry unfurled the Pendragon, the royal banner of the ancient rulers of Wales. Here a great tournament was held, for five successive days, with 600 Welsh chieftains, and their attendants. All these saw in Henry the blood of their noted ancestors, and as they supposed the restorer of their rights and power. Rhys ap Thomas and Henry, Earl of Rich-

mond, separated to meet at Shrewsbury in Salop. Henry going through Cardigan and Montgomery, and Rhys going through Carmarthen and the eastern counties, rallying the Welsh to Henry's aid. They met at Shrewsbury, and marched southeast through Staffordshire into Leicestershire, where on the 22nd day of August, 1485, the battle of Bosworth field was fought. We are told that Richard III. "was brought to the ground by a blow from the battle-axe of Sir Rhys ap Thomas, who, placing the crown of the fallen monarch upon the head of his fellow-countryman, thus by British hands, restored the kingdom to the ancient British line." Henry was crowned as Henry VII. at Westminster Abbey, October 30 of the same year.

Tenby is six miles southeast of Carew Castle, and ten miles east of Pembroke. The town rests on a long narrow promontory on Carmarthen Bay. The promontory curves into a crescent toward the east and terminates in a peninsular rock. On this rock are the ruins of an old castle. The town was originally founded by the Flemings. In the days of Henry II. Richard Strongbow contributed largely to the fortifying of the place. The old town of Tenby was surrounded by walls, a considerable portion of which remain. Formerly it was a

port of much importance. After the days of Queen Elizabeth it greatly declined as a port. It is now a growing watering place, and has a population of about 5,000. Narberth is a small town ten miles north of Tenby. It is situated on a branch of the East Cleddeu. It has a population of from 1,200 to 1,500. The ruins of a Norman fortress crown the summit of a hill at the entrance of the town. This fortress was built in the twelfth century by Andrew Perrott, and garrisoned by Flemings. It was given by Henry VIII. to Sir Rhys ap Thomas. The fortress suffered as others during the Parliamentary wars. The manor and castle are now the property of Baron de Rutzen, who has greatly improved the place.

We have now visited the principal places in Pembrokeshire. Have found much of interest in its old Castles and Cathedral. We have found that a king of England was born, and received his early impressions in this county. Was again welcomed here on his return to contend for the crown of England. We have found that some of the best men, and greatest scholars of ancient times lived and taught at St. David's in this county. The county has been largely under the control of England for over 800 years. We shall now journey eastward a few miles, and enter Carmarthenshire.

THE RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

By Daniel Phillips, M. A.

This intricate, mysterious and gigantic system which exerted such powerful influence over the destiny of so large a portion of the human race embraced religion, education and government. Religion underlied and interpenetrated the whole system. It was religion amplified and subdivided. Out of it education and government evolved. Religion inspired, actuated and controlled the whole. Druidism was patriarchalism enlarged and corrupted. The monotheism of the primitive era became the polytheism of after ages. The simple worship of one God became the complex worship of many. The hosts of heaven and the marvellous of earth were deified. The sun and moon took their places among the gods. The planets and the satellites received divine worship. The earth and the elements of nature became household gods. Their names in the Cymric language have for the most part passed into oblivion, and now mostly known by names given them by the Greek and Latin languages. Images of them were entirely unknown, and they were represented simply by crude and massive objects in nature till a late period when they came in contact with Greek and Latin civilization. Caesar in his "Commentaries" on the Gallic wars mentions six of these divinities, and gives them the

names of Roman divinities, which they more or less resembled. "All the Gauls," he writes, "assert that they are descended from the god Dis, and say that this tradition has been handed down from the Druids." "They worship as their divinity, Mercury in particular, and have many images of him, and regard him as the inventor of all arts; they consider him the guide of their journeys and marches, and believe him to have great influence over the acquisition of gain and mercantile transactions. Next to him they worship Apollo and Mars, Jupiter and Minerva; respecting these deities they have for the most part the same belief as other nations: that Apollo averts diseases; that Minerva imparts the invention on manufacture; that Jupiter possesses the sovereignty of the heavenly powers, and that Mars preside over wars."

"It appears to me," remarks James Logan, a learned antiquarian of Scotland, "that the principal deity was the sun; Belus, Belemus or Baal." Herodian says: "The Aquileians worshipped this god, whom they considered the same as Apollo, whence we see why the Hyperborei especially venerated him, for he was the personification of that luminary. The Caledonians worshipped this deity under the name of Baal, or

Beil, and to his honor lighted fires on Midsummer's day, or the first day of May. This festival, which is not yet discontinued, was called "Baal-tein" or "Beltain," signifying the fire of Baal, and was formerly commemorated so generally that it became a term in Scots' law, which is yet in use. The practice of lighting fires on Midsummer's arose from the circumstance of the Druids having at that time caused all fires to be extinguished, to be rekindled from the sacred fire that was never allowed to expire. It is surprising that this sacred flame of Vesta should be preserved for ages after the extinction of the religion by Christian priests. It was no earlier than A. D. 1220 that Loundres, Archbishop of Dublin, extinguished the perpetual fire, which was kept in a small cell near the church of Kildare; but so firmly rooted was the veneration for this fire that it was relighted in a few years, and actually kept burning until the suppression of the monasteries. This fire was attended by virgins, women of quality called Inghean and Dagha, daughters of fire, and Breochuidh, or the fire-keepers, from which they have been confounded with the nuns of St. Brigid. A writer in the "Gentlemen's Magazine" (A. D. 1795) says, being in Ireland the day before Midsummer's day, he was told that in the evening he should see the lighting of the fire in honor of the sun at midnight; and Riche describes the preparation for the festival in these words:

"What watching, what rattling, what tinkling upon pannes and candlesticks, what strewing of hearbes, what clamors and other ceremonies are used," and all apparently in Dublin itself. Spenser says, "On kindling the fire the Irish always made a prayer. A practice of the cooks at Newcastle, who light bonfires on Midsummer, may be derived from the Beltein rites; and the chimney-sweeps of London and other parts who go in procession and dance in grotesque dresses, appear to represent the ancient fire worshipers at their holiday amusements." The Highlanders passed through the fire to Baal as the ancient gentiles did; and they thought it a religious duty to walk around their fields and flocks with burning matter in their right hands, a practice once universal throughout the country." The Northern nations had an equal veneration for fire, preserving it continually on their altars." Piorus was the chief God of the Poles, and two places where he was worshiped are known. At Wilna, where one of them was situated, the altar is still preserved in the Cathedral, and it is related that his image stood under an oak with fire constantly burning before it." Lucian gives the following curious account of the Gallic Hercules: "The Gauls in their language call him Ogmios, and they represent him as a decrepit old man, bald, with beard extremely gray, and wrinkled, sunburnt, swarthy skin. But what is most strange is, that he draws after

him a multitude of men all tied by the ears, the cords by which he does this being five chains, artificially made of gold and electrum like most beautiful bracelets; and though the men are drawn by such slender bonds, yet none of them think of breaking loose, but cheerfully follow. The right hand being occupied with a club, and the left with a bow, the minister has fixed the chains in a hole in the tip of the god's tongue, who turns about smiling on those he leads. I looked upon these things for a great while, but a certain Gaul who stood by, and who, I believe, was one of the philosophers, the Druids, speaking Greek in perfection, said: "I will explain to you, O stranger, the enigma of this picture. We, Gauls, do not suppose, as you Greeks, that Mercury is speech or eloquence, but we attribute it to Hercules, because he is far superior in strength. Do not wonder that he is represented as an old man, for speech alone loves to show its vigor in old age, if your poets speak true, and finally, as for us, we are of the opinion that Hercules accomplished all his achievements by speech; and, having been a wise man, he conquered mostly by persuasion. We think his arrows were keen reasons, penetrating the souls of men, whence, among yourselves, is the expression winged words."

The consecrated spot, under the oak, where the primitive inhabitants of the earth, and among them the godly patriarchs of the Hebrew

commonwealth worship the God of heaven, enlarged into groves planted by the hand of nature or by the hand of man; and then into open fields, surrounded by massive walls in the heart of extensive forests to enclose the sacred area, and exclude the profane earth, and to inspire the mind of the people with the grandeur and sublimity of the worship. The temples were in the form of a circle, typical it may be of eternity, without beginning and without end, and of the Sun, Sol, the god of fire, whom they supremely worshipped. The walls of these temples were built of huge stones, placed perpendicular, so far apart, with horizontal stones on the top from one to the other till the circle was complete, and the walls were finished. The dome of these temples, even after the lapse of so many centuries, was the canopy of heaven with the sun, moon and stars to light them. Surely nothing came between the Druidic worshippers and the brilliant countenances of their celestial divinities. All they had to do was to turn their faces heavenward to receive the beams of their approbation.

These Druidic temples, which rose from the foundation of simple worship, and which for centuries astonished the world with their vastness and significance, spread over the whole earth. In Asia, Europe, and Africa groves and woods consecrated to the worship of the gods were many. Even in Palestine, the land of the chosen people, the mon-

otheistic oak multiplied into polytheistic groves, which God forbade and destroyed. The temple of Jupiter Ammon in Egypt was surrounded by trees. The sacred grove of Apollo in Greece was, peradventure, called "Carneus," from the stone temple within it. "The Germans consecrated groves and woods, which were named from the gods, and amid the gloom and quiet of this seclusion they contemplated their divinities in deep reverence." "Within these groves, which were

generally on conspicuous situations, were raised their rude but impressive temples, where on festive occasions the people met in great numbers." The Jerusalem or Mecca of the Gauls was in the country of the Carnutes, between the Seine and Loire, where now stands Chartres, and where in ancient times assembled all the inhabitants of Gaul on special occasions to worship their divinities, and submit their disputes to the decision of the Druids.



MUSIC NOTES.

By William ApMadoc, Chicago.

It is pleasant to learn, once in a while, that our "Music Notes" are read, and prove to be a stimulant to further study. A number of inquiries have reached me lately, one as to what books on "Music-biography" are most useful and reasonable in prices. The Chicago weekly "Musical Times" announced in a recent number that the writer is doing good work by urging the formation of musical clubs and musical circles among the young Welsh-Americans in the West and Northwest, and that Thomas Tapper's "First Studies in Musical Biography," published by Theodore Presser, Philadelphia, is recommended as the most practical book of the kind for classes and all other students. All this, I believe, is true enough. The price of this priceless

volume is one dollar and fifty cents, with fine cuts of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, and Wagner, also a number of additional cuts of interesting scenes in the lives of these great masters. Really, this book is "a thing of beauty," and "a joy forever." Mr. Tapper is a winning writer, and possesses the necessary poetic temperament. The book cultivates the memory by teaching contemporary historical of several countries to the lives of each composer. This is admirable in the way of additional cuts of interesting biography, there are "Tabular Views," and "Questions" upon the readings. The musical clubs and circles that are becoming more numerous each year, and have been a

blessing to many communities, will make no mistake in adopting Thomas Tapper's "First Studies" as textbook.

In the death of the late Sir John Stainer, the musical world has lost one of its ablest scholars, and loftiest characters. After this loss following so closely that of Sir Arthur Sullivan, we may well say, we are poor indeed. Sir John Stainer was not professor of music at Oxford at the time of his death, as many newspapers assert. He resigned the position months ago. Sir Hubert Parry was appointed his successor. Sir John was the composer of the cantatas "The Daughter of Jairus," "St. Mary Magdalene," "The Crucifixion," besides anthems, songs, chorals, &c. He stood at the head of his profession in Great Britain, as scholar and teacher. "The Dictionary of Musical Terms," published jointly with W. A. Barrett, is a standard authority in this line. His writings upon harmony, composition, the science of music and other subjects, are among the best. He was fully honored for his scholarship "while yet living," and was looked upon as one of the most proficient of contemporary scientific musicians.

More than once have we heard the question: "Why should there be a concertmeister in the Orchestra?" And again, in one of the Chicago Orchestra concerts: "Mr. Theodore Thomas, it seems, is a sufficient 'Meister' for the whole crowd." The following from the John Church

Company's "Music and Musicians" explains matters:

"According to Berlioz, the origin of the leadership of the 'concertmeister,' or first violin, in an orchestra, arose from the deafness of Beethoven, when the musicians, in order that they might keep together, eventually agreed to follow the slight indications of time which the concertmeister gave them, and not to attend to Beethoven's conducting stick. Every amateur knows, moreover, that until a comparatively recent period the conductor himself played a violin or sat at the piano to indicate the tempo. Sir George Grove thinks that Spohr was the first to use a baton, at a Philharmonic concert in 1820. There is, however, a tradition that Henrich Albert used a conductor's stick in Germany as early as the first half of the seventeenth century."

In view of the following from Thibaut, how many of to-day's composers will stand the test, and be "saved:" "The divinity of music is only perceived when it lifts us into an ideal condition of existence; and the composer who does not do this much, is, as far as we are concerned, a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water." There is not the least danger of erring by adding to the above that quite a number of American "hewers of wood and drawers of water" have made handsome financial fortunes by many successful bids for the popularity of the lower strata—much shame to the publishers who have issued their "wood" and "wa-

ter" products. Let us give thanks that the "rag-time" insanity has passed, never to return, we hope. It is the belief of many good musicians, and men of education, that the "rag-time craze" gave a ten-year set-back to musical thought, taste and interpretation among tens of thousands of young people.

While listening lately to Bach numbers played by the Chicago Orchestra, and finding the large cultured audience getting into ecstasies over their beauty and their symmetrical perfection, we were reminded of the sonnet to Bach, composed lately by Carmen Sylva (Queen of Roumania), which exemplifies the truth that the sister-muses, poesy and song, are the best interpreters of one another. Even the Queen-poet prays for light and guidance when the greatest of masters speaks:

"Come let me plunge beneath thy
mighty wave;
Immerse me in the current of thy mind;
Thy thoughts which spread like branches
intertwined,
All let me know! Thy guiding hand I
crave!
Thy voice shall cheer my pathway to
the grave,
Like springing water in a cavern
blind,
Or in white desert some oasis kind.
My care to live thy harmony shall save,
Thy meaning, Master, let me comprehend;
Upon thy giant form mine eyes would
gaze;
Toward my basalt dome my feet would
press!
O! let my prayers thy Temple steps
ascend,

Mine eyes enjoy thy heavenly Hymn of
Praise

Till all my soul forget its weariness."

Writers in the magazines and elsewhere continue to say substantial things of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. It seems that he was more revered than any musician of the last forty years. Not since the death of Sir William Sterndale Bennett has the music world shown so much sorrow. It is safe to say that he was the most popular composer Great Britain ever produced. The John Church Company, of Cincinnati, had the honor of publishing the last two songs composed by the beloved master. It was Mr. Kennerley Rumford, who sang them from manuscript last fall, and their success was instantaneous. Their titles are "O Swallow, Swallow," and "Tears, Idle Tears." The reader of poetry perceives at once that the words are chosen from the interspersed immortal lyrics of Tennyson's "Princess." Quite a number of musicians have set these lyrics to music, but none have succeeded so melodiously and interpretively as Sir Arthur. This great man is judged, not by his beautiful operettas, but by his sacred, orchestral and lyric productions. He was a true apostle of the divine art, and it was he who made the following strong claim for music before an illustrious audience: "I am not here to explain why music should be cultivated, nor to apologize to superior-minded persons for its existence, nor to speak humbly with bated breath of its

merits; but I claim for it boldly and proudly its place amongst the great things and the great influences in the world."

We are too prone to think that through poems only can the spirit and thought of a nation be made manifest. Melodies have their testimony also. The voice and spirit of Cambria is heard and felt clearly enough in the poems of its ablest writers too numerous to be mentioned. Welsh melodies tell the same national story—we mean the old, perfect and exquisite national airs. But what shall we say of the musical productions of that period during which music has been the dominant element in our *Eisteddfodau*? Have these compositions any lasting qualities? Do they reflect anything that is nationalistic? Instrumentally speaking, have we anything we can boast of, and exhibit to the world as something characteristically Cambrian? I trust our readers will ponder these questions. We read of how Frederic Chopin, poet of the pianoforte, pictures the woes of Poland in his thrilling effusions. We are told that he was trained in the history, distress and spirit of poor bleeding Poland. Chopin at twenty-one years of age, by his training, his

own love for his native land, and master of the piano, leaves his home to face the world, yes, and to teach the world the struggles, self-defence, and the liberty-love of Poland. The deep pathos and pervading melancholy of most of his compositions tell the story of his soul. Wales, which has suffered much woe and sorrow, which has voiced its history and distress in poesy, should, by this time, produce a Chopin. Is it not time that our vaunted music-love, should bring forth one great piano composer? Are there any signs of his coming? Will he ever come? I believe he will. Some day, perhaps not in the near future, a great Welsh piano-poet will rise to interpret the genius of Cambria in immortal strains; some one, who like Chopin, will "speak new things, well worth hearing, and find new ways of saying things." Wales, in its history, its struggles, its love of liberty, its loss of independence, its harp, song and poem, its hills and valleys, its rivers and lakes, its castles and natural battlements, its pulpit, Bible and God will furnish material enough to satisfy the Chopin-like soul of the coming Welsh poet of the pianoforte.



FIELD OF LETTERS

LLUSERN Y FFYDD, sef Proffion Cristionogaeth, translated by the Rev. J. Isaac Hughes, Holland Patent, N. Y. Published by T. J. Griffiths, "Y Drych" Office, Utica, N. Y. Price 35c.

This is the third edition of Bishop Whateley's celebrated treatise translated into Welsh by the Rev. Mr. Hughes, to which are added Two Sermons by the translator, entitled "The Unchangeableness of Christ," and "The Christian Ministry." This edition makes its appearance in new garb, with a new title-page and a good portrait of the Translator and Author. Mr. Hughes is well known in New York State, and was for some time pastor of the M. C. Church at Olyphant, Pa. The other editions having been sold, friends of Mr. Hughes have induced him to publish the "Proffion" for the third time, on which has been bestowed a new name, viz., "The Lamp of Faith." In the translated argument the reader will find some of the most substantial and remarkable reasons adduced in support of the Christian religion, and every Welshman who loves and respects the religion of his fathers will welcome this little book as a valuable contribution to Welsh literature. Its contents are of an elevating nature, and cannot fail to strengthen the faith and comfort the minds of Christian readers. It may be had of the Translator and Author.

In "Cymru'r Plant" for April, the Editor makes a beautiful plea on behalf of the little birds, now that spring brings them into view. Let the children be merciful towards the little birds, he says. He draws attention to their nests, and the white, blue and

spotted eggs of such beauty. Look at them but touch them not. Robbing a bird's nest, he goes on to say, breeds a spirit of cruelty in the young heart. Spare little birds' nests and your children will experience in your soul a sense of happiness.

In the "Haul" for March, we find a sensible paper on "Our Hearthstones." There is ground to fear that the home is losing its hold on the people—the young people. They are doing all that is possible to leave it and stay out of it. Very few, now, as in former times, love to remain at home at nights, reading, studying, treasuring the Bible in their memory, as our fathers and mothers used to love to do. Now the boys crave for plays—rough and degenerating plays, and the girls for outward show and silly amusement. The home is merely used as a roost, after the day's folly and wanderings have done, and this has a bad effect on the young people's life. It is worth observing that the Welsh "dof" is derived from the Latin "domus," "the house" or "the home." The house or "the home" is the beginning and the end of civilization, and things tend to savagery when detached from the habitation of man. Even when away from home, the home should be our chief attraction and inspiration. The home should be extended into the outside world, not the outside into the home. The home is the heart of civilization.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for April presents a portrait and short sketch of John Jones Griffiths, Penygraig, S. W. Mr. Griffiths is one of the most prominent

and active Welsh public men of South Wales and is connected with almost every good and beneficent movement in religion and politics. He is a member of the Forward Movement Committee. He is also a member of the County Council, of the Cardiff University Court, Chairman of the Technical Institute Committee, Police Board, Secretary of the Temperance League, &c. Mr. Jones Griffiths is a native of Aberystwyth, where he was born in 1839. He is a schoolmaster by profession, but has retired from teaching in order to devote all his time to his manifold social, political and religious duties.

—In the April number attention is attracted to a device by W. T. Owen, Crayford Road, London, to teach the geography of Palestine by covering the map of Wales with Bible names. There is considerable likeness between Wales and Canaan in position as well as shape. This plan will give the Welsh student a fair idea of the location and distances of Biblical towns, villages and places.

In the "Cerdor" "Musical Fables" and "Welsh Music" are continued by the Editors. In the latter, there are many interesting facts—in fact, the sketch is worthy of study. No. 59, in the "Gallery of Musicians" is D. C. Williams, a native of Llanwrtyd, S. W., where he was born in 1871. Mr. Williams studied under Dr. Parry in Cardiff, where he was appointed assistant professor of music in the University. He has composed several songs, quartets, anthems, glees, choruses and cantatas. He has also written for organ and piano. His best known cantata is "Traeth y Lafan," which took the prize at the Rhyf National Eisteddfod. Among the Notes are many things to amuse and instruct. The "Cerdor" has a quick eye, especially to certain literary and musical failings or peccadilloes. We must not forget that perfection is made of trifles.

—In "This and That," it is said "that there are many cases of vocal shipwrecks, these days, by reason of the incompetency and ignorance of teachers. Some of them even deliberately spoil voices. This is generally the complaint in England, the fact being that twentys are spoiled in London." The Universities of Wales promise to become the schools of music in the near future. There is something musical in the mountain air of Wales.

Among the articles in the "Drysorfa" for April are "Moses Leaving Egypt;" "Celebrated Old Deacons;" "Calvinism" (III.); "A Page Out of H. Harris's Diary;" and Monthly Notes. In "Monthly Notes" the Editor makes a few pertinent and piquant remarks on an article by J. Arthur Price in the March number of "Young Wales," wherein that writer regrets the disappearance of superstition from among the Welsh people. He seems to long after the folk-lore, the harpings, the dancing, the weddings and the wakes of former ages, "And who can say," he proceeds, "whether in those stories and customs, there was not a deeper relation to the hidden mysteries of the unseen world, nay, a closer touch with Apostolic Christianity, than in all the Genevan dogmatics of the 'Trysorfa Ysbrydol,' or even the 'Hyfforddwr?'" The Editor of "Y Drysorfa" is astonished at the puerile even imbecile remarks in "Young Wales," and justly so. There is something enchanting in the contemplation of the ages of fairies, brownies, ghosts, spooks, pucks, magic and the various nightmares of the uncultivated imagination of the childhood of man; but there is no man in his right mind, that would exchange the light of modern civilization for the darkness and superstitions of "Cymru Fu." It is only a diseased mind would think of such a folly. There is reason to fear that this notion of "Codi Cymru yn ei

hol" is turning the heads of some of our semi-modernized Welsh.

"Tom Paine and the Rights of Man" is continued in "Cwrs y Byd." Then follow a dialogue between Gwen and Anne on superstition: "Here and There" by the Editor furnishes material for thought as usual. Space is given to the discussion of Spiritualism. The "Notes" are also entertaining and amusing. The following are gleanings from the pages of "Cwrs"

—It is not strange the way Catholics take advantage of sectarianism in Wales. In Pontypridd, recently, two Roman Catholics were elected on the School Board.

—In the "Carmarthen Journal" there appeared last fall a complaint that it was almost impossible to get farm laborers and servants. "Cwrs" gives the reason for this. In times gone by, farmers used to over-work laborers and servants to such an extent that they emigrated into the iron and coal regions of Glamorgan or into the cities and towns. They will never return until a policy of fairness and equality is inaugurated. The old agricultural dispensation will have to pass away for ever.

—"Cwrs" observes that people do not mourn after the departed as sincerely and long as was the custom in the old time, forty years ago. Is the human heart waxing colder? However, he says, it is a fact, that there was more sorrowing then in one funeral than in forty now.

In the "Dysgedydd" for April we find the following articles: Alfred Davies, M. P. (with portrait)). He succeeds Sir John Jones Jenkins as Member for the Carmarthen and Llanelly Boroughs. He was born in 1848, and was educated at Norwood and Mill Hill. He has been successful in business. He is a strong Nonconformist and a thorough Liberal and a strenuous advocate of the dis-

establishment and disendowment of the Church. He also takes much interest in municipal and social movements. "The Place of the Imagination in Preaching" is an interesting paper by the Rev. J. M. Rees of London. Then follow "Sir John Elliot;" "Mission Lessons;" "Agriculture in Wales a Hundred Years Ago;" "The Teachings of the Free Churches;" "Events of the Month" by the Editor. Reviews, reports, poems, &c., &c.

—In his paper on the "Place of the Imagination in Preaching," the writer says that as "the imagination has an important place in preaching, it should be especially cultivated and trained. It is the preacher's common mistake to confine himself too much to the study of systematic theology and philosophy. On the train one day a man saw Henry Ward Beecher reading a book on the history of gems, and said to him: "You read everything, Mr. Beecher?" "Yes," responded he, "everything except theology." It would be a blessing to many a preacher, would he read more non-theological books. Communion with nature and with literature dealing with nature, poetry, and even a novel, once and again, would help to cultivate the imagination and make it brighter." A majority of sermons are mere dry skeletons with very little skin on, and often without the slightest trace of life. A sermon should be the most living thing in literature and public speaking. Imagination is the most powerful agent of civilization.

"Reminiscences of the late Archdeacon Griffiths" by Watcyn Wyn, in the "Ceninen," is pleasant and pathetic reading. The Archdeacon was known throughout the southern parts of the Principality by the name "Griffiths Castellnedd," and he was a grand specimen of a liberal minded, honorable and venerable Churchman. In sympathy with his people, their language, their

religion, their customs, a fine preacher himself, honored by ministers and members of all sects, with a truly national spirit, pleasant and loveable, and loved by all, his simple name of "Griffiths Castellnedd" is as good as a principality. The greatest men Wales have had are possessed of such simple and unadorned titles, viz., their names coupled with the little town or village they resided in, or the little cottages they were born in. Our nobility are such men as Jones Llanddowror, Prichard Llanddyfri, Rowlands Llangetho, Charles o'r Bala, John Elias o Fon, Evans Eglwysbach, etc., etc. Christmas Evans was great enough to stand simply on his bare name. Wales would have been a nation of Churchmen to-day had such ministers as Griffiths Castellnedd been left in charge of the establishment. The Church was destroyed by aliens and foreigners, and by the apostate Welsh clergy.

Among the articles and papers of "Young Wales" for April are "Extracts from Iolo Morganwg's Note Book," an interesting description; "An Old-Time Gentleman of Wales," which gives us an insight into Welsh civilization in past ages; "The Disillusions of John Probert;" "A Maid of Cymru" (II.); "Ein Dewi Sant;" "Book of the Month;" "Welshmen Beyond Offa's Dyke;" "Wales and the Royal Arms;" Wales; Month by Month; Notes, etc.

—In the article "An Old-Time Gentleman of Wales," T. Stephens writes, "The lady of the house was much honored, as the laws of Hywel testify. She enjoyed a large measure of freedom. No slave was she to her husband. If he miscondacted himself, she had her remedy in instant divorce. Altogether, as long as she conducted herself properly, her position was one of great dignity. The "Triads" sometimes indicate a condition of things not without its troubles. For example: "The three chief perils of a woman—a pretty

face, a foolish head and a proud heart." Ladies and gentlemen usually paid great attention to personal appearance. The young ladies of the house were skillful in the art of conversation, and entertained strangers with as much charm and fascination as a young lady of our day does.

—In "Ein Dewi Sant," Sir W. H. Preece, K.C.B., F.R.S., writes, "It is curious to note the changes in our Saint's name, Dewi, Davy, Taffy, Dafydd, Davyd, etc., changes brought about principally by our peculiar mutation of consonants. The appearance of Welsh in type leads the ignorant to imagine that it is a rough and crackjaw language, but the Lord's Prayer recited in that language by an educated tongue, will, for softness and sweetness, equal, if not excel, the far-famed musical Italian. My father once, as a wager, won a new hat, by asserting that Welsh was softer than any other European language. The first Judge Chitty awarded him the prize after his recitation of the Lord's Prayer.

A valuable contribution to the literature of the "Cronicle" is a series of articles by "Elder" on the Congregational Churches. The question of religion and morals among church members is discussed in a practical manner. Especial attention should be attracted to this condition of religious life among the Welsh. The writer complains against the selfishness and niggardliness of church members. But the most serious charges are those made against whole classes of Welsh, viz., their lack of respect for truth and honesty in their dealings with each other. If these charges are true to any appreciable degree, it must be the outcome of moral weakness and deterioration. It also points to a dereliction of duty on the part of ministers and churches. Our ministers are too much inclined to preaching theologies and theories apart from actual and practical social truths.

We should have paid more attention to common veracity and honesty. Too much emphasis has been laid on "faith through hearing" instead of "life through acting."

—In "Religious Notes" Eynon observes with satisfaction that the union of the Free Churches promises great good in the future. It will hasten the liberation of religion in Great Britain. Although no politics was discussed in the convention at Cardiff, yet the "Western Mail" even admitted that the movement has a political significance in relation to Disestablishment. Eynon regrets that the Welsh Baptists did not take part in this Simultaneous Movement of the Free Churches, and he feels like repeating the song of Deborah and Barak, especially the portion of the song applicable to those who "came not out to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

—In "The Story of the Month," the Editor gives a graphic description of the struggle and distress of the Penrhyn strikers. Business in the district has been almost ruined, and the whole community pauperized by reason of the absolutism of "one" man. In a free community, by reason of the laws of property, thousands can be impoverished by the exercise of one arbitrary ruler! There can be no true liberty under the present form of government.

There are many attractive things in the March number of "Cymru." "Welsh History" is continued; "Castle Building;" "Pre-historic Man;" "The Welsh in Jamaica;" "Shon Price;" "Aberystwyth's Old Schoolmasters;" "A Bunch of Heather" (A Tale); "The Fairies;" "Morris Roberts, of Remsen" (a sketch); "An Interesting Burial Place;" "The Autobiography of a Sailor;" "Gelligaer;" "Alfred Hughes;" "Caredigion's Songs;" "Jane Hughes, Pont-robert;" and a fine collection of songs.

The illustrations are "The Cross at Derwen" (frontispiece); Peter Williams. Gwalchmai; E. O. Jones; On the Glaslyn River; The Earth's Ancientest Plants; Sea Lilies; Graptolites, &c.

—"We are fond of conversing of the old times of our fathers and grandfathers, fancying how ancient and wonderful those times were; how we enjoy to hear an old man telling tales of his grandfather or greatgrandfather! We are used to believe that our grandfathers lived in pre-historic ages. How the Welsh patriot loves to hear talk of Arthur, Caradog, Caswallon, Hu Gadarn, and others. To-day, we go much further back, past tradition, through the ages of stone, metal, etc., through the long geological periods, into the gray morning of life and the midnight of chaos! Science has done all this. Wonderful!"—"Cymru."

—In "Welsh in Jamaica," the lives and careers of several Welsh adventures are sketched briefly, and among them, John Vaughan and Henry Morgan, the renowned buccaneer. Morgan was born at Llanrhymney, Glamorgan, S. W., and was kidnapped when young and taken to the Barbadoes. Thence he escaped to Jamaica, where an uncle of his, Edward Morgan, was lieutenant-governor. He served as an officer on board ships which cruised after Spanish ships, during which period he became notable as a daring sea-captain. For conquests over the Spanish he became celebrated beyond his comrades. It is supposed that the extreme cruelties ascribed to him are exaggerated. He and Madyford were re-called, but he soon regained favor at court, and was appointed lieutenant governor of Jamaica in 1674. Subsequently he became rather popular, and it was reported after his death that his designs were beneficial and all his actions made for an orderly government, and the enjoyment of liberty and security.

SCIENTIFIC

Politely sitting still increases the probability of taking cold. People are becoming less hardy and more sensitive physically, so that well-ventilated living spaces are a modern necessity if human efficiency is to be maintained.

Laws are framed and repealed by human beings. So that it is not some sociological "iron law" but ordinary man-made law that produces slavery. The slavery of our times is very clearly and definitely produced not by some "iron" elemental law, but by human enactments.

In the study of science there is least wrangling, least tyranny, least bigotry, no persecution. It teaches charity, it teaches a well-ordered life, it teaches the world to be more kind. It is the great new path of knowledge into the future.—James Lane Allen.

M. Camille Flammarion, the celebrated astronomer, has been studying the effect of colored light on silk-worms. White light yields the maximum, and blue light the minimum, production of silk. Next to white light, the purple of the red end of the spectrum gives the best results. Blue rays increase the number of males, and "warm rays" the number of eggs laid by the females.

The fall of two of the stones of the outer circle of Stonehenge, on the last evening of the nineteenth century, directs attention to the necessity for at once taking steps to preserve this remarkable prehistoric monument. The stones ought to be replaced while their original positions are clearly remembered, and before public interest in their fall has subsided. An engineer, writing to "The Times," suggests a method of

undermining the stones and imbedding them in a foundation of concrete or cement.

Among the Jews animals may not be killed; they may be "sacrificed," and the "sacrificed" may be eaten; but the sacrifice must be made under certain ritual and religious rules, and by a man specially consecrated for the purpose. This is the meaning of the "kosher" requirement in meat.

It turns out that analysis of the hair of beer drinkers who have imbibed arsenic with their liquor, shows a very appreciable proportion of that poison on being analysed. This shows that the poison is partly excreted or got rid of by the hair, and this is not surprising perhaps when we find the skin to be itself an important organ of excretion. In the hair of healthy persons it is said arsenic is capable of being detected, but in infinitesimal amount.

The pleasurable stage of intoxication is due in part to the widened range of emotional tone; the normal limits of both pleasure and pain are passed: the feeling of personal safety and self-confidence is largely increased. The increased social feeling evidently depends upon these changes, for the two important conditions of social comfort are self-confidence and (perhaps as a result of this) freedom from suspicions in regard to others.

The prehistoric mines at Hartville, Wyoming, have been examined by Prof. George Dorsey, Curator of the Columbian Museum, Chicago, who finds that the Indians, in addition to working the mines, were also extensively engaged in manufacturing various instruments.

Around the village the ground was strewn with fragments of flint and partly constructed arrows, lances, hammers, etc., showing that the people who worked these quarries carried on the manufacture of household and warlike instruments near at hand, the finishing being done by the women and children, in their lodges, while the men were at work quarrying. Dr. Dorsey will spend the summer in making further investigations.

When people behave badly they always invent a philosophy of life which represents their bad actions to be not bad actions at all, but merely results of unalterable laws beyond their control. In former times, such a view of life was found in the theory that an inscrutable and unalterable will of God existed, which foreordained to some a humble position and hard work, and to others an exalted position and the enjoyment of the good things of life.—Tolstoi.

The air as it leaves the lungs contains nitrogen 79.5 per cent., oxygen 16.0 per cent, carbon dioxide 4.4 per cent., and is saturated with vapor. There has therefore taken place an interchange of gases (called the respiratory exchange) by which oxygen has passed into the fluids of the body and carbon dioxide into the air contained within the lung-cells. Only about one-fifth of the total oxygen is abstracted.

Where food-materials are abundant, of known value, and without foreign admixture, there the general welfare of the people is satisfactory, barring sanitary errors in other directions. Where opportunity is given for the unscrupulous dealer to increase his gains at the expense of the health and lives of the people, children, especially, it is eagerly seized upon, and milk diluted with water, colored with coal-tar products, and preserved with borax or

formal-dehyde is furnished so long as the community is ignorant enough to permit it.—“Air, Water and Food.”

Opposite the house in which I live is a factory of silk goods, built with the latest technical improvements. Three thousand women stand, for twelve hours a day, at the looms amid a deafening roar; winding, unwinding, arranging the silk threads to make silk stuffs. All the women (except those who have just come from the villages) have an unhealthy appearance. Almost all, whether married or unmarried, as soon as a child is born, send it off either to the village or to the Foundlings' Hospital, where 80 per cent. perish. For fear of losing their places, the mothers resume work the next day, or on the third day after confinement.—Tolstoi in “Slavery of our Times.”

Simultaneously there will probably continue, in the same direction as heretofore, changes in church government. That fostering of individuality which accompanies development of the industrial type of society, must cause increase of local independence in all religious organizations, and along with the acquirement of complete autonomy by each religious body, there is likely to be a complete loss of the sacerdotal character by any one who plays the part of minister. That relinquishment of priestly authority which has already gone far among Dissenters, will become entire.—Herbert Spencer.

In the absence of a dissidence sufficiently great to produce secession, there is everywhere a large amount of expressed disagreement on minor points, among those holding what is supposed to be the same body of belief. Perhaps the most curious instance of this is furnished by the Established Church. I do not refer simply to its divisions into high, low and broad; all implying more or less of a nonconform-

ing spirit within it. I refer more especially to the strange anomaly that the ritualists are men who, while asserting priestly authority, are themselves rebels against priestly authority—defy their ecclesiastical superiors in their determination to assert ecclesiastical supremacy.—Spencer.

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WRITERS AS PHYSICIANS.

The great writer is really a good physician, a physician of the body and the mind. Little did Shakespeare, or Scott, or Dickens, dream of the diffused power which would radiate from their works and lighten up the minds of countless sufferers. A chapter from "Pickwick" is as good as a tonic—better than most tonics, because we know and see all its constituent elements. A play of Shakespeare's is a deep draught of purifying and healing drink, of more value than that in the bottle by the bedside. The nature-poetry of Wordsworth sinks insensibly into the soul with its healing and blessing agency. And the hidden but sure sources of spiritual power dominate the body and reach out into all its ducts and veins and if they do not cure they help us to bear our bodily infirmity. Thus literature lives in the lives not only of those who are vigorous, but perhaps it performs its highest and noblest work in the diseased and the stricken. What a piece of work, as Hamlet said, is a man? How readily he responds to the unseen forces which lie all about us! The humblest sufferer on a bed of pain may be in the closest communion with the mind of a mighty genius whose magic has woven for him an invisible garment which keeps out misery and despair, and gives nobler loves and nobler cares.—"London Spectator."

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SHIPS THAT SINK.

What becomes of the ships that sink at sea? Do they go all the way to the

bottom, or do they meet somewhere under the surface a certain pressure that buoys them up and holds them in equilibrium? Somebody, we forget who it is, has given rein to his gruesome fancy and pictured all the ships and have been lost in mid-ocean as wandering about like so many ghost half way between the surface and the bottom. There is no foundation whatever for such a notion, though many persons have it. Any object that will sink beneath the surface of the sea will go all the way to the bottom. The pressure encountered on the way down, which is simply enormous in the deeper parts, has nothing to do with the object's sinking, for it is exerted on the object as well as on the water, thus equalising the conditions. The reason why the object sinks to the bottom is that the water is not compressible, at least it is so little so that its density at the bottom of the sea is only a trifle greater than it is at the surface. The scientists tell us that the water at the bottom is just about as much denser than the water at the surface, as sea water is denser than fresh water. This slight difference in density, therefore, does not and cannot stop the downward course of a sinking ship or any object that is heavy enough to sink readily beneath the surface. Pressure, as we have said, is not a factor in the case at all.

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A series of investigations carried on in the famous zoological laboratory at Naples, is described in the "Jahrbucher fur wissenschaftliche Botanik" by Hans Winkler. "The experiments were made upon a flowerless aquatic plant that grows normally with its roots in the sand and its leaves in the water. For example, plants having roots and stems already developed were placed upside down, with leaves buried in the sand and roots floating in the water in strong light. The roots

changed to stems and leaves, while the parts buried in the sand became roots."

Statistics of the Salvation Army in the United States shows 732 organized corps, with 24 food depots, furnishing 110,000 monthly meals; 190 social institutions for the poor, with the total daily accommodation of 7,200 persons; 66 hotels for workmen, and 6 for working women, aggregating 6,325 inmates. In addition, the Salvation Army has established five labor bureaus and three farm colonies, with 240 laborers, besides various minor institutions and slum settlements, aggregating eighty in all. Most of the institutions are self-sustaining.

EDUCATION.

Education, so conceived and so shaped, has made an irresistible appeal to every civilized nation. During the century education has definitely become a state function, not as a dole, but as a duty. Consequently, the public expenditure for education has become enormous. In the United States it amounts annually to \$200,000,000 for the common schools alone, or \$2.67 per capita of population. This sum is about one-tenth of the total wealth of Indiana or of Michigan as determined by the census of 1890. In Great Britain and Ireland the total public expenditure on account of education is over \$88,000,000, or \$2.20 per capita. In France it is about \$58,000,000, or \$1.60 per capita. In the German Empire it is over \$108,000,000, or more than \$2 per capita. These our great nations, therefore, the readers of the world's civilization at this time, with a total population of nearly two hundred and ten million, are spending annually for education a sum considerably greater than \$450,000,000. The

annual expenditure of the United States for common schools is quite equal to the sum total of the expenditures of Great Britain, France, and Germany combined upon their powerful navies. It is nearly four-fifths of the total annual expenditure of the armed camps of France and Germany upon their huge armies. It is a sum greater by many millions than the net ordinary expenditures of the United States Government in 1880. This expenditure for common schools has nearly trebled since 1870, and during that period has grown from \$1.75 to \$2.67 per capita of population, and from \$15.20 to \$18.86 for each pupil enrolled.

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In the "Pall Mall Magazine," Sir Robert Ball sprays some cold facts on the wild theories about the possibility of signaling to Mars. "Assuming," says he, "that there were inhabitants on Mars who were desirous of making signals to the earth by the waving of a flag, that flag would hardly be distinct enough for such a purpose unless it were at least ten times as long as the smallest visible point, and had breadth in proportion. We are thus led to the conclusion that a flag, say, some three hundred miles long and two hundred miles broad, or perhaps as large as Ireland, would be necessary for the purpose. If we could imagine a flag of these colossal dimensions on a flagpole say five hundred miles long, and if the Martians availed themselves of the next favorable opposition, say in 1909, to make arrangements for waving this colossal flag to and fro, and if some of our most skillful astronomers, provided with the very largest and most perfect telescopes and situated on the loftiest mountains on which observatories have been placed, were to be studying the surface of Mars, they might, I grant, perceive the waving of the flag, and might possibly be able to receive certain indications therefrom."



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

Some of the Welsh Methodist missionaries in India are turning their attention to agricultural and practical farming and dairy work in addition to their labors as spiritual pastors. They have purchased a farm at Shillong, at which natives will be taught the mysteries of making butter and cheese.

In North Wales the Welsh word for "now" is "rwan." In South Wales it is "rwan" spelt backwards, viz., "nawr." It is conjectured that the first North Wallian who made use of the word was standing on his head at the time, and that his pronunciation became general.

Speaking of the annual returns of the Church of England for the past year, the "Record" says that the great feature of the return is the steady progress of church building in Wales. "The highest total is supplied by neither of the great English dioceses, but by Llandaff, with 47 churches, against 41 in London, 38 in Manchester, and 31 in Rochester. All honor to Wales."

There is an association in Marietta College organized to watch over the interests of Cymric students in the college and academy, and to further the cause of education through the college among the Cymry, and finally to instill into all Cymric students of the college the true Cymric spirit—a spirit of helpfulness and sympathy.

In reference to the announcement that Chancellor Silvan Evans has completed another section of his great Welsh

Dictionary, bringing the work down to the end of the letter E, is it not a pity that some Welsh capitalist cannot be found who would guarantee the comparatively small cost of publishing the remaining sections of the work as soon as they are ready, and so do a lasting service to Welsh literature?

This time the census seems to have been admirably arranged. Not even in Wales is there a complaint heard about the special papers and special columns prepared for use in the Principality.

Now here's what most true Britons

And I believe they all do: [wish
That slim De Wet our troops will dish
As the Yanks have Aguinaldo.

Testimonials have fallen on evil days. Co-operative societies were asked to raise £10,000 for the erection of a hostel and library at Newtown in memory of Robert Owen, but the appeal has produced less than £3,000. An alternative scheme is the establishment of an Owen Institute at Manchester. It has already been decided to surround the gravestone of the Welsh founder of co-operation with an original iron enclosure.

Things level out in a curious way in this world. Welsh house coal of the best quality can be bought at less cost per ton in France than in Cardiff. But the remedy is not for all and sundry to quit the town and spend the next winter in the South of France. For this would not bring about a collapse of the house coal ring, but wholesale reduction in Cardiff and a big jump in

the other place. So, perhaps, it is just as well to remain at home and go on paying double what the coal is worth.

Jamaica boasts of a Llandoverly Falls, which is one of the many picturesque spots in the Colony. On a new issue of Jamaica postage stamps, which differ in size and design from those of our own country, as they are larger and rectangular in shape, a pretty view of the falls is re-produced, and a very charming picture it makes. It would be interesting to learn how the falls were so named, and whether some patriotic Welshman had a hand in the christening.

It is stated in "Iolo Morganwg's" biography that when he lived in London and in Kent he was a correspondent of the "Gentleman's Magazine." Sure enough, in that magazine for 1776 there is a letter signed "E. W." on a new method to determine the "year of the world." No subject was too large or too small for "Iolo" to tackle. It is a characteristic of Glamorgan bards of "Iolo's" school that almost every one of them has constructed a special theory of the universe.

Vicars should not quarrel with their curates, nor curates with their vicars. At Pontypool in 1772, "a rich vicar and a poor curate paid into the hands of the proper officer £15—the first £10, the latter £5—having neglected to read in church the Act against profane cursing and swearing. The vicar, it seems, had, without assigning any reason, dismissed the curate from his church, and the sons of the latter informed against the former, without knowing that their father lay under the same predicament."

Nelson relics are rare these days, and one would hardly expect to find any at Carnarvon. Yet Sir Llewellyn

Turner, the deputy-constable of Carnarvon Castle, possesses a lock of the gallant admiral's hair, which was presented to him by Lord Nelson's daughter. It is to be kept at Parkia, the residence of Sir Llewellyn, during his lifetime and that of Lady Turner, but at the desire of Nelson's daughter that the lock of hair should be restored to the family. Sir Llewellyn has made a codicil to the effect that after Lady Turner's death the relic shall be restored to the heirs of England's greatest admiral.

The oldest communion vessels in the diocese of Llandaff are those in use at Llanmaes, in the Vale of Glamorgan. To speak more correctly, the paten there is the only piece of pre-Reformation plate left to the Church in the diocese. So clean was the diocese swept of its sacred vessels when the Church "washed its face" in the time of Henry VIII. that only two examples of the reign of Edward VI. survived, and these were thrown into the melting-pot a few years ago to form the chalice at Llanmaes. According to Mr. G. E. Halliday, there are only about fifteen known examples of Edward VI.'s reign, and most of them are in London churches.

Ten years ago it was alleged by the Registrar General that the number of Welsh-speaking persons had been enormously swelled by the inclusion in the census of infants who spoke no language at all, but that was the official's own fault, for he made no age limitations, and a child of Welsh parents prattling in its mother's arms prattles in Welsh. The same argument might be used—only that the Registrar-General forgot to do so—against the inclusion amongst English speaking persons of infants of English parentage. In the present census children under three were excluded from the language

column, so that in the next return this question will not arise.

The dispute amongst the Merthyr justices reminds a correspondent of the time when justice was administered there by Mr. John Bruce Pryce, the grandfather of the present Lord Aberdare. Punishment took, principally, the form of fines, and, though the administrator was above reproach, nothing could convince the early miners and pedlers who came in for "fines," that the money did not go into the magistrate's pocket. There was a black box kept in the court into which the fines were dropped, and during an election when the magistrate came forward for Parliamentary honors small boxes labelled "Box Bach" were paraded in the streets, indicating the absurd popular belief as to the source of Mr. Bruce Pryce's income!

"GYDA'R WAWR" (Mynyddog).
(Prize Translation at the Llandysil Eisteddfod, August, 1900.)
By Ap Daniel, New York.

The war-trump sounded loudly,
With the dawn, with the dawn;
The battle-steeds neighed proudly,
With the dawn;
The strife was long and trying,
My wounded husband lying
Amongst the dead and dying,
And for his Gwennie crying
With the dawn, with the dawn!
Thereto, I went next matin,
With the dawn, with the dawn,
To look for my Llewellyn,
With the dawn;
I found him pale and failing,
My name I heard him hailing,
When death was all-prevailing,
Oh! 'twas a time of wailing,
With the dawn, with the dawn!
Since then am I each morning
With the dawn, with the dawn,
My loved one's grave adorning,
With the dawn;

There flowers bright I'm planting,
My tears are them anointing,
While every day is chanting,
He'll rise at God's appointing,
With the dawn, with the dawn!

—o:o—

There has been a sad termination to the visit of an American gentleman named Emanuel, who came over to Merthyr from the States for a health trip, and also to see his mother's grave at Cefn. He was born at Cefn seventy years ago, and went out West when quite a young man, since which time he prospered very much. At Merthyr and Cefn, of course, he found wonderful changes since he left fifty years ago, the Cefn viaduct being a startling feature to him, yet he was able to find the old cottage where he lived, and even a pig-cot which he helped to build. He caught a chill while at his mother's grave, and became so ill that a doctor was called in, but he died recently at the Castle Hotel, where he had been staying during his visit. Mr. Emanuel lived at Catasauqua, Pa., where his remains were buried.

It was thought until comparatively recent years that the South Wales coal-field was almost entirely free from faults. This is not so; there are overlaps ranging up to one hundred yards, and many faults with a vertical displacement of over 500 yards. In one place the Moelgilau reaches a throw of 1,200 yards. In the "Notes from Wales," contributed by Mr. Henry Davies (county Glamorgan mining lecturer) to the "Science and Art of Mining," it is said that the main faults of the coal-field, with one or two exceptions, range from north-west to south-east, and run nearly parallel to each other, a few only running from east to west. In the anthracite district faults as a general rule are absent, but their place is taken by a folding, which causes rolls and overlaps. In some cases the distances have left a most peculiar struc-

ture in the rocks; for instance, in the Vale of Neath a deep V-shaped incline was met in the 9-feet seam.

The following minute was beautifully engrossed and illumined on vellum, signed by the President, Julien T. Davies, and by the Secretary, Josiah D. Evans, and with the seal of the Society affixed thereto, the document was placed in a specially prepared oaken casket, for transmission to His Majesty, King Edward VII.

The minute was presented by William Miles, who helped to organize the Society in 1834, three years before the accession of Queen Victoria, and who has been a member of the Society ever since.

MINUTE ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

"St. David's Society extends its profound sympathy to the English people in the loss of their well-beloved Sovereign, Queen Victoria. To her and her predecessors our ancestors owed allegiance. The language now spoken in parts of Wales was that our forefathers learned as children and brought with them to this country. We realize that the precious heritage of American citizenship would not be ours but for the contributions of men, principles, laws, and traditions from the motherland. We turn to our cousins across the sea in their hour of bereavement and sorrow, and claim the right to grieve with them as members of one family.

"So glorious was the reign of their departed Queen, so high her conception and execution of her exalted duties, so womanly her love and sympathy for her people, so lofty the standards she maintained throughout her prolonged and unsullied life, that those who cannot mourn for her as their Queen must sorrow for her as the woman. Under the sway of no ruler of Great Britain's mighty empire have its boundaries been

more extended or its powers more consolidated.

"None of its Sovereigns has evoked more personal devotion or greater loyalty. Love of her country, love of her people, love of her family, were the controlling forces of her life. As she gave so she received in return, deep affection, profound respect, filial obedience from her subjects and her descendants. Not only all English-speaking people, but the myriads of the dark-skinned races owning her as Empress, realize that the world has lost its most exalted personage, and are united in a common sorrow."

(Cabled.) Jan'y 24, 1901.

To His Majesty, The King,

Marlborough House, London, England:

St. David's Society of the State of New York has instructed me to express its deep sorrow, and to tender to the King and the Royal Family its profound sympathy at the loss to the King, and to the Family, to the Nation and to the World, in the death of the well-beloved Queen.

(Signed) JULIEN T. DAVIES,
President.

Copy of Reply to Cable Message:

Foreign Office, London, Feb. 11, 1901.

To Julien T. Davies, Esq.:

President of St. David's Society of the State of New York.

"Sir: The King, My Sovereign, duly received your cablegram of the 25th ultimo, in which you convey the condolence of the St. David's Society of the State of New York on the occasion of the deeply lamented death of Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, Empress of India, and I have received the King's commands to convey to you His most sincere thanks for this much appreciated message of sympathy in the great loss which has been sustained by His Majesty, His Royal House, and His subjects throughout the world."

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) LANSDOWNE.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

W. TUDOR APMADOC.

Mr. W. Tudor Apmadoc, of Chicago, whose portrait is herewith presented to the readers of "The Cambrian," is the second son of Prof. William Apmadoc. Born in Utica, N. Y., twenty-seven years ago, he lived there to pursue the

Paul Ry., and later with the First National Bank of Chicago. His experience and rapid advancement in the immense bank laid a good foundation for future business ventures. As dear as was this valuable experience, Mr. Apmadoc still yearned for the professional life.



W. Tudor Apmadoc.

studies of its schools until in 1891, when he went to Chicago. At that time his father occupied the chair of music and elocution at Lake Forest University, and it was with the intention of continuing his literary studies at that institution that he left Utica. Splendid opportunities of gaining an insight into the vast commercial enterprise of the great western city caused him to alter his plans, and he is first found with the Chicago, Milwaukee and St.

He entered Armour Institute at the beginning of its history, and devoted one year in a brain-training course in constitutional law and history. The Institute's first poem was written by him. He organized its first literary debating society, and took a leading part in its athletics and glee club. The results of his organizing efforts still remain to be enjoyed by present day's student.

When at the University of Michigan

Mr. Apmadoc entered the oratorical contests, and received first prize in thought and composition in each. Successful in oratory, in class politics, and in his legal studies, he left the University with a reputation which promised well for a successful and happy professional career. He received his degree of Bachelor of Law in 1896, and, through the efforts of Senator W. E. Mason, he entered heartily into the great campaign of that year. During that campaign he spoke no less than forty times, and twice under the auspices of Welsh-American Clubs. He has taken an active part in every political campaign, national, state, county, and city since that time.

Mr. Apmadoc is a member of the Hamilton Club, and Worshipful Master of Landmark Lodge of Free Masons, being the youngest Master ever elected in that Lodge. At present he is practicing law with the attorneys for the First National Bank of Chicago, with offices in the First National Bank Building, and although still young, his energy and ability have won for him a large number of valuable clients.

—o:o—

THE LATE JOHN D. MORGAN, UTICA, N. Y.

Saturday morning, April 20, Mr. John D. Morgan passed away at Rochester, N. Y. After the death of his daughter, Mrs. Pridmore, at Rochester, some months ago, Mr. Morgan, Mrs. Morgan and their daughter Florence went there to reside for the winter. He was in his usual health (somewhat delicate on account of his age), and he awoke refreshed, but in a few minutes he had fallen asleep in death. He was the oldest printer in Utica.

Mr. Morgan was born in a place called Gwair-tew, in the parish of Trefeglwys, Montgomery, N. W., March 24, 1823. When about eight years, he came with his parents, Mr. and Mrs.

Daniel Morgan, to this country, locating for a time at Albany, whence they came to Utica, where John D. attended the public schools. He learned the printer's trade at the office of the "Utica Democrat." Among his associates there were Ellis H. Roberts and H. G. Trembley. He worked at the office of the "Democrat" until 1842, when he went to New York, where he remained until 1861, engaged in Baker & Goodwin's job printing office. In 1861 he returned to Utica, where he was employed at the "Herald" office until 1865, when he entered the "Drych" office, where he was continually employed almost to his death. Of late years he was proofreader. He was a thorough and practical printer in English and Welsh, and a writer of ability and good taste in both.

Mr. Morgan belonged to the Utica Typographical Union, No. 62, from its formation during the civil war. In politics he was an enlightened and conscientious Republican, and had voted for every Republican candidate for President since 1856. Until 1866 he was a Calvinistic Methodist, and attended the old church on Seneca Street, when he became a member of the Calvary (Episcopal) Church on South Street. He was honored by every one who knew him intimately. He was a man of fine intelligence and refined feelings; frail of body, and sweet-tempered, tender and affectionate to those who appreciated his tender qualities. He had written considerable poetry in both languages, and some of his hymns have appeared in hymn-books. He loved poetry and literature of a high order—especially of a religious and spiritual nature. He was a Christian gentleman. Death approached him gently, and removed him heavenward quietly and tenderly. He was a good specimen of a refined Welshman, and an honor and an ornament to us as a people.

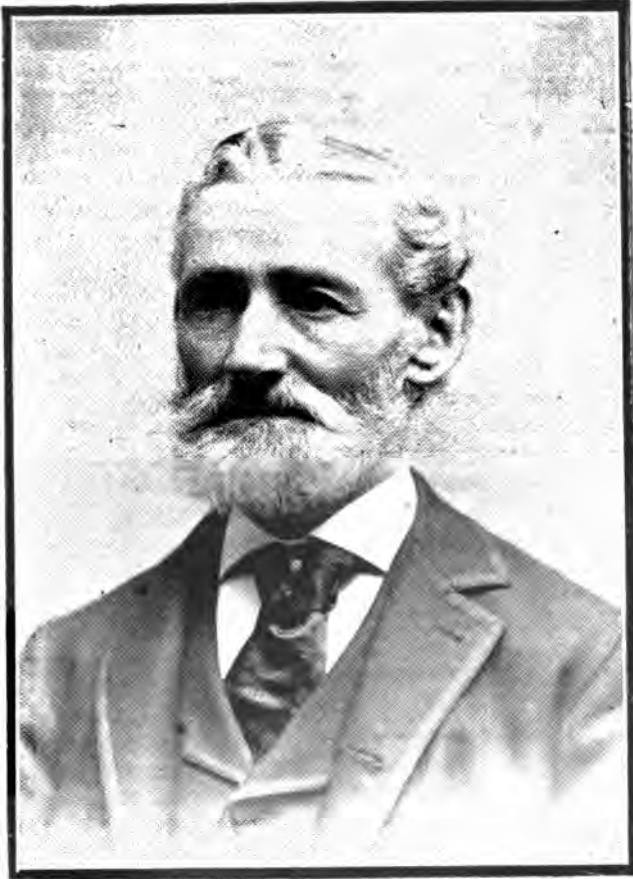
Some years ago he wrote a poem en-

titled "When I am Dead" to the Utica "Press," from which we take the following lines:

When I am dead, a few will mourn
Because my life has reached its bourne,
And loving ones their tears may shed
Upon my grave, when I am dead.

When I am dead, the birds will sing,
And children's merry voices ring;
True-hearted lovers oft will wed,
And sing and dance, when I am dead.

When I am dead, I will not feel
The proud oppressor's iron heel;



JOHN D. MORGAN.

When I am dead, my humble name
Will be, as now, unknown to fame,
And careless feet will often tread
Upon my grave, when I am dead.

When I am dead, I clearly see
That soon I will forgotten be;
It matters not, for God o'erhead
Will guard my dust, when I am dead.

The painful strife for daily bread
Will also end, when I am dead.

When I am dead, I trust there may
Dawn on the world a brighter day,
When love and mercy will be spread
Around the earth, when I am dead.

A couple of weeks before his death,
he sent us these lines on "Your Faults

and Mine," which give an insight into the beautiful workings of his modest mind:

That all have faults need not be told,

This truth we all can see;

But then 'tis "mine" that you behold,

And "yours" are plain to me;

That being so, it is not strange

Our faults are all made known;

Then let us strive to make a change,

And each behold his own.

"I shall send you something lengthier soon," he wrote, but the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl of his earthly existence was broken before he had fulfilled his promise.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest;

But nor cypress nor yew let us see,

For why should we mourn for the blest?

—o: o—

It had been suggested in Utica from time to time, to provide, for the sake of variety during the lull of Lent, a short course of lectures or dissertations on religious subjects or important themes relating to religion. Accordingly, arrangement were made with G. H. Humphrey to deliver three addresses on the following subjects and in the following order: "The Being of God" (March 24); "Peculiarities of the Bible" (March 31); and "The Immortality of Man" (April 7). There was a good attendance at each lecture, and the series proved unusually interesting, and Mr. Humphrey was warmly congratulated after each lecture. Each was a powerful treatment of its subject. With Mr. Humphrey's kind permission, the last of the series, "The Immortality of Man," is in this number of "The Cambrian" presented to our readers.

"Llew Llwyfo," the veteran Welsh bard and elisteddfodwr, passed away, in his seventieth year, at Rhyl. The cause of death was apoplexy, and the

sad news awakened a feeling of sorrow in all parts of Wales and wherever Welshmen are living. "Llew," as he was familiarly called by his friends, was one of the most remarkable Welshmen of the nineteenth century, and made himself a great name in more than one respect. He was a native of Llanwenllwyfo, a small rural parish in Anglesey, from the name of which he took his bardic appellation. Early in life he was apprenticed to the drapery business, but soon left it, devoting his time to literary pursuits and to music. He possessed a powerful voice, and soon became a popular singer at elisteddfodau and concerts. Forty years ago the programme of no literary gathering or concert was considered complete unless it contained the name of Mr. Lewis William Lewis. He was in constant request at elisteddfodau and other musical gatherings from Holyhead to Cardiff, and from Presteign to St. David's. No literary man, with the exception, perhaps of the late "Mynyddog," enjoyed such popularity as "Llew Llwyfo." He was nearly always on the wing, either as adjudicator or concert singer, or both, and his name was literally a household word in all parts of the Principality and also among his countrymen in London, Manchester, Liverpool, and other English centers. When he reached the zenith of his popularity in Wales, he decided to try his fortune in America, and remained for some years on the western side of the Atlantic, being everywhere welcomed by enthusiastic audiences of Welshmen. Returning to the Old Country, he pursued the same line of life, but his popularity was on the decline. "Mynyddog" had risen into notice, and was everywhere a favorite as an elisteddfodic conductor, adjudicator and concert singer. "Llew," however, had still much energy left in him, and he did some excellent work as Welsh bard and prose writer.

Original and Selected Miscellany

A man is rich in proportion to the things he can afford to let alone.—Thoreau.

Old Dr. Johnson wrote, "Give me a slice of a Welsh sewin and you may keep every other fish that swims."

Anne Longfellow Pierce, sister of the poet, died the other day at Portland, Me., in the old Longfellow house, where she lived all her long life of ninety years.

Mrs. O'Hoolihan—"An' how's all th' folks after bein' "

Mrs. McGonical—"It's all well they do be, exceptin' me owld man. He's been enjoyin' poor health fer some toim, but this mornin' he complained av feelin' better.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "uses sech big words dat de public stan's an' listens in admiraculousness. But when dey gits home they can't 'spress deir idees simple enough to make de chillun mind.

Swansea was noted in Dr. Johnson's time as being the place in South Wales where second sight still existed. In this district a gentleman farmer was often seen walking in his fields when in reality he was many miles away. Are there any of the race still left? A man of this kind who could call in two towns at once would make a rare commercial traveller.

The teacher asked the class where-in lay the difference in meaning between the words "sufficient" and "enough."

"'Sufficient,'" answered Tommy, "is when mother thinks it's time for me to stop eating pudding; 'enough' is when I think it is."

"I guess that ain't me," said little Ralph, as he gazed earnestly at a photograph of himself.

"What makes you think it isn't?" asked his mother.

"'Cause it's standing still too long to be me," was the reply.

I saw the tender crocus croke
Out in the frosty air
That fiercely blew from Hudson's Bay,
Or up that way somewhere;
I saw a bluebird turn its blue
Toes up and cease to care;
I saw a cowslip in the lane,
Because 'twas icy there.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I recognize the fact, of course," the young man said, "that woman is handicapped in divers ways by her sex. Under stress of emotion a man can relieve the pressure by going out and getting drunk, but there is no such safety valve for woman. She must suffer and do nothing."

"Not necessarily," replied Miss Flyp-pe. "She can go and eat a pickle."

Miss Caroline Wells furnishes these "improved proverbs" to the current Smart Set:

Quacks are stubborn things.
It's a wise girl who knows her own mind.
Society's the mother of convention.
Home was not built in a day.

Modesty is the best policy.
 Circumstances alter faces.
 A rolling gate gathers remorse.
 All's not old that titters.
 Let us eat, drink and be married,
 for to-morrow we dye.
 Charity uncovers a multitude of sins.

A young Welsh minister who is pastor of a church in a university town sought advice from an old preacher. "I am hampered in my ministry," he said. "If I cite anything from geology there is Professor ———, teacher of the sciences, right before me. If I use an illustration in Roman mythology, there is Professor ——— ready to trip me up for any little inaccuracy. If I instance something in English literature, I am cowed by the presence of the learned man who teaches that branch. What shall I do?" "Don't be discouraged," said the old man. "Preach the simple gospel; they probably know very little of that."

At one time Dr. Etche, Aberystwyth, was a sub-librarian at the Bodleian Library, Oxford. One day an American lady tourist asked to see the Antediluvian manuscripts. Nonplussed for a moment, the genial German determined to amuse himself out of the incident, and gravely told the lady that such priceless treasures were only kept at the British Museum, whither he counselled her to repair when she got to London. In a few days came an indignant letter from the British Museum requesting the Bodleian authorities not to play any more practical jokes in sending crazy American globe-trotters a-hunting for Antediluvian documents in the British Museum.

In the "Arabian Nights" there is a story of a traveler who, being cast upon an uninhabited island, found a little man with withered legs sitting on the ground by the side of a stream. The old man asked the traveler to take

him on his shoulders and to carry him over the stream. The traveler consented; but no sooner was the old man settled on the traveler's shoulders than the former twined his legs round the latter's neck and would not get off again. Having control of the traveler, the old man drove him about as he liked plucked fruit from the trees and ate it himself, not giving any to his bearer, and abused him in every way.

As a rule where the girls are pretty the boys are extremely ugly. Whether this comes about because of the opportunity for making comparison or because ugly boys invariably have pretty sisters is not known. But when it is said that a town has pretty girls no further statement need be made that the boys are ugly. It may be said in passing that the ugly boys are generally bright boys. They become smart men. This may proceed from the fact that they do more toward cultivating their minds than standing in front of a looking-glass and arranging their curls. Of course there are exceptions to the rule that the ugly one of the male species is the smartest, but it is a rule.—Galveston "Daily News."

A teacher in an Indian school in Michigan writes as follows: "It is very interesting to study these children, especially as we have them from four different tribes, and I should very much like to write up my impressions, only that I can scarcely keep up with my work as it is. These boys have a sense of humor. In my flag drill lately the partners were a boy and a girl, and where the lines intersect to form the cross I taught the boys to let their partners go first, and hard trouble I had to do it, too. After the exercises Isaac Crane came up to me, and, in his solemn way, said, 'Miss B., in letting the girls pass in front of the

boys you have struck at the root of an Indian national custom.' I said, 'How so, Isaac?' and he answered, 'It is the custom for the man to go first, carrying his dignity, and for the woman to follow, carrying everything else.'—"Washington Star."

—o:o—

THE LAST SALUTE.

On the day of the late Benjamin Harrison's funeral, Mrs. Harrison was standing in the darkened chamber the door of the room opened noiselessly and an old soldier, bent with age and shivering in the bitter cold of the morning, came slowly in. He did not see Mrs. Harrison, and leaned over the dead face and tears came to his eyes.

"Colonel," he said softly, and touched the white hand on the general's breast. "Colonel."

Mrs. Harrison came to where he was standing and said:

"I am Mrs. Harrison."

"You will excuse me," the old man said, "for intruding on your grief, but I wanted to see my old commander once more, just once more. I have tried very hard to come to Indianapolis to see him when he was alive, and never could. When I heard that he was dead I wanted to give him the old salute for the last time."

—o:o—

GOD'S SERVICE.

You are told, indeed, to sing psalms when you are merry, and to pray when you need anything; and by the perversion of the Evil Spirit, we get to thinking that praying and psalm-singing are "service." If a child finds itself in want of anything, it runs in and asks its father for it—does it call that doing its father a service? If it begs for a top or a piece of cake—does it call that serving its father? That, with God, is prayer, and he likes to hear it; he likes you to ask him for

cake when you want; but he doesn't call that "serving him." Begging is not serving; God likes mere beggars as little as you do—he likes honest servants, not beggars. So when a child loves its father very much and is very happy it may sing little songs about him, but it doesn't call that serving its father; neither is singing songs about God serving God.

—o:o—

WHERE NECKTIES ARE UNKNOWN

"While I was over in the Arkansas mountains last winter on a hunting trip my guide and I came across a sugar maple orchard where two men were collecting and boiling down the sap," said a Memphis man.

"We sat around with the natives a while and ate maple sugar. When we started to leave one of the men, who had been regarding my tie very closely, asked the guide, in a low voice, why I wore that rag around my neck."

"That's to keep his nose from bleeding," replied the guide, who was a man of some humor.

"As we walked away I heard the natives telling each other how sorry they felt for me on account of my affliction."—"Memphis Scimitar."

—o:o—

Mr. Edwin J. Jones of Fall River, Mass., is a professional penman and illuminator. He possesses rare skill, both with the pen and brush, and is recognized as one of the most practical and versatile penmen in America. In his youth Mr. Jones was employed as a Law Engrosser in the offices of the solicitors of the Treasury, Manchester, England. His work as artistic illuminator and engrosser has received the warmest commendations from all who have seen it. His writing is the finest we have seen for many years. Mr. Jones ascribes his proficiency with the pen to his old instructor, Mr. James Clarke, Welsh master of Llangollen

British School. We gladly recommend Mr. Jones to all who have illuminating or engrossing work they desire to have executed in the most beautiful style. Mr. Jones is son of John Whitely Jones, Chemist and Druggist, Llangollen, N. W.

—o: o—
MY FLAG.

I love my Flag, and none will dare
Stain it, before my eye
Unless he'll be a bigger lad
By very much than I.

When foes attempt to soil its silk
My fists get somewhat tight;
Just as they do, you know, when folk
Are itching for a fight.

We've patents now of every kind
To answer duty's call,
In this fast age we simply press
A button in the wall.

But to protect our glorious Flag
We've no ingenious plan;
McKinley puts, as Washington,
Behind the gun a man.

Don't fret about "Old Glory," friends,
We'll keep it safe from wrong,
The Twentieth Century's grand hope
Are fifty million strong.

—J. V. S.

—o: o—
A SOLDIER OF THE KING: By Dora M. Jones. Size 5¼x8, 300 pages, cloth, \$1.25. Cassel & Co.

The romantic story of John Gifford—who, becoming as eminent a saint as he had once been a sinner, stands portrayed for all time as Evangelist in the pages of "Pilgrim's Progress," though well known to students of Bunyan's early life, has never yet been made the subject of a novel. Gifford was a wild cavalier before he became a preacher, and the adventures of his earlier, unregenerate days form the subject of "A Soldier of the King." The scene is laid chiefly in Maidstone, around Gifford are grouped other notable characters whose

names are in the county archives, and the story includes the most picturesque episode in the history of that ancient English town—its capture by the Commonwealth soldiers in 1648. Full of action and interest, uplifting in its morals, the reader is swiftly carried along in close sympathy with these men and women of 300 years ago, and all too soon is the last page turned.

LITERARY LIFE, published monthly by the Abbey Press, 114 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Price 5c.: Fifty Cents a Year.

It is published in the interest of literature, and takes a wide view of the the field of letters. It contains Gossip of Men and Books, Pertinent Personalities, Biographical Sketches, Mention and Descriptions of Favorite Authors, Book Notices, and other material of interest and service to book-loving readers.

—o: o—
When Minister Wu Ting Fang was in New York recently a man who served in the congress that passed the Chinese exclusion act told him a story about a countryman of his which pleased him greatly. Shortly after the act was passed, the secretary of state received a letter from Pennsylvania, signed by a Chinaman. The writer said that he had been interested in this legislation and that he fell within the conditions of this act. He had come to this country under false pretences and hence he should be deported to China immediately. The request was so strange that the secretary of state ordered an investigation. The agent reported a few days later that the Chinaman's statement about the way in which he entered this country was correct and that he should be deported. There was just one drawback to this programme, however. The Chinaman had been convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment.

❁ THE CAMBRIAN. ❁

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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No. 6

WHEN THE SHOW CAME TO LLANDDEUSANT.

By Winnie Parry.

Part II.

It was with a heavy heart that the master of Penlan turned homeward that morning. He was weighed down with the thought of what he had done. He a deacon of Bethel chapel, a teacher in the Sunday School, one of the chief upholders of the cause at Llanddeusant, had engaged in friendly conversation with one of those lost beings, one of the "mountibacs." Had he been animated by zeal for the man's poor lost soul, and had sought him for the purpose of bettering his spiritual condition, it would not have been so bad. Musing sorrowfully he came to a field with a high bank on one side, under which ran a broad path, and surely retribution followed quickly, for this was the picture that met Danial's eyes. Standing patiently in the middle of the path was the old grey mare Sali, and on Sali's back stood his daughter Margiad, barefooted, her stiffly starched white Sunday petticoat standing out in crinkled folds around her slender figure, her neck and arms being as bare as her feet. Her yellow hair floated behind her

in the fresh morning breeze, and she had crowned herself with a cunningly woven wreath of gorgeous foxgloves. It was evidently an imitation of the performance at the circus. At the further end of the path stood the dairymaid, and peeping over the high bank Danial Willias caught a glimpse of the two plough boys, though it was plain that Margiad was not aware of their proximity. She caught sight of her father, however, while he was still too petrified with horror and remorse to be able to make his presence known, and with a hasty exclamation of "Diwcs dyma nhad" (gracious, here's father), she made a hurried and undignified descent from her patient steed and flew along the sward towards the house her yellow tresses streaming behind her, the crown of foxgloves halfway down her back hanging by a single curl. The dairymaid scuttled after her almost as terrified for was she not aiding and abetting her master's daughter in her disgraceful conduct, and had she not aided and abetted her in stealing out on Saturday night in

order to witness what she was trying to reproduce on old Sali's broad back.

The master of Penlan did not follow them with the righteous indignation which they expected; instead he laid his arm over the old mare's neck and leant his head against it. Margiad had been to the circus! and he, how could he censure her? He who was as guilty or more so than she, for she was only a poor motherless girl, and evidently his training of her had been at fault.

When going out after family worship, the farm laborers asked one another what had moved the master so in his prayer that morning. Those who knew of the scene in the meadow with Sali the mare understood part of it, but not all, there was more than sorrow for Margiad's misdeeds in the broken words he had offered up. They had a sobering effect on the girl, especially as her father said nothing to her concerning what he had seen that morning.

That summer and autumn was a delightful time to Bob 'Refal. He levied blackmail to the uttermost on the master of Penlan. There was not a nook upon the whole farm that he and his cronies did not inspect. Cornfields that had been sacred to the tread of the farmer and his men only, were as open as a thoroughfare; nut coppices, blackberry hedges, all were the legitimate prey of the whole tribe of village lads. They were not divided into two parties any more.

Those who were on the opposition side deserted their leader and came over in a body to Bob, when it was known what privileges his adherents enjoyed, and their leader perforce had to follow them.

This invasion of his territories, however, was not what drove Danial Willias to the last desperate act of the tragedy. It was the burden of a guilty conscience. He was filling a position to which he had no right. Who was he to sit in the midst of his brethren at Bethel; to rise in the "set fawr" on a "seiat" night and exhort the congregation to live an honest life? Was he honest? Each time he rose to his feet it seemed to him that Bob 'Refal was smiling a scornful little smile of superior knowledge, and Danial's words would drop into indistinct murmurings. He had been an eloquent speaker formerly; he used to be spoken of as "one mighty on his knees," and folk wondered at the change in him. At last he determined to free himself from his load of hidden guilt even though it cost him not only his seat amongst the deacons, but, as he almost felt certain that it would, his name on the roll of membership; yet many a Wednesday and Sunday night passed ere he found strength to put his resolution into practice. Rising up with the purpose of confessing his misdeeds, the words would die in his throat; and after a few unintelligible phrases, he would sit down again and wipe his brow with trembling hand. There came a Sunday night, however, when he

stood up in the "seiat" to show the people who had looked up to him at Bethel what manner of man he was. Their own minister was the preacher that night, and he had spoken much of double-dealing and hypocrisy. Every word went to Danial's heart like so many arrows. Asked to say a few words in the "seiat" after the service, he rose to his feet and faced the congregation. His daughter looking at him from her place in the "singing seat," wondered at the intense pallor of his usually ruddy countenance.

"Dear brothers and sisters," he began in a broken voice, using the old familiar words, though he had now no right to them, "you have heard Mr. Rhys talking about the pharisees and the hypocrites. I want to tell you that I am one of them, one of the very worst." No one looked surprised at this opening. It was no unusual thing at Bethel for one of the members speaking in the "seiat" to call himself, like Paul, the greatest of sinners. Some wondered a little at such a display of emotion on Danial's part, though, but were quite unprepared for what followed. "For five months I have been a hypocrite," went on Danial Willias, speaking in the homely telling dialect of his district. "Five months to-morrow morning I was on the 'bonc' in the midst of the horses belonging to the circus. I talked with one of those 'mountibacs,' talked in a friendly manner, and not on the matter of his soul; but worse even than that, I have bribed,

yes bribed one of this congregation, one young in years, to whom I ought to have set a better example, not to make known my iniquity, and now you see that I am not fit to sit there," pointing to his portion of the big deacon's pew around the pulpit; and taking his hat from under the seat, he walked out of the chapel door into the drizzling rain of the December night.

Consternation was depicted on every face in the congregation he left behind. No one had smiled at the mention of the circus; it was undoubtedly a serious thing. The minister after Danial's first few words had listened with his elbow resting on the table, and his hand shading his face. Bob 'Refal had muttered "yr hen ffwl" (the old fool!), though there was a strange tightness about his throat which he did not often experience. All looked towards the minister expectantly when the door had closed after the master of Penlan. He swept the hair from his brow as he rose slowly to his feet, but before he could open his lips, there was a movement in the "singing seat," its occupants were standing up, and Danial's daughter in a voice very unlike the flute-like tones that led the soprano, said, "We are worse than he; we were 'all' at the circus," whereupon they filed slowly out, youths and maidens, before the horror-stricken faces of their parents, many of whom remembered the excuses that had been tendered for the late incoming of their sons

and daughters that eventful Saturday night in the summer, when the circus had occupied the common. Yet again were the minister's words delayed. Bob 'Refal stood forth cap in hand without a word of explanation and strode down the aisle. When he had reached the bottom, he turned and in a fierce and perfectly audible whisper said, "Dowch odd'na chi, latch (come along lads)," whereupon there was a slight commotion ending in about a dozen small boys slinking after him out of the chapel.

When the door was closed every eye sought the minister's face. How was it all to be settled? Mr. Rhys began by going over the facts of Danial's confession. He did not treat it lightly; it would not do to outrage the traditions of those simple-hearted folk. He set Danial's action before them, as he knew they regarded it. Once only did he make a suggestion of palliation, and that was when he mentioned that peculiarity which they all knew was "in the family" at Penlan, where horses were concerned. Against it all he next proceeded to set Danial's virtues and the sum bade fair to prove beyond his reckoning. The minister spoke quietly, almost coldly, yet probably his most eloquent sermon could not have thrilled his hearers more. Many a question was put to them in that quiet voice.

"You remember the strike? No need to ask is there? Who was it gave every little child in the neighborhood its dinner daily during

those dreary weeks, when probably it was the only meal worthy of the name they got each day? Who has ministered to the 'servants of the Lord' for more years than I know, and I have been here a goodly number now? The widowed and the orphaned can tell you something of the master of Penlan. Do you know of all those to whom he has given a helping hand? Some perhaps you do; many more you know nothing of. Some have wondered why he lets Penlan cottages take up so much good ground on his farm. Do you know why he does it? A widow and her six little children live in one of them; a blind old man of four score on the brink of the grave occupies the other. They perhaps can tell you."

How the familiar words "ar fin y bedd (on the brink of the grave)" touched his listeners in this last sentence. Again the minister's voice came to them:

"What manner of man is this that he could stand up and condemn himself in your eyes? No coward say you? No!"

Thus he brought before them the sum of Danial's goodness amidst the low sobs of tender-hearted women, and the deep husky "yeas" of the men; and when he said at the close, "and now all who think Danial Williams still worthy to sit amongst the brethren here give the usual sign," every right hand in the place was held up high; and so was the master of Penlan reinstated at Bethel.

"As for those who followed him

out," continued the minister, "they have repented undoubtedly, let us give the sign once more."

Every right hand was again held up. That night the minister instead of going straight to his lodgings, as was his wont, went up through the wet fields to Penlan. He reached the farm before any of the men servants and maids, and found Danial alone in the great kitchen. He had only time to say a few words to him ere the men came trooping in, but they fell like

balm on Danial's sore heart. Following the maids came Margiad with tear-reddened eyes and quivering lips. It was the minister who conducted family worship, or as they called it at Llanddeusant, "family duty," at Penlan that night, and listening to his prayer, the group gathered around him, thought that never had they heard a man pray as the minister of Bethel prayed that Sunday night, kneeling at the end of the oak table in Penlan kitchen.

(The End.)



THE WELSH MINER: AN APPRECIATION.

By Rev. Howell Davies, Johnstown, Pa.

An obscure but useful member of society. The general public would hardly know of his existence among the hills but for the stirring events that from time to time call him forth from oblivion. Then we begin to realize the value of the miner in the industrial organism; for is it not in his power to arrest, or propel the wheels of industry? This he is fully conscious of—no coal no motive power—and he sometimes makes use of this knowledge to improve his material condition.

Not being understood, he is often misrepresented. Let us not claim too much for him. To classify him is not difficult. He is neither an

angel nor a demon (newspapers reports to the contrary), not highly cultured nor generally illiterate, not over-refined nor offensively rude, not a relic of barbarism but (so far as his opportunities have permitted) a fair sample of modern civilization. To know him is to sympathize with him; and where can we study him to better advantage than on his native heath, in his mountain home? There is a bright as well as a dark side to his life. And first of all, in order to form a correct estimate of him, let us glance at the shadowy background of the industrial phase of his existence. See him as he goes to his daily work. Outwardly his appear-

ance is unattractive, but beneath a rough exterior there is usually a tender heart that vibrates when touched by the fingers of human kindness. Coal-dust and powder-smoke may discolor his face and soil his clothes, but they cannot wholly obliterate its traces of character in his countenance. Unlike "The Man With the Hoe" (so pathetically described in a recent poem) there is intelligence in his eye, humor in his speech, determination in his looks, and the swing of victory in his walk. He is not an automaton, but a man with a will of his own; not an enemy of society, but a good citizen; not sullen, but genial; not stationary but progressive; a free man, not a slave; an object of admiration, not of pity; looking upward, not downward—such is the Welsh miner. To understand the hardships incident to his calling let us accompany him into the mines. Here the normal conditions of life are at once changed. As we descend the shaft or slope the risks to life are increased, and we are put on the quiver. If the mines had a tongue what a tale they would unfold of explosions, injuries and deaths. But the miner, though inured to danger, is quick to discern its presence. This is reassuring to the visitor as he follows his guide through the subterranean terraces of rich coal veins. With the aid of a lamp fastened to his cap, he moves slowly along, stopping here and there to respond to an "Hello Twmos, is

it you?" No sunlight reaches the lower strata of the mines, and in consequence the atmosphere is vitiated, notwithstanding the improved method of ventilation. No wonder then that many miners through inhaling coal-dust and powder-smoke suffer from impaired respiration, and what develops later on into miners' consumption. Owing to this many give up the struggle of life by the time they reach middle age. In the evolution of science the time has not arrived when the miner can earn his bread except by the sweat of his brow. The farmer is more fortunate than he in the benefits derived from labor-saving machines. In his case manual labor is being reduced to a minimum, and improved implements of agriculture help to lighten and sweeten toil. Not so the miner. Aside from the machine-drill, powder and dynamite, little has been devised to relieve him of the necessity of hard manual labor. There is, therefore, no immediate danger to the miner losing his job through the tender mercies of science. The man behind the pick still and will remain an important factor in the mining of coal. But sanitation and improved machinery apart, the problem that most vitally affects the miner is an economic one. The wage question is on that touches him to the quick. His own higher ideals, the education of his family, and the increased price of commodities demand this. The oft-recurring strikes in the coal regions re-

veal the struggle going on for better conditions. The strikes have not always been successful, sometimes they have ended disastrously, but on the whole they have brought the miner substantial gain. He, however, is beginning to realize that there is a better way of settling differences between him and his employer than by going out on strike—a way that is at once more economical and Christian—and that is by arbitration. Thus, the application of the Golden Rule may yet lend to the solution of the much-vexed economic problem. It may be the peaceful emancipator that shall lead him out of his industrial troubles into the summer-land of Christian brotherhood.

No portrait of the miner would be complete by leaving out the joyous side of his life. There is a social as well as an industrious—a bright as well as a dark side to his existence. Out of the mines the life of the Welsh miner is anything but dull. Unlike the snail, when he quits work he leaves his toilsome burden behind him, and returning home for the night—supper and warm ablutions ended—buoyantly he enters into the social amenities of life. He is not a myriad-minded, nor on the other hand is he a one-idea man. In his leisure hours other subjects more interesting than coal-mines occupy his attention. Politics and base ball, lectures and the drama, church and the Eisteddfod, town and home, ancient history and cur-

rent local events divide his attention. High philosophy, as well as practical experience, has taught him the truth of the old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Nor would it be an injustice to the Welsh miner (generally speaking) to say that once in a while (and often twice) he likes a glass of beer, and something warmer. In consequence, the temperance sentiment is rather low, but it is rising. Total abstainers are few, moderate drinkers many, and drunkenness is less common than formerly. From the thralldom of strong drink may he be forever delivered that, with clear head and steady heart and firm step, he may ascend the ladder of human progress.

All in all, the begrimed-faced Cymro makes a good parent, an industrious workman, a worthy citizen, and a true patriot. In a word, he is a diamond in the rough. As treasures of art, sculpture, literature and commerce, in the ill-fated city of Pompeii were buried under the stream of hot lava, so among the Welsh miners of America there are embryo genuises doomed to obscurity and oblivion by the inexorable necessity of their condition in the struggles of life. That some, nay many have risen from the mines to positions of eminence and influence in society only confirms us in the view that there are many more who are buried beneath the accumulated dust of neglect, so far as the busy wide-world is con-

cerned. But there is a smaller circle in which they may shine, and their influence felt for good. There is yet a chance to develop on a larger scale—if not in this, at any rate, in another world. "In my Father's house," &c. Of the Welsh miner

how appropriate are the lines of the Scottish bard,

The rank is but the guinea stamp.
The man's the gowd for a' that.

We predict a brighter future for the Welsh miner.



A TOUR OF WALES.

By E. I. Jones, Cincinnati, Ohio.

(Continued.)

CARMARTHENSHIRE.

Carmarthenshire in area, is the largest county in Wales, containing 929 square miles, having a population of over 130,000, the majority of whom speak the Welsh language. The county is bounded on the north by Cardigan, on the west by Pembroke, on the south by Bristol Channel, on the east by Glamorgan and Brecon. The highest mountain is Carreg Llwyd Carn, 2,028 feet; then Crug y Biswall, 1,259; then New Inn, 1,171; Crug Amlwg, 1,148; and Moras Beacon, 502. The principal streams are the Towy, which intersects the county from northeast to southwest; the Teifi, which separates Cardigan for some distance on the north; the Taf, the Cothi, the Loughor and Gwaendraeth. The broadest and richest valley is watered by the Towy. It is about thirty miles long, and has an average breadth of nearly two miles. The soil in the valleys is

generally fertile, yielding large crops of grass and grain. The southeast portion of the county is rich in minerals; coal, iron ore and lead ore. The principal towns are Carmarthen, Kidwelly, Langharne, Llandeilo Fawr, Llandovery and Llanelly. We shall now visit some important towns and places, beginning on the western border, near Pembrokeshire.

Whitland is five miles east of Narberth. Whitland Abbey, called by the old Britons "Ty Gwyn ar Daf" (the White House on the Taf) was a monastery of Cistercians, but was occupied long before this by a community in the fifth and sixth centuries. Hywel Dda (Howel the Good) held a council at Whitland, about 926, composed of military, ecclesiastics and civil leaders to revise Welsh laws. These laws were taken by him to Rome for the approval of the Pope, and were in force till 1282, when they were abro-

gated by Edward I., but they are still extant. St. Clears is five miles east of Whitland in the valley of the Taf, at the confluence of the Gynin and Dewi Fawr. It is accessible to vessels of 60 or 80 tons. It formerly possessed a castle distinguished as the meeting place of Welsh bards. Here was also a priory of Cluniac monks, founded in 1291.

Llanfihangel Aber Cywyn is two

habitants. Llanstephan is across the estuary, three miles east of Laugharne. It is now a watering place, contains a sainted well that was once in high repute, and the ruins of Llanstephan Castle, which covers a large area. The castle is said to have been built by Uchtryd, Prince of Meirion, in 1138, fell into the hands of Normans and Flemings, was taken by the sons of Gryffydd ap Rhys, Prince of South



Prichard's Home at Llandovery.

miles south of St. Clears. The churchyard contains the three tombs of holy palmers, whose graves are held by some in great veneration. Laugharne is two miles south of Llanfihangel, at the mouth of the river Taf. Here are the well-preserved ruins of a Norman castle, built about the beginning of the twelfth century. It was destroyed by Prince Llewelyn in 1215, restored by Sir Guido de Brian, and dismantled during the civil wars under Cromwell. The town now contains about 2,000 in-

habitants. Llanstephan is across the estuary, three miles east of Laugharne. It is now a watering place, contains a sainted well that was once in high repute, and the ruins of Llanstephan Castle, which covers a large area. The castle is said to have been built by Uchtryd, Prince of Meirion, in 1138, fell into the hands of Normans and Flemings, was taken by the sons of Gryffydd ap Rhys, Prince of South

Wales, was taken by Llywelyn ap Iorwerth in 1257, after defeating the English at Dinefawr. It was a fortress of great strength. Carmarthen is seven miles north of Llanstephan, on the north side of the river Towy, sixteen miles from its entrance into Bristol Channel. It is the county seat, and has a population of about 11,000. It was for some time the capital of South Wales. The Romans reached this neighborhood about A. D. 52, established a station here about 70. Two sections of the Roman road

met near here about 75. The old Britons called the place "Muiridin," or sea fort. The Romans called it Maridunum. The ruins indicate that the Roman town was very extensive. After the Romans retired in the early part of the fifth century, Carmarthen was occupied by the old Britons or Welsh, and is referred to by Llywarch Hen, not long after the Romans retired, in his elegy of Cadwallon, king of the Britons. Carmarthen is the reputed birthplace of Merlin or Merthin, the magician and prophet. It is supposed that the present Welsh name *Caerfyrddin*, Fort of Merthin, refers to him. It is claimed that he was found when a boy at Carmarthen by magicians. The boy taught the magicians how to find the dragons; by cutting down the rushes in a certain place, drain the pool beneath the rushes. At the bottom of the pool was found a stone chest, wherein the dragons lay. When the chest was opened the dragons awoke, and began to fight furiously. The red dragon was wounded and brought nigh unto death; but he rallied, and drove the white dragon away. The red dragon represented the Britons, the white dragon the Saxons, so though the old Britons were wounded, and sorely distressed by the Saxons, they would eventually rally, and drive the Saxons from the land. This prophecy has not yet been fulfilled.

About three miles east of Carmarthen a recess in a rock is pointed out as Merlin's cave, where

tradition claims that the fair fay, by her enchantments, entombed alive the unhappy magician. The present castle of Carmarthen was built by Gilbert, Earl of Clare, in 1144, taken by Cadell ap Gryffydd, in 1149, retaken by the earl, and finally taken by Prince Rhys in 1196. After ages of conflict, the castle at last fell as all others in England and Wales, under the parliamentary army led by Cromwell. A priory was established in Carmarthen in the early part of the twelfth century, also a monastery of Gray Friars. In this monastery Edmund Tudor, the father of Henry VII., was buried, but when his grandson, Henry VIII., dissolved these establishments, the body and tomb of Edmund Tudor were removed to St. David's. St. Peter's Church, which dates back to the twelfth century, has been restored and is a fine church to-day, with ailes, nave, chancel and a lofty square tower. It is the resting place of a number of eminent persons. The monument of Sir Rhys ap Thomas and wife, with reclining effigies, is near the altar. Near the south door are two monuments, one of Sir William Nott, who distinguished himself in India; and the other in memory of Dr. Robert Ferrar, Bishop of St David's. who was burnt at the stake during the reign of Queen Mary. Sir Walter Devereux, first Earl of Essex, was buried at St. Peter's, November 26, 1576. Sir Richard Steele, the essayist, was also buried in this church. Steele died September 1;

1729. There are a number of other churches and chapels in Carmarthen. There are also, a number of public monuments in this town; one in memory of Sir Thomas Picton, a distinguished General who fell in the hour of victory at Waterloo; one in memory of General Sir William Nott, who distinguished himself in India, and died in Carmarthen in 1845; another in memory of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who distinguished themselves in the Crimea. Carmarthen has its grammar school, founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1576, which has assisted in the education of a number of distinguished men. It has also its Presbyterian College, which has been a power for good for about 200 years. The town has also other good schools.

Abergwili is two miles north of Carmarthen, at the mouth of the river Gwili, where the Bishop of St. David's has a palace. In the parish church is found the monument of Bishop Richard Davies, D. D., who died in 1581. Merlin's Hill is near Abergwili, where Merlin found abode or resort from the confusion of the town:

"Merlin in lore surpassed who lived below,
In mysteries versed none else but angels
know;
He read the stars, and with prophetic
tongue
As certain as the past the future sung."

Kydwelly is eleven miles south of Carmarthen, at the confluence of Gwendraeth Fawr and Gwendraeth Fychan. The Welsh name refers to the union of the streams in one bed. This place was formerly oc-

cupied by the Scots under the sons Ceian, who were afterward driven from Wales by Cynedda. Old Kydwelly was formerly surrounded by walls, with three gates, one of which is still standing, but nearly all the old houses have fallen into decay. The castle is said to have been built by Maurice de Londres, destroyed by Cadwgan ap Bleddyn in 1093, rebuilt in 1190 by Rhys, Prince of South Wales, and demolished by his grandson Rhys ap Gryffydd. It finally fell into the hands of the English government. "It was one of the most striking examples of feudal architecture in Wales, where the science of castle-building attained the highest perfection."

"When might was right, and spear and
brand
Subdued and meted out the land—
Demesnes, which he who built the strong-
est,
And only he, retained the longest."

The view from the ramparts are extensive.

"How grand, and beautiful, and vast,
Fortress and hall of ages past!
With battlement and turret crown'd,
And iron ramparts girdled round;
Whose shadow, stretching o'er the land,
Whose bulwarks, desolately grand,
Whose chambers, voiceless and forsaken,
A tide of mingled thoughts awaken,
And dreams of fancy that restore
The Barons and the Bards of yore,
When trumpet peal from turret wall
Proclaimed the Knightly festival."

Maes Gwennllian is near Kydwelly. Here a bloody battle was fought in 1135 between Gwennllian, wife of Gryffydd ap Rhys, Prince of South Wales, in his absense; and Maurice

met near here about 75. The old Britons called the place "Muiridin," or sea fort. The Romans called it Maridunum. The ruins indicate that the Roman town was very extensive. After the Romans retired in the early part of the fifth century, Carmarthen was occupied by the old Britons or Welsh, and is referred to by Llywarch Hen, not long after the Romans retired, in his elegy of Cadwallon, king of the Britons. Carmarthen is the reputed birthplace of Merlin or Merthin, the magician and prophet. It is supposed that the present Welsh name *Caerfyrddin*, Fort of Merthin, refers to him. It is claimed that he was found when a boy at Carmarthen by magicians. The boy taught the magicians how to find the dragons; by cutting down the rushes in a certain place, drain the pool beneath the rushes. At the bottom of the pool was found a stone chest, wherein the dragons lay. When the chest was opened the dragons awoke, and began to fight furiously. The red dragon was wounded and brought nigh unto death; but he rallied, and drove the white dragon away. The red dragon represented the Britons, the white dragon the Saxons, so though the old Britons were wounded, and sorely distressed by the Saxons, they would eventually rally, and drive the Saxons from the land. This prophecy has not yet been fulfilled.

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de Londres, the Norman lord, who claimed the territory. Gwenllian and her two sons, Morgan and Maelgwn, were defeated. Morgan fell in battle. Maelgwn was taken prisoner. Gwenllian, the brave wife and mother, was taken and beheaded. Beheaded for contending for her own! Gwenllian, daughter of Gryffydd ap Cynan, was thirteenth in descent from Cadwaladar, the last king of Wales. One tower in the castle is called by her name, "Twr Gwenllian" (the Tower of Gwenllian). There existed a priory at Kydwelly for Benedictine monks, founded by Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, in the first part of the twelfth century, disestablished by Henry VIII., and "leased to George Aysshe and Robert Myryk, yeomen, purveyor of the wine of the Lord the King."

Llanelly is six miles southeast of Kydwelly, on the estuary of the Burry river. It is a good port, has coal mines, silver, lead, tinplate, copper and iron works. Exports coal to France, Spain, and the Mediterranean, is a growing town, with a population of over 20,000. Llandeilo Fawr is fifteen miles north of Llanelly, and about the same distance northeast of Carmarthen. It is a small town on the river Towy, which is here crossed by a modern stone bridge of one arch. The hill on which the town stands is rich in fossil remains. A chalybeate spring is near by. There are some productive iron and coal mines near. The scenery is picturesque. The population of the

civil parish is over 5,000, of the town over 1,500. A great battle was fought near this place in 1282, between the English under Sir Edmund Mortimer, and the Welsh under Llywelyn, the last Prince of Wales. The brave prince was defeated, and the fate of Wales sealed. Soon after Llywelyn was slain, and the triumph of England was complete.

Dynevor Castle and Park are near Llandeilo. The name is supposed to come from "Dinas Fawr" or "Great Fort." It was the residence of the princes of South Wales for ages. The first castle is said to have been erected by Roderic Mawr in 877. When he died and the kingdom was divided into Gwynedd, Powys and Dyfed, he bequeathed this fort to his son Cadell, and the capitol of South Wales was removed from Carmarthen to Dynevor. Here Howell the Good reigned, and a copy of his good laws were kept. The castle was rebuilt by Rhys ap Gryffydd in 1150. It was given to Rhys ap Thomas, by Henry VIII., in the latter part of the fifteenth century. The present Lord Dynevor is a lineal descendant of Sir Rhys ap Thomas. Carreg Cennen Castle is three miles southeast of Llandeilo, and is a fortress covering the summit of an insulated rock 300 feet high, three sides of which are inaccessible. The structure is ancient, is said to have been built by Urien, Lord of Iscenen, one of the knights of Arthur's Round Table. Coins of the reign of Domitian have been

found on the spot, which would suggest that the Romans had a station here. It was surrendered to the English by the mother of Rhys Fechan, but afterward recovered by him. It was given Sir Rhys ap Thomas by Henry VII. At a later period it seems to have become the stronghold of robbers. There is in the fortress a passage through the solid rock of 150 feet, leading to a well. Golden Grove on the south side of the river from Llandeilo is the seat of Lord Cawdor. Here the Hirlas, the silver drinking horn, given by Henry, Earl of Richmond, to Inon ap Dafydd at the Wern palace, in Cardiganshire, is kept. Here the pious Jeremy Taylor found a refuge during the civil war under Charles. Here he wrote the "Liberty of Prophecy," "The Golden Grove," and many sermons. Several of his works were dedicated to his noble patron, the Earl of Carbery. Gronger Hill is near Golden Grove, on the opposite bank of the Towy. The view from this eminence is remarkably beautiful. The poet Dyer was born at the mansion of Aberglasney on this estate in 1700. The traces of a Roman camp are seen on Gronger Hill. There are other beautiful mansions and estates near Llandeilo Fawr.

Llandovery is twelve miles north-east of Llandeilo Fawr, on the river Bran near its junction with the Towy. There are other streams that come together near here, hence the Welsh name "Llan-yn-Dyfri" (the church among the waters). The town is situated in a fertile and

beautiful valley, surrounded by wooded hills. The town is a municipal borough of between 2,000 and 3,000 inhabitants. It is a quiet agricultural center. The leading industrial occupation of the town is the manufacture of woollen goods. There are remains of an old castle near the town, of whose origin little is known. The remains of a Roman road, and the discovery of Roman coins in this vicinity, have led to the belief that a Roman station existed here. Within the last 300 years Llandovery has been the center of a blessed light to Wales. Rev. Rhys Prichard was born here in 1579, graduated at Oxford in 1602, became the eloquent vicar of the parish church of Llandovery, wrote extensively, mostly in poetry. His writings were published after his death. One book, called "Canwyll y Cymry" (The Candle of the Welsh), was indeed a light shining in dark places. It shed its blessed light in almost every home in Wales. The book was read and studied, and committed to memory by thousands, and before its blessed teachings the darkness gave way, and many saw the way of life and walked therein. One hundred year later the light increased. The Methodist revival reached Wales, Rev. William Williams whose home was Pantycelyn, near Llandovery, became the sweet singer of Wales. He was born in 1717, and died in 1791. He was to Wales what David was to the Hebrew church. His hymns have been sung with joy by four generations

of Welsh people. Some of them have been translated into English, and are found in many hymn books. The one, perhaps, most familiar is,

"Guide me, O, thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more."

We have now visited the principal places in Carmartheshire. We have found in this county the homes of the rulers of South Wales for ages. We have seen the place

where the good laws of Hywel were framed, and the place where they were afterward preserved for ages, to bless the people. We have visited bloody fields of conflict in this county. Indeed the county for ages from the conquest of England by the Normans, to the surrender of Wales to Edward, in 1282, was often a field of blood. We shall now retire from this interesting county, and enter Breconshire on the east.



WELSH AMERICANS.

By Glen Edwards, Marietta College.

Perhaps it is peculiar to America, but it is a fact that when a man suddenly becomes famous people hasten first to fix his nationality. The result is that, if a man has sense of humor, he may point to himself as having as many nationalities as Jacob's coat had colors. His fate, however, is not as happy as the fate of the dog old 'Rastus loved. A friend met the old darky one day plodding along with the dog at his heels. Stopping him and greeting him in the usual way his friend asked him, pointing to the dog:

"What kind of a dog is that, Rastus?"

"Dat er dawg, Marse, am paht setta, paht hound, and de res am jes dawg."

"And what part do you think counts the most?"

"De dawg, sah, de dawg."

On the other hand, were one to ask those people of whom we have spoken, what they considered of greatest importance in their subject, they would say, not that he is a "man;" but that he is Welsh or Irish or German. They forget that in America the man is all important. We, who are Welsh Americans, have to consider what the Welsh are contributing to the man in America.

At odd times, articles appear in periodicals dealing with what the writers call the American national type as opposed, for instance, to the English, French or German types. Of two extreme statements

with reference to this subject, the safest and hardest to disprove is that an American national type does not yet exist; but that the United States are filled by a heterogeneous rather than a homogeneous population. Granting, then, that there is no pure American type at present; that person among us who, like the ancient prophet, looks on into the future and gazes as it were in a vision on an idealized type of citizenship should throw off the mantle and descend into the prosaic life of those who are contributing to the formation of a distinct national type. He would find that all nationalities, whatsoever, are slowly blending into one, and that out of the process will come the future American with many traits of all his progenitors. Whether he shall be superior to all former men depends altogether on the chance that his ancestors may eliminate from their own characters such traits as are undesirable. Realizing, indeed, that the ideal American must receive his inheritance from diverse people, and that a large share will go to him from the Cymry, let us like the old Greeks strive to know ourselves, we who are sons of Kelts. Let us for a few moments examine what the Cymric blood will carry into the veins of America's future son.

That we may consider the subject more readily, we will first examine what appear to be the traits, good and bad, peculiar to Welsh Americans. In their relation with

each other and the world about them they are clannish. The fact that this is so is not a recommendation to them, and although the Cymry may pride themselves on their interest in each other they must realize, soon or late, that their exclusiveness will cost them too much in the future for the gratification that may come to them from self-centered interest in the present. Moreover, the cost to the Cymry will be greater than it could be to the other people for the reason that the Welsh offishness is on the religious and social and not on the political or commercial side. In politics one may hear rumors of an Irish or German vote deciding an election; but never of a Welsh vote. In business one may possibly hear of a German National Bank (in name at least); but never of a Welsh National Bank. On the other hand one may hear tell of a Welsh church, or an Eisteddfod in any community where enough Cymry are living to maintain them; and while it is true that parallel to them runs a German church and a Saengerfest, still it remains that the clannishness of other nationalities is broader than the Cymric, and therefore brings them more into publicity. There is no attempt to defend the clan spirit here; but rather an attempt to show that in this undesirable trait the Cymry fail to obtain the public notice that other people attain. Not that publicity of a vulgar sort is to be sought. Not at all Aggressive self-respect in an indi-

vidual is not egoism, nor is the spirit that thrives on public notice obnoxious, when that spirit is tempered with refinement.

The remedy is found not in developing, but in doing away entirely with such exclusiveness. Supposing, then, that the clannish spirit is lost purposely among the Cymry, how are they to keep the Cymric elements alive and in the fore front? Chiefly by cultivating in the character the choice fruitage of the seed that has been planted by the Cymric fathers. That fruitage is to-day large—so large that it is difficult to express in a few words the importance even of a part.

In the first place, however, the Cymry love art, and express their love chiefly through music. There is no other nation that can approach them in the interpretation of choral music. That is no random statement. If any one doubts let him listen to an average choir among other people, and then listen to an average Cymric choir. The result is obvious to the initiated. In the Eisteddfod where the Welsh meet in friendly contest to decide who best satisfies their love for music, the Cymry have an institution which shall, as they decide, die with them or become in time a source of delight and instruction to all America. If they keep the institution to themselves, it will die with them; if they extend its scope, if they invite all to share its benefits, then it will live, and be one of the rarest gifts in the legacy to the life of America; and, what is

important to the publicity of Welsh influence, its origin will be traced to the Cymry.

In the second place, the Cymry are peculiarly a religious people; indeed it has been said of them in Wales that they are more evangelized than civilized. However that may be, deep down in the heart of every Cymro there is reverence for sacred things, and a ready, yet sturdy, submission to a Higher Being. This accounts for the fact that when a Cymro is bad he is very bad smothering as he does the voice that has come to him from generations back. This reverence is another trait that in the American type may find its origin in Welsh Americans provided they are alive to the opportunity.

In the third place, the Cymry seek education, and are always ready to admit the power of the man who knows. As proof of the statement witness the motto of our own association: *Goreu arf, arf dysg*. That is not the sentimental vaporings of a few students; but it is the voice of our Cymric nature proclaiming an honest conviction. As further proof one only needs to look into the record of Welsh students in American colleges. One will see that a large percentage of them have been dependant on themselves for an education, and still, burning with a desire for knowledge, in spite of many reverses large numbers of them stand at the head in scholarship. It is a record to envy. It is an inspiration to us, and an invaluable example

to future college men. The record is for us to remember in our waking and dreaming, to ponder over, to emulate, yea, even to surpass.

From all traits, good and bad, as they are found in Welsh Americans, these three, then, have been considered for their great importance, namely: First, the tendency to be clannish, a spirit that will work evil; secondly, the love of art as expressed through the medium of the *Eisteddfod*; and lastly, the respect for education which is evident in every Cymric family, and is

manifested in the growing number of Welsh boys who are seeking an education.

Finally, the Welsh American has a duty to the future in America; and if, when the American ideal type is clothed in flesh and blood, history shall declare that much of his love for education, and a large share of his love for religion and art has come from warm Cymric blood; then, and not till then will it be certain that Welsh Americans have been true to a duty.



SEEKING REST.

By Henry van Dyke.

At sunset, when the rosy light was dying,
Far down the pathway of the west,
I saw a lonely dove in silence flying
To be at rest.

Pilgrim of air, I cried, could I but borrow
Thy wandering wings, thy freedom blest,
I'd fly away from every careful sorrow
And find my rest.

But when the dusk a filmy veil was weaving,
Back came the dove to seek her nest.
Deep in the forest where her mate was grieving—
There was true rest.
Peace, heart of mine! no longer sigh to wander;
Lose not thy life in fruitless quest.
There are no happy islands over yonder;
Come home and rest.

THE RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

By Daniel Phillips, M. A.

The most astonishing temple, in point of magnitude in Britain, to use the language of another, is that of Abury or Avebury, in Wiltshire. The area of this astonishing work contained upward of twenty-eight acres and was surrounded by a wide and deep ditch and a rampart measuring about seventy feet in height from the bottom. One hundred stones of amazing size formed an outer circle, within which two others not concentric formed of double rows of stones. Of these the outer contained thirty and the inner twelve. In the centre of one were three stones, and in the centre of other was a single obolisk which measured 21 feet in length and 8 and three fourth feet in breadth. Besides the circles which we thus see contained the number of 188 stones, there were two extended avenues which are supposed to have contained 462 more, making a total of 650 stones." "Stonehenge in the same country must yield in magnificence to Avebury, but if less in size it is greatly superior in the architectural science which it displays. This wonderful structure was circular, but much smaller and much more ingenious construction than Avebury."

There are many other curious monuments of the same kind scattered throughout Scotland, Ireland, England and Wales, but all the Cel-

tic monuments now in existence yield to that stupendous work at Carnac in Brittany. This truly astonishing memorial of a distant race exhibits a track of no less than five or six miles on which are placed at distances of 18.20, or 25 feet eleven rows of stones chiefly planted on the smallest end forming ten avenues or walks of 12, 24, 28, 2, 30, 30, 36, 30, 2 and 36 feet in width respectively resembling a huge serpent. This vast assemblage of stones is so astonishing that many have considered it impossible, for human hands to arrange them and believe it to be the effects of some convulsion of nature; but however much we may be amazed at the magnitude of the Carnac it is assuredly an artificial erection.

"These astonishing remains at Stonehenge," remarks an acute writer in his History of Sculpture, "are the best known and perhaps one of the most stupendous examples ever erected off the open temple. This species of erection appears to have been co-extensive with the spread of the human race and not as generally supposed limited to the northern portion of the globe." "The measures of these Druidic temples," observes another, "are known to fall easily and naturally into the scale of the Phœnician and Hebrew cubit, but they do not admit of the standard measure of

Greece and Rome, or any other nation without being divided and broken up into infinite and trifling fractions."

A beautiful description by Lucan of a consecrated grove of the Gauls near Marseilles has been thus translated:

Not far away, for ages past has stood
An old, inviolated, sacred wood;
Whose gloomy boughs, thick inter-
woven, made
A chilly, cheerless, everlasting shade.
There, not the rustic gods nor satyrs
sport,
Nor fawns and sylvans with the nymphs
resort,
But barb'rous priests some dreadful
power adore.
And lustrate every tree with human
gore.
If mysteries in time of old received,
And pious ancestry may be believed,
There not the feathered singer builds
her nest,
Nor lonely dens conceal the savage
beast;
There no tempestuous winds presume
to fly,
Even lightnings glance aloof and shoot
obliquely by,
No wanton breeze toss the wanton
leaves,
But shivering horror in the branches
heaves.
Black springs, with pitchy streams
divide the ground,
And bubbling tumble with a sullen
sound.
Old images of forms mis-shapen stand,
Rude, and unknowing of the artist's
hand;
With hoary fith begrimed, each ghast-
ly head
Strikes the astonished gazer soul with
dread,
No gods, who long in common shape
appeared,

Were e'er with such religious awe re-
vered;
But zealous crowds in ignorance adore
And, still, the less they knew, they
fear the more.
Oft, as fame tells, the earth in sounds
of woe
Is heard to groan from out of depths
below;
The baleful yew, though dead, has oft
been seen
To rise from earth and spring with
dusky green.
With sparkling flames the trees un-
burning shine,
And round their boles prodigious ser-
pents twine;
The pious worshippers approach not
near,
But shun their gods, and kneel with
distant fear.
The priest himself, when ere the day
or night
Rolling has reached their meridian
height,
Refrains the gloomy paths with wary
feet,
Dreading the demon of the grove to
meet;
Who terrible to sight, at that fixed hour
Still treads the round about his dreary
bower.
This wood, near neighboring to the
encompassed town
Untouched by former wars remained
alone;
And since the country round it naked
stands,
From thence the Latin chief supplies
demands.
But lo! the bolder hands that should
have struck
With some unusual horror, trembling
shook.
With silent dread, and reverence they
surveyed
The gloom majestic of the sacred
shade;
None dares with impious steel the bark
to rend,

Lest on himself the destined stroke descend.
 Caesar perceived the spreading fear to grow,
 Then eager caught an axe and aimed a blow.
 Deep sunk within the violated oak,
 The wounding edge and warrior spoke,
 Now, let no doubting hand the task decline,
 Cut you the wood and let the guilt be mine.
 The trembling hands unwillingly obeyed,
 Two various ills were in the balance laid,
 And Caesar's wrath against the gods was weighed.
 With grief and fear, the groaning Gauls beheld
 Their holy grove by implous soldiers felled,
 While the Massilians, from the encompassed wall,
 Rejoiced to see the Syïvan horrors fall;
 They hope such power can never prosper long,
 Nor think the patient gods will bear the wrong.

The small and light altar of the primitive era became in after ages large and heavy constructed of a huge stone placed horizontally on several perpendicular stones from six to eight feet from the ground, with usually a massive horizontal block in front of the altar. The altar or cromlech, now called Arthur Stone on the Gower coast in Glamorganshire, South Wales, stand on four or five stones in full view of the ocean and weighs not less than twenty-seven tons. The Cromlech at Place Newydd, in Anglesey, North Wales, measures thirteen feet in length, twelve feet in breadth and five feet in thickness, and weighs

more than thirty tons. The Constantine Tolmaen in Cornwall contains in the estimation of the best judges at least seventy-five tons. On the upper side of these horizontal stones which form the altar, there is more or less cavity capable of holding several quarts of water, and designed it may be to hold the blood of the victim, whether the blood of man or the blood of beast; and hence the names applied to the altar in the Cymric language, Twl-faen, Tol-maen, Tolmen, Hole-stone; and Crom-llech, Cromlech, Bent, Hollow, Concave stone. These ancient altars still remain more or less preserved in many parts of Europe and throughout the British Islands; and they everywhere teach us the sincere devotion and barbarous worship of the ancient Druids.

And this simple and agreeable sacrifice of bird and beast in the primitive era became in after ages the complex and repugnant sacrifice of man and beast, the sacrifice of the captive and the free, of the guilty and the innocent, of the reluctant and the voluntary. All the nations of Gaul, according to Caesar in his Commentaries on the Gallic Wars were extremely devoted to superstitious rites, and on this account those who were troubled with unusually severe diseases and those who were engaged in battles or exposed to dangers either sacrificed human victims or vowed that they would sacrifice them, and they invariably employed the Druids as the performers of those sacrifices; be-

came they thought that unless the life of a man were sacrificed for the life of a man, the minds of the immortal gods could not have been rendered propitious, and they had sacrifices of that kind ordained for national purposes. Others constructed figures of immense size with huge limbs of osiers which they filled with living men, and which when the whole was full they set on fire till all were enveloped in flames and consumed to ashes. They considered that the oblation of such as had been taken in theft or robbery, or any other offense, was more acceptable to the immortal gods; but when a supply of that class was wanting they had recourse to the oblation of even the innocent. But according to Strabo these immense figures of the Druidic sacrifice were mostly filled with sheep. In relating the destruction of the Druids by Suetonius Paulinus on the Isle of Mona, Tacitus states that the Druids "deemed it acceptable to their deities to make their altars fume with the blood of captives and to seek the will of the gods in the entrails of men."

(To be continued.)



TELL ME NOT TO FORGET.

By Minnesinger.

I cannot love thee less, my Fair,
 Nor more, sweet love, I swear to thee;
 Approach me with a frowning air,
 Or say "Good Bye," bad though it be!
 Though bliss thy smile and bane thy scorn,
 Twixt both extremes, joy find I yet;
 Though far from thee, I'm not forlorn
 Till me thou tell'st thee to forget!

I cannot love thee less, sweet dove,
 Leave me or love me, as thou will'st;
 With thy neglect thrives yet my love—
 'Tis not by wounding that thou kill'st;
 Thine absence or thy silence charms—
 My many love-woes love beget;
 I love love's wounds; and nought me harms
 As when thou tell'st me to forget!

MUSIC NOTES.

By William Ap Madoc, Chicago.

The most important contribution to American vocal literature of late, is the series of four octavo volumes of solos for soprano, alto, tenor and bass respectively, selected from the best oratorios, published by the John Church Music Company, Cincinnati and Chicago. Many a time we bitterly remember, we had to buy a copy of a whole oratorio in order to rehearse a certain solo for a competition where the prize was one dollar, more or less—less, as a rule. These four volumes are a solo-library in themselves, representing all the standard oratorios, and the modern ones. There is no education excelling that of being conversant with the best thought of the best thinkers in music, as exemplified in their solo-masterpieces. In such publications as these, printed in the best style, our Eisteddvodic or concert tenor can choose his volume, and so with the other voices, and revel in the richest treasures of the ages. There are over thirty recitations and solos in each volume, covering the period from Sebastian Bach to Sir Arthur Sullivan. It is but just to say that these volumes are the richest contribution to our musical store published in the last thirty years. No wonder that their sale is gratifying to the publishers.

The "Musician" published lately "A Bach Recital." In it we find

the following reference to Welsh melodies:

"Bach had just received a peculiar invitation sent by a courier from Prince August of Saxony and Poland, 'to come to Dresden to play' for this pompous prince, and to play in one of the churches of wicked Dresden. After the dismissal of the courier, Bach said to his perturbed wife, 'you must not worry over this long journey, Gertrude. See, in fourteen days, at most, I shall be back again in my old nest (in Leipsic), and besides, I have decided to take these two boys with me,' he pointed to Friedman and Emanuel. 'They can look around the great city, and at the same time look after their father. So, boys, we shall once at least, touch the heart of the worldly citizen with the sound of God's voice (he always called the organ tones the voice of God), and Master Hasse shall also be made to know that there are higher, grander musics than the sweet light melodies of the beautiful Wales!" Why this peculiar reference to the melodies of Wales? We know that Johann Adolph H sse—1699-1783—author of one hundred operas, ten oratorios, five Te Deums, many masses, motets, cantatas, psalms, &c., lived in Dresden, and was exceedingly popular, and handsome; but we have failed to learn that he, or his

prima donna wife, Faustina, ever used in any manner, the "sweet light melodies of the beautiful Wales." We will comfort ourselves with the thought that a Bach only could excel the melodies of "beautiful Wales."

A musical Journal has it that the average contribution of our largest cities for the support of the street "pianos on carts," is \$500,000. These people, mostly Italian, are called the "wandering orchestra," ministering to what Dr. Johnson called—"the gayety of nations." A hand-organ manufacturer claims that \$2.50 is approximate to the usual pleasant day earnings of the grinder, and that of late there has been even a considerable increase in this amount.

Mr. Arthur Mees, formerly conductor of the Orchestral Chorus in Chicago, and present conductor of the New York Mendelssohn Glee Club, has published a notable book on "Choirs and Choral Music." This volume is the last issue in the Scribner's musical series. Mr. Mees states that it is a book for amateurs, but the professionals also can learn much in it. It is written in excellent style, and very properly it may be described as a brilliant book. The author adjudicated at the 1896 Wilkesbarre Eisteddfod.

Dr. Frank Damrosch of New York in his late address before the Methodist Social Union, strongly condemned operatic music in churches, and also the church quartet choir. There are many who will take exception, of course, to

what he said. The doctor pointed out three objects of music in the church; as a preparation for spiritual thought, as a means of expression for the deeper emotion, and as an elevating force for bringing the soul nearer to the divine power. Music properly used, he said, attuned the soul to divine things at the beginning of the service and it was an unpardonable misuse of opportunity that permitted organists to play operatic fantasies. "I do not want an Italian operatic melody when I enter a church," the doctor said, "and, moreover, the organ should never imitate an orchestra. It is fine enough to stand on its own basis."

I once listened to "Y Gwenith Gwyn" played in an Episcopal Church as an offertory. The organist confessed that one cannot change the nature of secular music, and stamp it as sacred. The habit of introducing such music in the church service is peculiarly American. Such innovations would not be dreamed of, nor tolerated for a moment in Great Britain and Germany.

Dr. Damrosch took a similar vigorous stand against church quartets, which he described as an "American institution and the cause, perhaps, of more trouble in the church than any other thing. I would not advise Americans to be proud of it. Not that we do not have excellent quartets, but the more excellent they are, the less fit they are to be in the church. The solution of the quartet difficulty is

the chorus. Choral music, to my mind, is the only music that is fit for the church, in that it sinks the individuality of the performer in the mass. I would not, however, exclude the incidental solo from its proper place in a composition."

In excellent comments upon the above, and other portions of Dr. Damrosch's address, we find the following: "Except in the Episcopal and the Roman Catholic Churches the use of operatic selections and other secular music by church choirs is steadily increasing"—a sad comment upon the musical taste of the denominations. We must not forget that some portions of operas are as truly sacred as anything that could be mentioned, and that there are portions of oratorios which are nothing in the world but operatic patch-work. Parts of Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and Handel's "Messiah" are operatic with a vengeance. Sebastian Bach, Felix Mendelssohn, Charles Gounod, and Sir Arthur Sullivan never "mixed" the two; they respected the "eternal fitness of things."

The triumph of Milka Ternina in the "Dramatic-Lyric" or operatic world, as exemplified in the performances of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, has given unbounded joy to all critics and hearers, not that Melba, Nordica, Strong, the De Reszkes, Plancon and others are not greatly appreciated; but there is a great artist, vocally and dramatically, possessing the rare power of creating new and

higher interpretations of dramatic characters, and a power rarer still of personifying dissimilar characters with equal fidelity and truth. The Boston, New York and Chicago critics bear unanimous testimony to the superior excellence of her vocal and histrionic talent. Says one of these writers—"She has at last won the recognition given to her too tardily." But why "tardily?" Did professional jealousy bar her way? No better or truer piece of criticism has been written upon the work of Ternina than the following which is taken from the New York Commercial Advertiser:

"Her gifts as an actress betray that divine spark which we call genius, and her voice and the manner in which she uses it complete an equipment for the modern operatic stage which is not equaled to-day in Europe or America. In all that she does, she is great; but if one were asked to mention those parts in which she is supreme the reply would unhesitatingly be Isolde, Elizabeth, Sieglinde, the Bruneildes in 'Siegfried' and 'Gotterdammerung' and 'Tosca.'" The parts of Fidelis and Elsa are also mentioned. Such diversified parts to be interpreted magnificently by one and the same artist is almost inconceivable. Our lovers of dramatic music should make an effort to hear Ternina.

The "Musical Leader" of Chicago states that the Lyric Glee Club of Milwaukee, "was organized in 1896, and has had a brilliant career. The present membership is forty,

and under the leadership of Mr. Daniel Protheroe, who has been its conductor from the start, the club has filled a unique and prominent place in the musical history of the city." Such a recognition of good work, skill and reputation is pleasant reading. The way in which Mr. Protheroe enjoys his musical activity in the Cream City, puts competitive choral work a million miles in the shade.

We are indebted to the Duchesse de Belimere for the following interesting and instructive "tid-bit" concerning Madame Patti:

"Patti adored Craig-y-nos, which is now for sale, for its seclusion and air. Afr, she declares, is the best voice elixir and more favorable to voice preservation than any other atmospheric condition on the globe. Of late she led an almost retired life, with dinner parties as

her only diversion. This meal, which is generally an occasion of jollity, was followed by a private theatrical entertainment, or a most informal musicale, when the diva herself warbled some nigger melody, requesting her friends to join in the chorus. Craig-y-nos was a different place when its mistress was in training. Not only did it miss the trills and gay staccati, but Patti never spoke a word on the days she sang. The customary 7 o'clock dinner was suppressed, and Patti dined in the afternoon, making a meal of beef, potatoes and baked apples. The beef she took to give force and the apples smoothness to her voice. After dinner she fasted until the evening's performance was finished, only taking between times small doses of phosphorus and capsicum."



JUNE.

By Sallie A. Lewis.

Rosy laughing dancing June,
Every note of earth in tune,
Perfect beauty ev'rywhere;
In your sunshine may I bask,
What a wealth of sweets I ask,
All your perfumes may I share.

Oh! what melodies you bring,
Lays no other ever sing,
And your moonlights, how divine;
Lovely! lovely! night and day,
Rosy crowns upon your way,
Words can not your charms define.

And your breezes like the tide,
Take the soul to moorings wide,
Where the sails in splendor flush;
Gentle echoes loiter near,
Droning shadows murmur cheer,
For the merry merry thrush.

Leafy stairways where the vine
Loves to court the sweet sunshine,
Flowered doorways all around;
In these mystic bowers of ease,
Lullabies that soothe and please,
Daze the senses with a sound.

And your velvet floors how sweet,
Luring lovers to your feet,
With your ecstasies of bliss;
With a lavish hand each day,
Gracious blessings round you sway,
You are welcomed with a kiss.



FIELD OF LETTERS

COFIANT Y PARCH. E. HERBER EVANS, D. D., by the Rev. Elvet Lewis: Wrexham, Hughes & Son.

This is the Welsh Memoir from the pen of Elvet. It was arranged to have Herber Evans's life published in English and Welsh. The English edition has already been reviewed in "The Cambrian;" and as it might be expected, this twin-volume in Welsh deals largely with the same facts and material. Copious extracts from "Diaries" appear in these pages, which help greatly to make his life and career interesting and enjoyable. The volume is divided into 30 chapters, which vary and differentiate in style and contents from the English edition, especially toward the ending chapters. The reader who has perused the English Memoir will find the Cofiant in the vernacular still more enjoyable from a Welsh point of view.

The contents of the "Dysgedydd" are a fine portrait of the Rev. D. Rowlands, B. A. Principal of Brecon College; with sketch of his life; "The Great Social Change;" "Alms and Interest;" An Abstract out of D. Adams's Book; "Christian Ethics;" "Sacred Music;" "The Positive Teachings of the New Churches;" "Agriculture in Wales a Hundred Years Ago;" "Events of the Month," by the Editor; Notes, Reviews, Reports, &c.

—"Agriculture in Wales a Hundred Years Ago" gives an insight into the influence of conservatism and religion on progress in farming and farm life in Wales. According to statements in this paper the Welsh farmer is non-

progressive; in fact, he seems to believe that the golden age of farming was in by-gone days.

The contents of the "Traethodydd" for May are as follows: "An Appeal to Reason on Behalf of Revelation," by A. J. Parry, D. D., Rhyl; "Education in the United States," by Owen Evans; "The Revolution of the Twentieth Century," by R. G. Davies, Carnarvon; "Howell Harris and the Great Revival," by Beriah G. Evans; "The Loneliness of Christ" (a poem) by the late W. Ryle Davies of London; "The Evangelist Moody," by T. R. Jones, Talsarnau; Literary Notes and Reviews, etc., by J. Puleston Jones, M. A., W. Glynne, B. A., &c.

—In "The Revolution of the Twentieth Century," the writer seems to be in sympathetic touch with all revolutions, especially the French Revolution at the close of the 18th century. In Great Britain he sees a need for a revolution. "Are not the best things in the life of society ignored, and the most unworthy elements on top?" he asks. Although there is little hope for change by the reason of the degrading influence of the rich and the aristocracy, yet he says the principles of a government by the people for the common good, will soon become a fact.

"Extracts from Iolo Morganwg's Note Book" is very entertaining reading in the May number of "Young Wales." The other articles are "Welsh Education in its Bearing Upon the National Life of Wales;" "Wales at Westminster;" "Welsh Lyrics;" "A Mald of Cymru;" "Interviews, with Welsh

Leaders: Mr. J. Herbert Roberts, M. P."

—In his "Notes," Iolo complains that pedestrian travelers were seldom treated with tolerable respect, in inns on the borders of Wales, whilst a scoundrel in a carriage or on a costly horse found the most careful attendance. It is very much so in every age. At Bromwich, Staffordshire, 5 miles from Birmingham, he saw a very pretty young woman working at the anvil, and this in the summer of 1802. At Westbury, he saw more females at the anvil. He goes on to say that "rascal," "villain," "scoundrel" and "devil" are words he was often under the severe necessity of using. He had applied these to men in high places thousands of times, he informs us, "for he had been sworn to bear an open and eternal testimony against the enormous Turpitudes of such superlatively depraved souls." He writes like a Carlyle. At Bolton, a nasty town, he drank some ale which he dubbed detestable stuff. He compares this town for its dirt and smoke to Merthyr Tydvil. Here he noticed that "I'll be 'anged" was a common expletive; which he thought the utterers richly deserved. Leaving Wolverhampton, he came to Tettenhall, where he could not get a bed at the inn. Drink shops are more particular about a supply of beer than of beds. Next morning he took a dose of morning air and exercise, which cured him of incipient fever. Open air he adds, is better than doctor's medicine. Here also he received rude treatment from the "man-shaped animals" that inhabited the place. When he saw the Welsh mountains in the distance, his soul brightened, like the true Welshman he was. He arrives at Shrewsbury, a town he says which "stinks abominably, and is very filthy." He had seen about 40 towns in England and Wales, but never saw one so filthy. Its stench operated on him several times as a powerful emetic.

He left it, he hoped, for ever! On the banks of the Severn, he asked a man the way to Melvod, but he understood neither English nor Welsh, but something made up of both.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CALVINISTIC METHODISTS, and the work performed by them in Wales, by the Rev. J. Morgan Jones, of Cardiff. Price 1s. 6c.

This is a nicely printed pamphlet published by the author in reply to the charges brought by Beriah Evans in his "Reformers of Wales" against the Calvinistic Methodists. He did not intend this to be an elaborate and complete response and refutation of Mr. Evans's mistakes and errors, but merely to cast a correcting light on some of his glaring inaccuracies and fallacies. Mr. Jones states that the "Reformers of Wales" is full of mistakes; that it betrays malice and arouses hatred; it purposely and deliberately ignores and slights the Calvinistic Methodists in Wales, and endeavors to deprive the Calvinistic Methodists of the honor and position which justly belongs to them, and which has never before been questioned; that he leaves two of the greatest reformers of Wales almost out of sight in order to bestow especial honor on Whitefield and Wesley, who lacked ability to preach to the people of Wales in their mother tongue. Contrary to Mr. Evans teaching, Mr. Jones shows that the Revival was of divine not of English origin; that its human side was pre-eminently and exclusively Welsh in spirit and character; and that the relationship between Howell Harris and Madame Griffith has been over-wrought and overstated. It is a strong antidote to the spirit of Mr. Evans's book.

"Y Drysorfa" for May has the following articles: "Principal Prys of Trevecca College" (with fine portrait);

"Temptation," by William Gwynne, B. A.; "The Rev. Robert Roberts, Llangetho," by Daniel Davies, Ton; "The Conference of the Free Churches;" "Richard Jones of Llanfair" (11), by John Morgan, Mold; "The Son and the Spirit," by William Evans, Pembroke Dock; "The Coming of Sin Into the World;" News of the Denomination, Reports and Mission Intelligence.

—In the article "The Free Churches," the writer candidly admits that disagreements hitherto between the different churches have been trifling differences in words and creeds, or rather "isms," which have served to place the real and substantial truths of Christianity out of sight and practice. The Free Churches of the Twentieth Century are going to unite in their common beliefs not keep apart on differences. They are going to fight sin and evil in the world, not fight each other about theological trifles.

In May number of "Trysorfa y Plant" we find a fine portrait of Mr. David Hughes, J. P., Liverpool, a Christian, a philanthropist and a man of enterprise. Mr. Hughes was born at Cemaes, Anglesea, in 1820. He was blessed with very godly parents who gave him a good religious training. In 1840 he went to Liverpool, where in the course of years he became one of its leading builders. He became interested in the welfare of the poor class of his countrymen around the docks, where he soon built a Christian Mission at his own expense, and, later, a church on Cranmer Street. He gave £750 toward the building of a church in Anfield Road. He contributed £500 towards the relief of the mission on Khassia Hills, India; £250 towards the Home Mission, and £1,500 to the Twentieth Century Fund. He is Treasurer of the Calvinistic Methodist Foreign Mission, and takes prominent interest in all educational questions and movements in Wales. He also pres-

ented his native village with a beautiful edifice consisting of a Coffee Room, Recreation and Lecture Rooms at a cost of £2,500.

The Church monthly, "Yr Haul," is about the neatest and best-edited of all the Welsh magazines. The typographical work is all but perfect, and the contents are continually improving. The articles and papers are on subjects pertaining to the Church and religion, and are generally of an elevating and purifying nature, and shows excellent taste. The "General Notes" are a valuable feature of its pages. The Editor devotes these "Notes" to the discussion of public questions as well as to shed a much needed light on some misunderstandings concerning Church matters. The article "Bishop Thirwall" (with fine portrait) is interesting reading. When Bishop of St. David's he learned the Welsh language. He was one of the greatest of Welsh Bishops. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and upon his tomb are the only Welsh words in the old church, viz., "Gwyn ei fyd." The other articles and papers are "Scriptural Faith;" "Sketches of Sermons;" "Old Welsh Parishes" (illustrated); "Temperance;" "Pardon," a sketch of certain religious customs and superstitions in Brittany; "Tithes and the Price of Wheat;" "David Jones of Galo;" a "Review of the Law of Evolution," with Notes, Varieties, Poetry, etc.

—In "Review of the Law of Evolution," the writer says that it is to our peril that we lag behind in knowledge of facts of nature, which is, in fact, the foundation of all other sciences. As the poet says, it is through nature that we reach to nature's God. Theology is now, even, studied as a science, and many beliefs which were in vogue in the time of our fathers are now rejected as groundless and antiquated. A new light has been shed on questions of life which have influenced and will

influence our thoughts largely in the future. We must not forget that scientists are as sincere and reliable in their investigation of truths as theologians are.

"Cymru" for April has the following illustrations: "Three of Aberaeron's prominent people;" At the bottom of the sea, Silurian and Devonian Fossils, The Holly Grove, Snowdrops, Dafodils, Strata Florida Ruins, and Elfion Wyn. The articles are: "History of Wales" (IV.) by the Editor; "Gelligaer," by T. J. Jones; "Some of Aberaeron's Children;" "Mr. Gee of Denbigh;" "Silurian Rocks of Wales;" "A Trip Through the Woods;" "A Pilgrimage to Strata Florida;" Poems and Songs. The musical number is the national anthem. Reviews and Notes.

—"Seriously," asks the Editor, "is there any limit to the Welshman's shyness? When we observe the behavior of some Welshmen, we may think that the old curse was uttered against him—'Thou shalt eat dust all the days of thy life.' We will be nothing as a people until we assert ourselves and protect our language and our national rights. This power is in our own hands. It is time for us to own ourselves and our privileges. Let us do our business and correspondence in Welsh, as other peoples in their language." It is strange to notice how the Welsh seem to be foreigners and aliens in their own native land! Foreigners are more at home in it than the Welshman himself.

"Cwrs y Byd" has several entertaining and searching discussions on questions of civilization and progress, in its May number "The Eye of Faith and the Eye of Art" is instructive, amusing and suggestive. The writer has a thorough comprehension of the progress of the age, and some of his sug-

gestions for improvement in the future is valuable. It is truly wonderful to a quick mind how much room for improvement there is before and around us! Almost everything we have to do with could be performed better; and what we call conveniences of life, in fact, are mere drawbacks and offenses. Somehow, the tendency of the majority of people is to go backward to barbarism. If the author of this article could be multiplied into thousands, with absolute power of action, the probability is that society would be worth living in. The fact is, people as a rule, are carried on by the course of civilization. There is a mysterious power manifested in a few minds, which accounts for all the progress we make. There is reason also to believe and expect that the great light of education in the future will make us all ashamed of our indifference and inactivity and lack of progressiveness. The other articles are "The Boers and Britons;" "Memoirs of John Morgan;" "The Confines of Matter and Spirit;" "Hither and Thither;" "The Books of the Bible;" "Machines of the Nineteenth Century."

—In "Hither and Thither," the Editor says "One of the leading questions of the day, everywhere, is the Free Church Union; but it is not yet clear what is meant by "Free" Churches, nor upon what practical principle the Union is based. If it is the object and purpose of the Union to fight for the rights of the citizen, for what reason were the Unitarians rejected? In the past, according to their numbers, they have achieved more for liberty and the rights of man than all the other sects. It is true the Unitarians differ with others on the Person of Christ, but some of the others differ likewise about the "way" to follow Christ. They all have their peculiar offenses and prejudices.

SCIENTIFIC

"Those songs and melodies," said John Calvin, "which are composed for the mere pleasure of the ear and all they call ornamental music, and songs for four parts, do not behoove the majesty of the church, and cannot fail greatly to displease God."

Dogs and horses can be completely cured of the fear of thunder by being present at artillery practice; they imagine that they know what produces the dreadful roar, and are henceforth free from all apprehension concerning it.

"Blessed be the man who first invented sleep," is the quaint expression by which Sancho Panza voiced the universal feeling of appreciation for the restoring power and health-producing attributes of sound, refreshing sleep.

In France patent medicines are not allowed to be sold unless the material of which they are made is stated on the label. This takes away the charm. It is unfortunate that so many people still believe in taking medicines into the system for every ill when hygienic living would make them unnecessary.

The fact is that children have a greater appreciation of sound than of sense, and that accordingly their early words are in good melody and bad grammar. Their judgment rests on nothing else than the chime of the sound with their notion of the thing indicated. Their awakening minds are concerned with the discrimination of sound.—Earl.

Commenting on the amount which a spider actually consumed during 24 hours, Sir J. Lubbock says: "At a

similar rate of consumption a man weighing 160 pounds will require a whole fat steer for breakfast, a steer and five sheep for dinner, and for supper two bullocks, eight sheep and four hogs, and just before retiring nearly four barrels of fresh fish."

The degeneration of the muscles, heart, brain, nerves, liver, kidneys and, in fact, all the organs of the body is induced by the habitual use of alcohol. Changes in the corpuscles and in the fibrin of the blood take place when not more than one part of alcohol to 500 of blood is employed. Thus it will be seen the very weakest wines are unsafe, since none of them contains less than from 3 to 5 per cent. Even small beer would be capable of doing mischief in this way.—J. H. Kellogg, M. D.

When we consider how much we owe to the Dog, Man's faithful friend, to the noble Horse, the patient Ox, the Cow, the Sheep, and our other domestic animals, we cannot be too grateful to them; and if we cannot, like some ancient nations, actually worship them, we have perhaps fallen into the other extreme, underrate the sacredness of animal life and treat them too much like mere machines.—Sir John Lubbock in "Beauties of Nature."

The growth of the goitre in the valleys of Savoy, Piedmont and Valais is itself in large part a matter of selection. The boy with the goitre is exempt from military service. He remains at home to become the father of the family. It is said that at one time the government of Savoy furnished the children of that region with lozenges of iodine that were supposed to check the abnormal swelling or the

thyroid gland, known as the goitre. It is said the mothers gave the lozenges only to the girls, preferring that the boys should grow up to the goitre rather than to the army.

All great cities are destroyers of life. Scarcely one would hold its own in population and power, were it not for the young men of the farms. In such destruction Paris has ever taken the lead. Not only the would-be official, but artist, poet, musician, physician or journalist seeks his career in Paris. A few find it. The others discouraged by hopeless effort or vitiated by corrosion, faint and fall. Every night, some few of these cast themselves into the Seine. Every morning they are brought to the morgue behind the old Church of Notre Dame.

There are some remarkable instances of the musical education of unmusical birds, so that they learn songs wholly foreign to their species. A recent case of this kind occurred at the little town of Tannendorf, in the principality of Reuss, Germany. An invalid soldier of Tannendorf, named Pfeifer, succeeded in training a sparrow into a very superior songster, which took the first prize for its vocal powers at the exhibition of the Ornithological Society, "Ornis," held at Leipzig, in 1896.

The late Pope, Pius IX., and first of infallible Pontiffs, decided *ex cathedra* that animals have no soul, and that, therefore, we are not bound to them by any of these moral duties and sacred obligations which we owe, in general, to our fellow-men. This is fully indorsed and practically exemplified by the Italian donkey-driver, who, to every remonstrance against wanton beating and bruising of his patient beast of burden, retorts "*Non e cristiano*" (He is no Christian).

Whoever has spent much time in the

south of Europe must have often witnessed those frightful sufferings of animals which fill us friends of animals with the deepest sympathy and indignation. Darwinism teaches us that we have descended immediately from the primates, and that therefore, they are "our brothers;" physiology informs us that they have the same nerves and sense-organs as we, the same feelings of pleasure and pain.—Haeckel.

In an article on *The Lower Animals*, in the Catholic Dictionary of W. E. Addis and T. Arnold, published in 1884, it is maintained "that brutes are made for man, who has the same right over them which he has over plants and stones," and that it is lawful for him to put them to death and to torment them, "even for the purposes of recreation." A Jesuit, Victor Cathrein, in a recently published review of Bregenz's *Thier-Ethik* (1895), denies that man has any duties toward the lower animals, and asserts that any cruelty he may inflict upon them involves no moral wrong. According to him, animals have no more rights than inanimate objects.

The scientific view of duty is the following: The feeling of duty does not rest on an illusory "categorical imperative," but on the solid ground of "social instinct," as found in the case of all social animals. It regards as the highest aim of all morality the re-establishment of a sound harmony between egoism and altruism, between self-love and the love of one's neighbor. It is to the great English philosopher Herbert Spencer, that we owe the founding of this monistic ethics on a basis of evolution.

In all education up to the present time, man has played the chief part, and especially the grammatical study of his language; the study of nature

was entirely neglected. In the school of the future, nature will be the chief object of study; a man shall learn a correct view of the world he lives in; he will not be made to stand outside of and opposed to nature, but be represented as its highest and noblest product. The school of the twentieth century will have for its main object the formation of independent thought, the clear understanding of the knowledge acquired, and an insight into the natural connection of phenomena.—“Riddle of the Universe.”

First, a desire for excitement, experience, and abandon, to increase companionship, to put off reserve in the presence of others, this desire to heighten the social feeling is probably the most prominent cause of drinking. Many drunkards would regard it as a disgrace to drink in any other way than socially. Secondly, to kill pain, to calm moral distress, to overcome fatigue, a desire for temporary relief from poverty or monotony, to increase courage or overcome self-consciousness, to steady the nerves for work or unusual strain.—*Am. Journal Psychology.*

The choice is rather between personality and something that may be higher. Is it not possible that there is a mode of being as much transcending Intelligence and Will as these transcend mechanical motion? Doubtless we are totally unable to imagine any such higher mode of being. But this is not a reason for questioning its existence; it is rather the reverse. Have we not seen how utterly unable our minds are to form even an approach to a conception of that which underlies all phenomena? Is it not proved that we fail because of the incompetency of the Conditioned to grasp the Unconditioned? Does it not follow that the Ultimate Cause cannot in any respect be conceived because it is in every respect greater than can be conceived?

And may we not rightly refrain from assigning to it any attributes whatever, on the ground that such attributes, derived as they must be from our own natures, are not elevations but degradations?—*Spencer.*

It will be news of dubious joy to smokers to learn that the flavor of their favorite brands of tobacco is not due to the excellence of the leaf, but to the bacteria which inhabit it. The bacteriologist boldly asserts that the delicate aroma, the subtle shades of flavor which affect the palate of the smoker are one and all attributable to the agency of microbes alone, and that it is to frizzled bacteria and not to any particular plant growth that the gratitude of smokers is due. A German bacteriologist, Herr S. Suchsland, was the first to draw attention to the remarkable fact that the real flavor of tobacco is not inherent in itself, but is due to the local microbes which aid in its process of fermentation.

The time is not far distant when the house may be built entirely of glass. Garchig's glass-stone or ceramo-crystal, made like Reaumur porcelain by devitrifying glass debris and then agglomerating it by pressure and heat, has the first rank among materials of construction, including granite, for resistance to crushing, shock, usage, cold, and chemical action. It can be readily colored and molded, and has already begun to play a great part in building-construction. Mention should also be made of hollow glass bricks, hermetically sealed to prevent the access of dust to their interior. These bricks have already been tested in building with excellent results. As for the glass house itself, it has already been seen in Japan and in the United States. Even at Paris, during the recent Exposition, we had a palace of glass, which was a wonder.—*Trans. for "The Literary Digest."*

THE DOCTRINE OF GOD THE GREAT MODERN ISSUE.

Nothing is more obvious than the fact that God is the subject with which modern thought deals by eminence. The evolutionist, who tells us that God is the one and only substance, the unfolding which, at every point of space and time, works in enslavement to environment without choice, whether it produces a normal eye on the one hand or cancerous tumor on the other; and the Ritschlianism that teaches that we have no scientific knowledge of God, and that when we say He is love or call Him Father, we are only uttering judgments of religious value—these tell us that the crisis of the present crisis is the Doctrine of God. These point us to the centre of the battle.

The real conflict of the hour is between unintelligent chance, necessitated force, and free and intelligent plan, as the constitutive principle of the universe. Chance, force, plan; which of these words intimates the character and describes the activity of God? This is the burning question of the day. In the midst of this tremendous fight shall we, who are all for the free and intelligent plan of the living and holy God, waste our time and spend our force in fighting over its corollaries? Let us wait until we have won the common battle and see eye to eye once more.—Prof. J. De Witt.

NATURE'S PUZZLES.

Nature is replete with puzzles, and man is ever ready to try and unravel them. The problem which many eminent scientific men are now studying is, says the "Daily Express," a sort of eighth wonder of the world—nothing less than the discovery whether or not the marvellous mirage over the Muir Glacier in Alaska, which has been observed and written about by travellers from time to time since 1888, is really

a reflection of the city of Bristol (as previously noted in the "Echo"), from which it is no less than 5,000 miles distant. Professor Willoughby, who has lived in Alaska for years has taken a remarkable series of photographs of the phenomenon. This remarkable natural phenomenon is popularly known as the Silent City, and so great is the curiosity which has been caused by it that a scientific expedition will sail this summer with the object of solving the mystery. The mirage takes the form of a great city, which appears to hang over or near the Muir Glacier. It changes its form frequently, and becomes distorted in every conceivable manner. Professor Bruce in his work on "Alaska Mines" declares that in his opinion the phenomenon is a reflection of the city of Bristol, and photographs taken by prospectors go a considerable way towards confirming the belief.

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At the approach of winter the birds perhaps present the most remarkable spectacle. With some few exceptions they move away from the conditions which threatened them; and in what is popularly called the departure and return of the birds we contemplate a wonderful migration, in which the highest instinct of self-preservation appears to have been developed. The birds of the coast have a definite line of migration; the shore line at this time constitutes a bird highway, over which tens of thousands are passing—in the autumn to the South, where there is a food supply; in the spring to the North, to the fields they know so well, and the nesting places where the young are to be raised. Much of this migration is carried on at night high in air, and during storms myriads of birds are often confused and killed by dashing blindly into the lighthouse that mark the highway. At Heligoland Light the ground in the morning is frequently strewn with birds, from ducks and geese to the smallest songsters. In the interior the birds follow valleys and the mountain ranges.—"Scientific American."



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

One of the cheapest taunts flung at Welshmen by English critics accuses them of taking no interest in any subject except *eisteddfodau*, religion and politics.

The captain of the steamer *Athlone*, on which Thomas Carlyle crossed to Ireland in 1849 was "an excellent, civil, able old Welshman; very obliging when you spoke to him," as he wrote in his *Reminiscences*.

According to Professor Little good advice to Welshmen, ancient and modern, was epigrammatically contained in the remark of Giraldus Cambrensis, "If they would be inseparable they would be insuperable."

In an interesting article on "Archery" in "Sandow's Magazine," reference is made to the fact that Giraldus Cambrensis gives some extraordinary examples of the powerful shooting of the Welsh archers of his time—12th century—their arrows piercing open doors four fingers in thickness. Giraldus also mentions an English knight who was pinned to his horse by two Welsh arrows, which pierced through armor, thigh, saddle, and horse—one on each side.

Taking the department of Modern Foreign Languages, it will be found that only about 300 take up French, and about 20 German in all the three colleges! Or, taking Cardiff College, in the centre of a mining district, it will be found that only about 50 stu-

dents study the subjects peculiar to that district—such as Mining, Mine Surveying, and Geology.

It appears that the number of pupils in Wales and Monmouth, according to the latest published reports, is as follows:—In Voluntary Schools, 106,911; Board Schools, 221,483, making a total of 328,394. The average attendance in these different classes of schools was 75 and 79 per cent. respectively, which was considerably less than the corresponding figures in England.

Great as may be the interest taken by Welshmen in the development of events at Westminster, greater still must be their pride at the part which Welshmen are now taking in the affairs of the Empire. At no time since Wales has enjoyed Parliamentary representation have Welshmen reason to be prouder of the "role" which the race is playing in national affairs than in the dawn of the new century.

We may take courage from the fact, pointed out recently in an address by the Bishop of Hereford, "that it is in comparatively small communities, whether cities or nations, fused into intense and vivid life by their patriotic enthusiasm and sacrifices, that whole peoples have been stirred to the most productive and noblest efforts, and it is amid such circumstances that the finest elements of individual character, or intellect, or imagination, have been nursed into the most vigorous growth,

and their richest fruits have been ripened and garnered."

Though there are many eminent Welshmen buried in Westminster Abbey, the grave of Bishop Connop Thirlwall is the only one on which there is a Welsh inscription, and in his case it is short, "Gwyn ei Fyd" The complete inscription reads,—

Connop Thirlwall,
Scholar, Historian, Theologian,
For 34 years Bishop of St David's.
Born February 11, 1797. Died July 27,
1875.

Cor sapiens et intelligens ad discenendum iudicium.
Gwyn ei Fyd.

In 1824 Carmarthen had 50 vessels, with a tonnage of 1,482, in which were sent from the port that year 50 tons of cheese, 20,000 barrels of butter, and 250,000 quarters of wheat. The Town Hall of Carmarthen was built in 1770, the Market Place was built in 1801. The town was lighted by means of gas in 1822; and supplied with water by large iron pipes connecting some excellent wells at a distance.

How many thatched cottages are left behind in Wales? This age of slates and stylishness is "the winter of their discontent," and, like septuagenarians and octogenarians, they are fast dying out these days. The thatched houses which were the oldest inhabitants at Brynmenin were burnt to death recently. At Machen a few of their relatives still remain. At that place the police station is a thatched building, the only official thatched building in Wales. It is said that the police officer objected to it at first, fearing the populace would call him a man of straw.

Dr. Rhys, in his "Celtic Folk Lore, Welsh and Manx," tells the following legend of the curlew:—"When St. Beuno lived at Cellwvnnog he used to go

regularly to preach at Landwyn, on the opposite side of the water, which he always crossed on foot. But one Sunday he accidentally dropped his book of sermons into the water, and when he had failed to rescue it a "gylfin-hir," or curlew, came by, picked it up, and placed it on a stone out of the reach of the tide. The saint prayed for the protection and favor of the Creator for the 'gylfin-hir;' it was granted, and so nobody every knows where that bird makes its nest."

In a recent address giving his reminiscences of religious controversies in Wales, the Rev. Erasmus W. Jones, D. D., of Utica, N. Y., said that debates were almost universal and exceedingly bitter. The monthly magazines of each party were well nigh filled with polemics, and were much enjoyed by readers; and debates between neighbors were common. Children, of course, would take sides with their parents with ardent zeal. He remembered well how the boys would near come to blows over the atonement and the perseverance of the saints. But he was happy to say that now each was perfectly willing for the others to cast out devils in their own way.

One of Cattwg's lessons to his pupil Taliesin, when the chief bard was under tuition at Llanfeithin Seminary, was the following:—"Think always," said Cattwg the wise, "before thou speakest—1, what thou speakest; 2, why thou speakest; 3, to whom thou speakest; 4, of whom thou speakest; 5, what will result from that thou speakest; 6, what good will be from thy speaking; 7, who will be listening when thou art speaking. Put thy saying on the tip of thy finger before speaking, and turn it this seven ways, and no evil will ever come to thee from what thou sayest."

The neighborhood of Laugharne has produced some of the most eminent of

Welshmen. Within view of the place were born the two Charleses—afterwards so well known as the Rev. T. Charles, of Bala, and the Rev. D. Charles, of Carmarthen. The Rev. Theophilus Jones, of Wotton-under-Edge, was a native of this place; also it was the birthplace of Mr. J. Williams, who for a quarter of a century was engaged as a missionary in France. It was at a place not more than a mile from Laugharne the immortal Peter Williams was born; and it was in Laugharne Church the Rev. Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror, preached his first sermon; it was also the first field of labor in which the late Rev. Dr. Edwards, of Bala, was engaged.

Between Llandello and Llandybie is Mynydd Mawr, on which is situated the lake known as Llyn Llech Owen, and the tradition in the neighborhood is that Owen Lawgoch (a personage who figures largely in Welsh folk-lore) and his men had their abode in a cave on the northern side of Mynydd Mawr, and while there Owen used to water his steed at a fine spring covered by a large stone, which it required the strength of a giant to lift. But one day he forgot to replace it, and when he next sought the well, he found the well turned into a large lake. He returned to his men and told them what had happened. Thereupon both he and his men fell into a sleep which is to last till it is broken by the sound of a trumpet and the clang of arms on Rhiw Goch, then they are to sally forth to reconquer "Wales for the Welsh."

The composition of "Codiad yr Heddyd" (The Rising of the Lark) is attributed to Dafydd y Garegwen, besides the air so named, and one or two others, and the manner of its evolvment is stated to have been as follows:—David had been playing his harp and having a merry night ("noson lawen") at a gwyl-mabsant, or it may be one of his

patron's mansions; the way home was long and toilsome, and the night far spent, so that the bard ultimately overcome by fatigue slept on the mountain side until the lark's merry notes roused him from his slumbers, when he took his instrument in his hands and brought forth the strains of this inspiring melody. The identical stone upon which David rested is still pointed out, and a photograph of it was recently shown in one of our Welsh monthlies. Even that did not quite satisfy the critics, for one is known to have remarked that the picture was incomplete—the identical lark also should have been represented.

A gentleman visiting Caerffili in 1791 says that the English language was as little known or understood at Caerffili as among the mountains of Merioneth. "We found but one person in the whole place who could speak it, and of his fluency we give a specimen, for he was no other than the keeper of the Castle. Lord Mountstuart had employed laborers to dig in different parts of the Castle grounds in hopes of finding coins or some relics of antiquity. The guide whose business it was to show strangers over the Castle told me that this had been done for some time to no purpose. I said that I was not surprised at it since it is almost impossible for ignorant laborers to distinguish anything of this sort from the rubbish they throw away. The old Welshman would not allow this, and replied with some tartness, "What hur think, poor people such fools her not tell monies from durt? Dirt very common; monies very scarce. Got plest hur, not so ignorant but hur knows monies when hur sees it, inteed."

The itinerating system of preaching which obtains amongst the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, and which obtained more in the past than it does now, has often been the subject of

animadversion. It has been felt, and truly, that the system is an expensive one, that hundreds of pounds thus go into the coffers of the railway companies which might be usefully employed in other ways. But has it been remarked how much the system has done to pull Wales together? The rivalry between North and South, between county and county, the isolation of town from town—the Methodist itineracy has operated much against these things. The Methodist minister is one Sunday at Merthyr, the next Sunday at Barmouth, or he is off again to St. David's, may be, and the week after finds him at Llandrindod. And the men who thus go all over the Principality become well-known to people in all quarters. Even in far Mon., "familiar in their mouths as household words," will be heard the name of some preacher whose home, perhaps, is in some secluded valley of Cardiganshire.

In the course of an interesting address on "The Musical Art of Ireland," delivered some time ago to the Young Ireland Society of Belfast, Dr. Annie Paterson, B. A., made incidental reference to the musical connection of Wales with Ireland. The fair lecturer recalled how in 1079 the Irish bards were to be found teaching the Welsh, "now a people with such a reputation for musical capabilities." A band of Irish harpers were invited over to the Principality to teach, and it was believed that it was principally due to the Celts that the "24 measures of Welsh music" were composed. At any rate, it was a significant fact that the names of the measures were in the Irish language. The existence of harps, the musical emblem of Ireland and of Wales, dated back from time immemorial. The possible origin was in Egypt, where monuments showed drawings of harps. These, however, appeared without the forearm or pillar,

and it was probably the Celtic people who added it.

A plea for pure Welsh comes from Birmingham, of all places in the world, and the appeal is as pathetic and sincere as the appeal for pure beer. The appellant is Mr. W. George Roberts, and the occasion that moves him was the holding of a St. David's Day dinner by the Welshmen of Birmingham. "May 1," writes Mr. Roberts in the "Birmingham Post," may I appeal to these gentlemen who meet once a year to patronise the old country to avoid insulting the Welsh language? I venture to say that there is not a single member of this society, called the 'Brythonlaid,' who would quote any of the classical or modern languages in the same way as they quote Welsh without blushing. But to misquote Welsh at this eminently 'patriotic' meeting is invariably the signal for unseemly merriment. Will those who cannot speak or pronounce Welsh properly kindly leave it severely alone? It would show good taste on their part, whilst the omission of this needless offence would be appreciated by many others." Quite right, of course, and Mr. Roberts may raise his voice till it is heard beyond the boundaries of Birmingham.

Many years ago, at a place not far from Aber Church, Breconshire, it is recorded that the clergyman of the parish gave out the following hymn to raise the corpse (i godi'r corff), which was sung with much feeling by the people forming the procession. It happened that a wag of a poet was present at the funeral who was tempted to reply to the question contained in the hymn given out by the clergyman, which was as follows:—

Pa wr sydd a'i oes dan sel,
Na ddel marwolaeth ato?
Ac a ddianc, ac ni ddaw
Y gaib a'r rhaw i'w guddio?

The poet, who was a cousin to the Bard of Pantycelyn, and locally known as Billi'r Telliwr, had before the procession reached the church composed the answer to the question put forth by the clergyman, which read thus:—

Y rhai fu feirw ar y mor,
A'r pysgod gor t'w llarpio,
Y rheini a ddianc, ac ni ddaw
Y gaib a'r rhaw i'w cuddio.

The popular tune, "The Bel's of Aberdyfi," is of unknown origin, and the words to which it is usually sung make the bells say un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech (one, two, three, four, five, six); and a charming Welsh vocalist has been heard putting on "saith" (seven) in her rendering of the song. This is not to be wondered at, as her instincts must have rebelled against such a common place number as six in a song redolent of old-world sentiment. But our fairy bells ought to have stopped at five; this would seem to have been forgotten when the melody and the present words were wedded together. At any rate our stories seem to suggest that fairy counting did not go beyond the fingering of one hand. The only Welsh fairy represented counting, is made to do it all by fives; she counts un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump; un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, as hard as her tongue can go. For on the number of times she can repeat the five numerals at a single breath depends the number of the live stock of each kind, which are to form the dowry.—Professor Rhys.

Owen A. Williams, D. D., relating in "The Interior," the story of the Welsh Baptists, gives a paragraph to the contributions of Welshmen to Baptist churches in America. Not many years after the meeting of the first Baptist Association, of which there is an au-

thentic record, at Illston, in 1649, the church there, with its pastor, John Myles, emigrated to America, and laid the foundation of the Baptist denomination in Pennsylvania and Delaware. Another founder in America was Roger Williams, of whom and his work for religious liberty everybody knows. "He had a worthy successor in the Rev. Morgan John Rhee, a Welshman, and grandfather of President Rhee, of the University of Rochester." The record of the first Baptist church in Pennsylvania shows that its chief strength in early years was received from Wales, and its first Bible, treasured by the American Baptist Historical Society, was in Welsh. It was the mother church of the Philadelphia Association. A band of sixteen Baptists in Wales, having formed themselves into a church before emigrating to America with John Griffith, of their number, as pastor, settled in Iron Hill, Welsh Tract, Del., in 1703, and constituted one of the five churches that formed the Philadelphia Association. This church was the mother of one church in Pennsylvania, of five in Delaware, and of one in South Carolina. The Rev. John Williams, one of the pioneer Baptist workers and founders in New York City, more than a hundred years ago began his ministry as the pastor of a church in Wales.

Welsh "saints" to whom churches are dedicated give endless trouble to the historian. Specially puzzling are dual dedications, like Ystradyfodwg, the church Tyfodwg, now dedicated to St. John. St. Mellon's is another case in point. One explanation offered is that the dedications to Welsh saints were made prior to the Norman Conquest, and that subsequently saints more widely known to Christendom were substituted, chiefly by foreign priests and monks.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, of New Court Congregational Church, London, who comes to America as the successor of the late Mr. Moody, lived in Cardiff when a boy.

Mr. Ffrangcon Davies has been taking Zurich by storm. One of the Swiss newspapers enthusiastically declares that "no living singer can surpass him in volume, and only a few equal him. His production is wonderful."

John Wesley, in his frequent evangelistic journeys, visited the Rev. Thomas Price, rector of Merthyr, in 1739. Open-air meetings and cottage prayer meetings were held by some of the puddlers and rollers in 1790, and six years afterwards the foundation stone of the Wesley Chapel was laid. In 1807 a Sunday school was started in connection with the chapel.

Cadwaladr Davies was once a pressman, afterwards registrar of Bangor College, and then a barrister, and that, acting as assistant Charity Commissioner in Merioneth, he unearthed some writing of Ellis Wynne, at Llanfair, the Bardd Cwag.

Amongst local exhibitors in the Royal Academy this year is a young Dowlais artist, Mr. Tom Prytherch, whose water-color painting of "The Chancel, Wroxeter Church," has been accepted and hung. The subject illustrates some fine old fifteenth century monuments—recumbent figures, one of them in armor in the attitude of prayer. The background depicts a rare piece of old chiselled work, known as the Easter Sepulchre, whence the ves-

sels were placed or brought out at Easter with great ceremony by processions of monks.

The great Laureate, in a letter dated September 16th, 1856, wrote:—"The Usk murmurs by the windows, and I sit like King Arthur in Caerleon. This is a most quiet, half-ruined village of about 1,500 inhabitants, with a little museum of Roman tombstones and other things." From Caerleon he made expeditions to Caerphilly, Merthyr Tydfil, Raglan, and then "we all returned by Brecon, Gloucester, and Salisbury, home. With the help of local schoolmaster in Wales, my parents had learned some Welsh, and now we read together the Hanes Cymru, the Mabinogion, and Llywarch Hen." It was somewhat of a novelty then, and is more or less still, for an Englishman to make any attempt to master the Welsh language.

As many as six Welsh Congregational ministers will celebrate their jubilees this year. They are the Revs. David Jones, Granville; H. Oliver, B. A., Caerodor; J. Bowen Jones, B. A., LL.D., Brecon; J. Tahirion Davies and Drs. Rhys Gwesyn Jones, Utica, N. Y., and O. Evans, London. The former, once a student of Brecon College, celebrated his jubilee on January 29th. On that date in the year 1851 he was first ordained minister at Bethlehem, near Llangadock, and he soon made himself well known in the Towy Valley. In 1860 he removed to Hermon, a neighboring chapel, and ten years afterwards he left for America to take charge of a church at Cincinnati. The D. D. de-

gree was conferred upon him a few years back, and he is now an octogenarian.

—C—
JENNIE ALLTWEN BELL.

Among the many Cambro-American vocalists, none is more popular, and deservedly so than the genial artist, Madame Jennie Alltwn Williams Bell,

tone, and particularly full and sweet in the middle register. Graduating from the University with high honors, she immediately became popular as a concert and Eisteddfodic artist, her services being in demand incessantly. She has appeared with such artists as the late Madame Patey, the noted English vocalist; Ben Davies, the greatest of Welsh tenors; and Professor James



Jennie Alltwn Bell.

of Grand Ledge, Mich., whose picture adorns this page. "Jennie Alltwn," as she is familiarly known, was born at Portmadoc, Carnarvonshire, North Wales—a neighborhood noted for its poets and singers. Her musical education was acquired at the University College of Wales, at Aberystwyth, the eminent Welsh composer, Joseph Parry, Mus. Doc. (Cantab), being her teacher. Under his careful guidance she made remarkable progress, and ere long her pure and sympathetic contralto was recognized at once by the public and critics alike as one of many possibilities, being round and sonorous in

Sauvage, formerly leading baritone of the Royal English Carl Rosa, and other opera companies, but now one of New York City's most prominent vocal teachers. Madame Bell has repeatedly appeared as soloist in the Royal National Eisteddfod, and was also one of the soloists of the World's Fair Eisteddfod, held in 1893, at Chicago, where her artistic efforts won the highest plaudits of her numerous auditors. Enjoying an international reputation, as does Madame Bell, it is to be regretted that continued ill-health has compelled her to give up concert work. However, those who have been fortu-

nate enough to hear her at recent private recitals report that her voice still retains all of its strength and sweetness, and that her art is as perfect to-day as when she was at the zenith of her musical career. She is intensely sympathetic, and her clear and distinct enunciation can not be too highly commended. In all her work she exhibits the insight of a musical soul, and a voice under perfect control. It is sincerely to be hoped that Madame Bell may again be enabled to appear in public, as artists of her rank are so few and far between among Cambro-Americans that she can ill be spared. At least, that is the earnest hope of thousands of her admirers in this country.

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Welshmen of all shades of opinion are delighted to see how rapidly Mr. Elvet Lewis is capturing the heart of "the predominant partner." His "Life of Dr. Herber Evans" has been received by the English press with unqualified approval. "No book," declares so eminent a literary critic as Dr. Robertson Nicoll, "will do more to interpret Welsh religious life to the English and Scotch peoples. Mr. Elvet Lewis himself is a man of rare gifts. He is a poet, a mystic, a theologian, and a stylist."

A writer in the "Umpire" has been measuring Mr. Lloyd George. Here is the result: "Nobody ever has a bout with Mr. Chamberlain who doesn't hobble away severely wounded. One conflict is enough for most men. But he has a foe that is always game—Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Lloyd George plays red rag. Other men Mr. Chamberlain may push on one side with a jeer. But when Lloyd George comes at him, then he is all fight, and there is generally a fine tussle in the Commons arena, certainly better to behold than take part in. Just in the same way as Lord

Randolph Churchill 'riled' the Old Man, so this vitriolic, sharp, needle-tongued little Welshman 'riles' the Colonial Secretary. Politics is much of a game, and behind political animosities there is often sound friendships. But Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Chamberlain hate one another with the deepest of hate."

In the Welsh notes in the Liverpool "Mercury" recently, allusion was made to the fact of a minister, a native of the Principality, forsaking the pulpit for the stage in America. There is a parallel to this in the case of Mr. David Ffrangcon Davies, the well-known singer, who, an Oxford graduate, was a clergyman of the Church of England before he took to the musical profession, and one of his first appearances as an actor was when he played an important part in Sullivan's "Ivanhoe," at the Royal English Opera House in London. He was also for a while connected with the Rosa Company, sustaining various characters in various operas. It is remarked in the note that the typical Welsh preacher is essentially dramatic. Mr. Ffrangcon Davies is certainly dramatic both on the stage and the concert platform.

Gwynfe, a small Carmarthenshire village, enjoys the reputation of being the home of many missionaries and ministers. The late Rev. W. Griffiths, the first missionary to set foot in Madagascar, was born near Gwynfe, and the Rev. John Edwards, D. D., missionary at Fajardo, Porto Rico, is a native of the same neighborhood. It is well known that Congregationalism reigns supreme at Gwynfe, but it is curious that the latest addition to the host of ministers who hail from there is a Methodist, and Mr. Morgan Jones, senior student of Trevecca College and a native of Gwynfe, who recently accepted the pastorate of Furnace (C. M.)

Chapel, Llanelly, is considered a very good preacher amongst the "Corph."

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EBENEZER EDWARDS.

By D. T. Davies, Philadelphia.

Few of the brethren in the Conference a year ago, who remember the little brother who was introduced, almost lost in the folds of his great ulster overcoat, knew the sterling character of the man among them. He rose to commend to their notice his recent published work, on the Welsh as factors in the formation of the Republic. His memory is one of pure undiscouraged affection with all that had the good fortune of his acquaintance and friendship.

Our first meeting was at Newport in Wales, when he was on his way, as it was supposed, to India, under appointment of the Missionary Union. He paused about his old home, and among old friends, and concluded not to go. That was held to be an error by many at the time; it would have been better had he made an effort to carry out his original purpose. He settled down as pastor of the second church his father founded at Brynmawr, our home.

The family came from Ruthin in North Wales. "John Edwards, Ruthin," his father was called, a popular preacher in his younger days, whose peculiar mode was reproduced in the son, but not to the son's advantage. He was pastor of Hermon, in Nantyglo, thence he came and gathered the first of the two churches he ministered to in Brynmawr. Our parents were baptized into the fellowship in the earlier part of that ministry. The best part of the father's ministry was spent at Brynmawr and Nantyglo. We remember very little about it, unless it might be a few texts.

An elder brother, Edward, had been voted to be admitted to the seminary

at Haverfordwest. He was taken sick. That there might be no gap in the Levirate order, Ebenezer said he was sent instead. The elder brother afterwards turned his attention to business, though none the less useful as a preacher, as occasion offered. A sister was the wife of Samuel Hughes, who died at Atco, N. J. His first affliction was at Llanelly, whither he removed from Brynmawr. He had begun a very promising ministry there, as he had filled a very successful one at his father's old church, when the iron industries of the Cwm came to a stand still for good, and he suffered a stroke of paralysis. He was laid aside for many months, and it was very slowly that he recovered to resume his work again.

When he came to America he was guest for some weeks of W. R. Williams of Philadelphia. His happiest moments were those when he told how Dr. Williams delighted them every morning at family worship with readings, out of his own expositions, the seed-beds of many sermons in after years. Also that occasion of the meeting of the Missionary Union in New York, when the foreign policy of the Board was in discussion. It was a stormy meeting, many brethren had so much to say, of which they must be relieved, and did relieve themselves, when Dr. Williams rose up somewhere in the rear of the building and offered a series of resolutions, which went over the great gathering more as oil over troubled waters rather, as if the word of God had been swayed over the assembly, and everything was still.

The seminary at Haverfordwest was housed in a row of four story buildings, named Spring Gardens, in his time, on one of the much walked roads. The roof with dormer windows came down to a hollow behind two feet of a parapet. It was a good hiding place behind that parapet. It was a good bit of a climb for a little man to get up from the fourth story bedroom, and

through that window, but it was done. and in the snowballing season it delighted the boys to watch their opportunity to let snowballs fall below from behind the parapet, for the pleasure of beholding the short quick resentful turn made by the townman, as he looked to every quarter to see whence the cold missiles came, but never discovered, and always greeted the sinners with great cordiality, having no knowledge of their being the cause of his annoyance. He, Edwards, told that part of college work with great satisfaction, as if he had shared in it many times.

David Davis, as the head of the Seminary, delivered the charge to him when he settled at Pembroke, the county town, and concluding he said: "My son and brother, wherever God in his providence may lead you to labor for him, whether here for long years, or elsewhere, it would mar all the enjoyment of this happy occasion to hear of your conducting yourself in any way than as a good minister of the Lord Jesus Christ," and had he lived till now he never would have heard of anything to mar the joy of that day. A more pure-minded, more faithful minister of Christ the roster of Baptist ministers never held, or a more industrious man with pen and book. He wrote untold pages as fugitive literature, a consistent opposer of vicious ways with drink and pipes. It needed some strength of spinal cord to be a consistent abstainer and opponent of the vile habit of smoking fifty years ago. He had a long pastorate of nearly eleven years at Minersville, and from

there he left to close his life near his daughter and her husband at Allentown.

Mr. Hopkyn Rees, the Welsh missionary, was one of the sufferers by the Chinese "Boxer" outbreak. His house and, what he valued still more, his books, the fruit of a lifetime's collection, and his papers were all destroyed. Though his loss is in some respects irreparable, his friends in the Principality have done what they could to replace his library. When the circumstances became known, chiefly through the efforts of the Rev. T. Johns, chairman of the Welsh Congregational Union, contributions in books and money began to flow in. The result has been that Mr. Hopkyn Rees, who has sailed back to his post in China, takes with him a fairly good library of books contributed by personal friends and admirers in the Principality, and a sum of some hundreds of pounds wherewith to supplement the literary contributions. Mr. Hopkyn Rees, like his veteran and still better known colleague Dr. Griffith John, is an excellent Chinese scholar, and devoted to the mission work. He was largely responsible for the production of a Chinese version of a portion of the Scriptures, and such is his enthusiasm for the work that, although he has still months of his furlough unexpired, he preferred going back now to his labors, leaving his wife and three little ones in this country to comfort his aged and widowed mother for his absence.



Original and Selected Miscellany.

What English word is there the first two letters of which signify a man, the first three a woman, the first four a great man, and the whole a great woman? "Heroine."

A Western cattle ranch, belonging to the children of some Boston people, has been named by them, "Focus," because it is where the sons raise meat.
—Boston Transcript.

"Mr. Hughes, what you goin' to make out of Bob?"

"Well, I b'lieve, Thomas Williams, I'll make a plisman out of him; because he is never seen when wanted."

One of Emma Calve's favorite topics of conversation is to warn young girls that they will not find true happiness on the stage—not such happiness as awaits them "if they will get married, darn stockings, and bring up children. I have heard Lillian Nordica talking in a similar strain; but she has now, she says, stopped giving advice on the subject, as it is useless.

In a high school examination paper in reply to the question, "What is a limited monarchy," was written: "A limited monarchy is government by a king, who in case of bankruptcy, would not be responsible for the entire national debt. You have the same thing in private life, in limited liability companies."—Kansas City Star.

Three million geese are brought regularly to the October market in Warsaw, Poland. Often coming from

remote provinces, many of these geese have to travel over long distances upon roads which would wear out their feet if they were not "shod." For this purpose they are driven through tar poured over the ground, and then through sand. After the operation has been repeated several times the feet of the geese become covered with a hard crust.
—"Notes and Queries."

An old negro in a neighborhood town arose in prayer meeting and said: "Bredderin and sisterin, I been a mighty mean nigger in my time. I had a heap er ups and downs—specially downs—since I jined de church. I stoled chickens and water millins, I cussed. I got drunk. I shot craps. I slashed udder coons wid my razor, an' I done er sight or udder things, but, thank the good Lawd, bredderin and sisterin, I never yet lost my religion."
—Blue Ridge (Ga.) Post.

The announcement that "two-thirds of the drug stores in the State of Kansas will have to go out of business if their licenses to sell ardent spirits for 'medicinal use only' are withdrawn" recalls the old story of the big cowboy who came to town to fill a prescription. Swinging a fat two-gallon demijohn on to the counter, he says to the clerk, briskly: "Fill her up; baby's sick."

Henry Clay, the "mill-boy of the slashes," was one of the seven children of a widow too poor to send him to any but a common country school, where he was drilled only in the "three

R's." But he used every spare moment to study without a teacher, and in after years he was a king among self-made men. The boy who had learned to speak in a barn, with only a cow and a horse for an audience, became one of the greatest of American orators and statesmen.—Selected.

'Twas said of old,
The stone that rolled
Ne'er gathered any moss.
They argued, too,
That he who knew
No venture, knew no loss.
Who rolls, you bet,
Some dust will get,
Some knowledge will he gain;
Who ventures not—
Ah! sad his lot—

A mossback will remain.

—Geo. W. Stevens in Toledo Times.

England may be envied for its observance of the day of rest. There is a refreshing relief from the Sunday morning newspapers, mails and theaters. Railway traffic is suspended in London during church service hours. The king and queen follow well the excellent traditions of the past, and not alone are religious ceremonies reverently observed, but all about their residences every class of labor is either suspended or lessened as much as possible.—Edward Page Gaston in Woman's Home Companion.

The members of the Welsh Ladies' Choir cherish kindest memories of their visit to the Queen in 1894. "I did not believe," said one of them to a Llanelly correspondent, "that her Majesty could be so delightful a lady. All of us were perfectly charmed with her. And I am sure the Queen was pleased with us, too, because she expressed her satisfaction with our singing more than once. Before we had gone through our programme, her Majesty said in a voice that all of us

could hear, 'I think you had better take a rest now.' At times she was visibly affected by the singing, and when Miss Dot Prosser sang 'Darby and Joan,' she was moved almost to tears."

An Irish farmer went into an ironmonger's shop to buy a scythe. After serving him, the shopman asked him if he would buy a bicycle. "What is that?" queried the Irishman. "It's a machine to ride about the town on." "And, shure, what might the price of it be?" "Fifteen pounds." "I'd rather see fifteen pounds in a cow." "But what a fool you would look riding round the town on the back of a cow!" "Shure, now," replied the Irishman, "not half such a fool as I'd look trying to milk a bicycle!"—Dublin Independent.

The expression "There is a skeleton in every closet" is said to have its origin in the fact that a soldier once wrote to his mother, who complained of her unhappiness, to have some sewing done for him by some one who had no cares or troubles. At last the mother found a woman, who seemed to have no troubles, but when she told her business the woman took her to a closet containing a skeleton and said: "Madam, I try to keep my troubles to myself, but every night I am compelled by my husband to kiss this skeleton, who was once his rival. Think you, then, I can be happy?"

Once when Max Müller was staying with Tennyson the after-dinner talk turned on tobacco. The professor confessed he had formerly been the slave of his pipe, but had asserted his independence by making—one cannot say a burnt offering—but an entire renunciation. The poet said: "Anybody could do that," and, his word being doubted, proceeded to deeds. He threw his pipe defiantly out of the window. The next day he was placidly self-

righteous, the day after he was moody, and on the third day he was impossible. The poet was then seen in his garden gathering up the discarded gods, never again to be cast out.

A GOOD SON.

I was once spending the night in a beautiful home in a large city. At about 9 o'clock my host, a gentleman of about 55 years of age, got up, went out into the hall and put on his overcoat and rubbers. Returning to the parlor door, he said:

"Excuse me please, for just a few minutes. I am going to say good-night to my mother."

His mother lived three blocks distant, and for thirty years her son had never failed to go and bid her good-night, if he was in the city.

"No matter what the weather may be, no matter who his guests are, my husband never fails to run over to his mother's and bid her good-night," said the gentleman's wife when he had gone.

"Neither he nor she could sleep if this duty had been neglected. When his business compels him to be away from the city, he writes to her every day, if only a single line.

"Her mental powers are beginning to fail, and she forgets many things, so that her mind is a blank on some points; but when 9 o'clock comes she always knows the hour, and says: 'It is time for Henry to come and bid me good-night.'"—Will Carleton's Magazine.

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AS THEY CHOSE.

While waiting for the train the bride and bridegroom walked slowly up and down the platform.

"I don't know what this joking and guying may have been to you," he remarked, "but it's death to me. I never experienced such an ordeal."

"It's perfectly dreadful," she an-

swered, "I shall be so glad when we get away from everybody we know."

"They're actually impertinent," he went on. "Why, the very natives——"

At this unpropitious moment the wheezy old stationmaster walked up to them.

"Be you goin' to take this train?" he asked.

"It's none of your business," retorted the bridegroom, indignantly, as he guided the bride up the platform, where they condoled with each other over the impertinence of the natives.

Onward came the train, its vapor curling from afar. It was the last to their destination that day, an express—nearer, nearer, it came at full speed, then in a moment it whizzed past and was gone.

"Why in thunder didn't that train stop!" yelled the bridegroom.

"Cos you sed 'twarn't none of my bizness. I has to signal if that train's to stop."

And as the old stationmaster softly stroked his beard there was a wicked twinkle in his eye.—"Spare Moments."

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An old negro named Ephraim, having been sworn on the jury in a murder trial in one of the southern states, for some time stubbornly resisted a verdict of guilty for no other apparent reason than his strong aversion to capital punishment in general. Finally the foreman explained to him that it was a question either of hanging the prisoner or hanging the jury, and that it all depended on him. "'Fo' Gawd suh," replied Uncle Ephraim, "on dem reasonments de pris'ner am sho' guilty."

The Rev. E. O. Jones, vicar of Llanidloes, has brought out another small volume of English lyrics translated from Welsh. The vicar has an idea of compiling an anthology of nineteenth century poets, and asks his

readers "to write to him suggesting poets and particular poems which they think ought to be included." An ancient authority has it that he that observeth the wind shall not sow. It is as difficult for Welshmen to agree as to the best poets as it is for them to settle the Welsh capital question or the ultimate locale of the Welsh university offices.

—o:—

There used to be an ancient Welsh custom which prohibited a bishop from making a will. Edward I. gave a special license to Anian, Bishop of Bangor, in 1285, to make a will in contravention of the custom.

Following is the text of the oath taken by King Edward VII of Great Britain:

I, Edward, do solemnly and sincerely, and in the presence of God, profess, testify and declare that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever, and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other saint, and the sacrifice of mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous; and I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify and declare that I do make this declaration and every part thereof in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the pope, or any other authority or person whatsoever, and without any hope of any such dispensation from any person whatsoever, and without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God or man of any

part thereof, although the pope or any other person or persons or power whatsoever should dispense with or annul the same, or declare that it was null and void from the beginning.

THE REAL HOOSIER POET.

(The author, Wit Leslie of Attica, says that he, and not James Whitcomb Riley, is the real Hoosier Poet.)

Just hark to me, I'll put in a song
Those people I have chose upon;
Whatever they do, whatever they be,
I hope they wont think hard of me.
Oh, Dear!

There's old Jack Rice, the very first one
Where you can get blacksmithing done.
He'll whack you out most anything
From a coon dog collar to a wedding
ring.
Oh, Dear!

There's Hiram Link, a little further
west,
He's our log hauler—one of the best.
He buys his hay but steals his corn
And he'll get drunk as sure as you're
born.
Oh, Dear!

And there's Bill Raurk, you all know
well,
He has groceries for to sell.
He's got his sugar full o' sand,
Look out, he'll cheat you where you
stand.
Oh, Dear!

And there's Bill Dunn, as you kin see,
He's cute as a mouse and quick as a
flea.
He goes to church and sings and prays,
And sinful games of cards he plays.
Oh, Dear!

And there's Jim Watt, I most forgot,
The very worst pill of the very whole
lot,
Dang it all, I never did see
What a place those Springs is a-getting
for to be.
Oh, Dear!

— "Toledo Times."

❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

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WALES AND WELSH PREACHING IN 1900.

Rev. J. Michael Hughes, Emporia Kan.,

Last summer I had the great pleasure of visiting "the land of my fathers," in Wales. The trip was a most delightful one in many respects, and I enjoyed it thoroughly. Never before did "the hills and dales of lovely Wales" appear so beautiful and lovely to me as they did on this visit.

There was a time when Wales was looked upon as a barren and secluded country, fit only as a retreat from the Saxon and Roman foe. That time, however, is past and gone, and "Wild Wales" is rapidly advancing from being a retreat of the stalwart Briton to be one of the most popular, beautiful, and picturesque summer resorts of any country in Europe. Hundreds of thousands of visitors and tourists from many lands and climes annually swarm into its shores—some to climb its many hills and mountains, which for the greater part are covered with an abundant growth of heather, whose deep purple blossom casts a hue of unrivalled beauty over the magnificent scenery; others again to drink of its balmy breezes and crystal streams; and many more

to surge upon its coast billows and bathe in the briny waters that roll and toss themselves upon its sandy beaches.

While Wales is rapidly making itself a name as the rendezvous of the health and pleasure seeker, it has long had a reputation as "the land of sweet singers and great preachers."

The Welsh pulpit has been a remarkable power for good in the Principality for more than a century, and although it has lost all of the great preachers who brought it to such an eminence, yet I am glad to state that it has neither waned in power nor declined in influence. On the other hand, I am persuaded that it is stronger in some respects at the close of the nineteenth century than it has ever seen before.

Some of the essential qualifications of a great preacher in Wales in the past were: Personal piety and religious training; a soul burning with a deep longing to bring men to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, and a fluency of speech and a style of delivery which carried the truth into the hearts of the peo-

ple. While all these are still essentials to a successful preacher, yet they are not the only. The present day preacher in Wales is, and must be, a man of culture and learning in the highest sense of these terms, and the great number of finished pulpit scholars belonging to the various denominations is rapidly increasing. But a scholar without being a soul-inspired preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is a pronounced failure in the Welsh pulpit. There are several men of letters, who are graduates of the leading European colleges, that are a disappointment and a failure in that pulpit.

During my sojourn there, I had the pleasure of attending one of the greatest religious gatherings of the year. This great assemblage is called Association ("Y Sassiwn") of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists in North Wales. It was held in the town of Pwllheli, in the county of Carnarvon, and continued its sessions for three consecutive days. The first two days were partly devoted to business and the remainder to popular meetings, such as the Y. P. S. C. E. meeting and the missionary meeting. The third day was set apart for the preaching of the Gospel. Three meetings were held in the open air, at 10 a. m. and 2 and 5 p. m. Two of the most noted ministers introduced the services for them. Six sermons were thus preached by as many ministers in these open air meetings during the day.

Besides these open air meetings,

three other meetings were conducted in the churches during the day. the first being held at 6 a. m. in two of the churches, consisting of preaching by two ministers. The second meeting was that of church members only, and was called at 8 a. m. This also was held in one of the churches, and every available space was crowded with people. The third meeting was a closing sermon preached at 7 p. m. in three of the churches. Two of these were in Welsh and one in English.

The open air meetings were remarkable in many respects. A commodious stage, capable of seating some three thousand people had been built in a horseshoe shape on a park in the center of the town. This stage was covered overhead and on the outside with ship canvas, but the rotunda within this inclosure had neither covering nor seats, but it was literally packed with well-dressed men and women, and all of them standing. A nominal charge was made for admission to this stage, but the open rotunda in front of the ministers' platform was free to all "without money and without price." It was estimated that between ten and thirteen thousand people were in attendance throughout the day. It was a magnificent audience, not of strangers, but of old-time friends of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It was a gathering of respectable men and women who had an appetite for spiritual things and tired not in listening to "the old, old story" over and over. The sight was a most inspiring one. It

was raining quite hard while one of the ministers was preaching, but that vast audience never flinched, but remained in their places almost to a man, as if spell-bound to the place, while acres of umbrellas were to be seen in all directions.

The preaching throughout was excellent, and the preachers were at their best. Amongst so many noted men, however, it is very difficult to single out any one of them and say without any hesitation, this or that was the best. My ideal of a modern preacher, true to his great commission and alive to the needs and perils of the times, was more than filled in many of them. Out of that number I will name one only—the Rev. D. Lloyd Jones, M. A., Llandinam. He is the only surviving son of the late Rev. John Jones, Talysarn, who in his day was conceded by all to be one of the foremost preachers of his age.

The Rev. D. Ll. Jones is a man of fine appearance, tall, well built, and has a most attractive personality. His eyes glitter with an expression of earnestness which is indescribable. His voice is full, sonorous, clear, and commanding. His conception of his subject was broad, thorough, and profound, yet entirely evangelical. His illustrations were new, classical, and graphic, and his method of using them was skillful and withal very effective. His delivery was marked with an ease of style and earnestness of purpose. His elocution was a most beautiful blending of nature and art. He felt the importance of his message and the momentous responsibility of the occasion. These combined were burning within him, and this holy fire soon reached the hearts of his hearers. "His words were as goads, and as nails fastened by the Master of this vast assembly."



THE CURSE OF PANTANNAS.

By Craigfryn Hughes.

In one of the centuries gone by, there lived a husbandman on the farm of Pantannas, in the Taff valley, South Wales, and at that time the fairies used to pay frequent visits to several of the fields which belonged to him. He cherished in his bosom a considerable hatred for "the noisy, boisterous and pernicious tribe," as he called them, and

often did he long to be able to discover some way to rid the place of them. At last he was told by an old witch that the way to get rid of them was easy enough and that she would tell him how to attain that end, if he gave her one evening's milking on his farm and one morning's. He agreed to her conditions, and from her he received advice,

which was to the effect that he was to plough all the fields where they had their favorite resorts, and that if they found the greensward gone they would take offense and never return to trouble him with their visits to the spot.

The husbandman followed the advice to the letter, and his work was crowned with success. Not a single one of them was to be seen about the fields, and instead of the sound of their sweet music, which used to be always heard rising from the coarse meadow land, the most complete silence now reigned over their favorite resort.

He sowed his land with wheat and other grain. The verdant spring had now thrust winter off its throne, and the fields appeared splendid in their vernal and green livery.

But one evening, when the sun had retired to the chambers of the west, and when the farmer of Pantannas was returning home, he was met by a diminutive being in the shape of a man, with a red coat on. When he had come right on to him, he unsheathed his little sword, and directing the point toward the farmer, he said: "Vengeance cometh; fast it approacheth."

The farmer tried to laugh, but there was something in the surly and stern looks of the little fellow which made him feel exceedingly uncomfortable.

A few nights afterward, as the family were retiring to rest, they were greatly frightened by a noise, as though the house was falling to pieces, and immediately after the

noise they heard a voice uttering loudly the threatening words: "Vengeance cometh."

When, however, the corn was reaped and ready to be carried to the barn, it was, all of a sudden, burnt up one night, so that neither an ear nor a straw of it could be found anywhere in the fields—and now nobody could have set the corn on fire but the fairies.

As we may naturally suppose, the farmer felt very much on account of this event, and he regretted in his heart having done according to the witch's direction and having thereby brought upon him the anger and hatred of the fairies. The day after the night of the burning, as he was surveying the destruction caused by the fire, behold, the little fellow who had met him a few days before met him again, and, with a challenging glance, he pointed his sword toward him, saying: "It but beginneth."

The farmer's face turned as white as marble, and stood calling the little fellow to come back. But the dwarf proved very unyielding and reluctant to turn to him, but after a long creaty he turned back, asking the farmer in a surly tone what he wanted, when he was told by the latter that he was quite willing to allow the fields in which the favorite resorts had been to grow again into a greensward and to let them frequent them as often as they wished, provided they would no further wreak their anger on him.

"No," was the determined reply; "the word of the King has been given, and he will avenge himself."

on thee to the utmost of his power, and there is no power on the face of creation that will cause it to be withdrawn."

The farmer began to weep at this, and after a while the little fellow said that he would speak to his lord on the matter and that he would let him know the result, if he would come there to meet him at the hour of sunset on the fourth day after. The farmer promised to meet him, and when the time appointed for meeting the little man came he found him awaiting, and he was told that his lord had seriously considered his request, but that as the King's word was ever immutable the threatened vengeance was to take effect on the family. On account, however, of his repentance, it would not be allowed to happen in his time or that of his children. That calmed the disturbed mind of the farmer a good deal. The fairies began again to pay frequent visits to the place, and their melodious singing was again heard at night in the fields around.

A century passed by without seeing the threatened vengeance carried into effect, and though the Pantannas family were reminded now and again that it was certain sooner or later to come, nevertheless, by long hearing the voice that said, "Vengeance cometh," they became so accustomed to it that they were ready to believe that nothing would ever come of the threat.

The heir of Pantannas was paying his addresses to the daughter of a neighboring landowner, who lived

at the farm house called Pen Craig Daf, and the wedding of the happy pair was to take place in a few weeks, and the parents on both sides appeared exceedingly content with the union that was about to take place between the two families.

It was Christmas time, and the intended wife paid a visit to the family of her would-be husband. There they had a feast of roast goose prepared for the occasion. The company sat around the fire to relate amusing tales to pass the time, when they were greatly frightened by a piercing voice, rising, as it were, from the bed of the river and shrieking: "The time for vengeance is come!" They all went out to listen if they could hear the voice a second time, but nothing was to be heard save the angry noise of the water as it cascaded over the dread cliffs of the Kerwyni (the holes in the rocks), and they had not long, however, to wait till they heard the same voice rising above the noise of the waters as they boiled over the shoulders of the rock, and crying, "The time is come!"

They could not guess what it meant, and so great was their fright and astonishment that no one could utter a word to another. Shortly they returned to the house, when they believed that beyond doubt the building was shaken to its foundations by some noise outside. When all were thus paralyzed by fear, behold, a little woman made her appearance on the table which stood near the window.

"What dost thou, ugly little thing,

want here?" asked one of those present.

"I have nothing to do with thee, O man of the meddling tongue," said the little woman, "but I have been sent here to recount some things that are about to happen to this family and another family in the neighborhood, things that might be of interest to them, but as I have received such an insult from the black fellow that sits in the corner, the veil that hides them from their sight shall not be lifted by me."

"Pray," said another of those present, "if thou hast in thy possession any knowledge with regard to the future of any one of us that would interest us to hear, bring it forth."

"No; I will but merely tell you that a certain maiden's heart is like a ship on the coast, unable to reach the harbor because the pilot has lost heart."

As soon as she had cried out the last word, she vanished, no one knew whither or how. During her visit, the cry rising from the river had stopped, but soon afterward it began again to proclaim, "The time of vengeance is come!" nor did it cease for a long while. The company has been possessed of too much terror for one to be able to address another, and a sheet of gloom had, as it were, been spread over the face of each. The time for parting came, and Rhydderch, the heir, went to escort Gwerfyl, his lady-love, home toward Pen Craig Daf, a journey from which he never returned.

Before bidding one another "Good-bye," they are said to have sworn to each other eternal fidelity, even though they should never see one another from that moment forth, and that nothing should make the one forget the other.

It is thought probable that the young man, Rhydderch, on his way back toward home, got into one of the rings of the fairies, that they lured him into one of their caves in the Raven's Rift, and there he remained.

It is high time for us now to turn back toward Pantannas and Pen Craig Daf. The parents of the unlucky youth were almost beside themselves; they had no idea where to go to look for him, and though they searched every spot in the place they failed completely to find him or any clue to his history. A little higher up the country, there dwelt in a cave underground an aged hermit, called Gwerydd, who was regarded also as a sorcerer. They went a few weeks afterward to ask him whether he could give them any information about their lost son, but it was of little avail. What that man told them did but deepen the wound and give the event a still more hopeless aspect. When they had told him of the appearance of the little woman and the doleful cry heard rising from the river on the night when their son was lost, he informed them that it was the judgment threatened to the family by the fairies that had overtaken the youth, and that it was useless for them to think of ever seeing him again; pos-

sibly he might make his appearance after generations had gone by, but not in their life time.

Time, rolled on, weeks grew into months, and months into years, until Rhydderch's father and mother were gathered to their ancestors. The place continued the same, but the inhabitants constantly changed so that the memory of Rhydderch's disappearance was fast dying away. Nevertheless, there was one who expected his return all the while, and hoped, as it were, against hope, to see him once more. Every morn, as the gates of the dawn opened beyond the castellated heights of the east, she might be seen in all weathers hastening to the top of a small hill, and with eyes full of the tears of longing, gazing in every direction to see if she could behold any sign of her beloved's return; but in vain. At noon, she might be seen on the same spot again. She was also there at the hour when the sun went to hide himself, like a red-hot ball of fire, below the horizon. She gazed until she was nearly blind, and she wept forth her soul from day to day for the darling of her heart. At last they that looked out at the windows began to refuse their service, and the almond tree commenced to crown her head with its virgin bloom. She continued to gaze, but he came not. Full of days, and ripe for the grave, death put an end to all her hopes and her expectations. Her mortal remains were buried in the graveyard of the old chapel of the Fan.

Years passed away like smoke and generations like the shadows of

the morning, and there was no longer anybody alive who remembered Rhydderch, but the tale of his sudden missing was frequently in people's mouths. And we ought to have said that after the event no one of the fairies was seen about the neighborhood and the sound of their music ceased from that night.

Rhydderch had been allured by them, and they took him away into their cave. When he had stayed there only a few days, as he thought, he asked for permission to return, which was readily granted him by the King. He issued from the cave, when it was a fine noon, with the sun beaming from the bosom of a cloudless firmament. He walked on from the Raven's Rift until he came near the site of the Fan Chapel, but what was his astonishment to find no chapel there! Where, he wondered, he had been, and how long away? So with mixed feelings he directed his steps toward Pen Craig Daf, the home of his beloved one, but she was not there, nor any one whom he knew. He could get no word of the history of his sweetheart, and those who dwelt in the place took him for a madman.

He hastened then to Pantannas, where his astonishment was still greater. He knew nobody there and nobody knew anything of him. At last the man of the house came in, and he remembered hearing his grandfather relating how a youth had suddenly disappeared, nobody knew whither, some hundreds of years previously. Somehow or other the man of the house chanced to knock his walking-stick against Rhydderch, when the latter vanished in a shower of dust. Nothing more was ever heard of him.—"Celtic Folklore,"

A TOUR OF WALES.

By E. I. Jones, Cincinnati, Ohio.

(Continued.)

BRECONSHIRE.

Breconshire is an inland county, bounded on the north by Radnorshire, on the west by Cardigan and Carmarthen, on the south by Glamorgan, and on the east by Monmouth and Hereford. It has an area of 719 square miles and a population of about sixty thousand. A large majority of the people speak the English language. The surface of the land is largely mountainous. The Black range is mostly in this county. Brecknock Beacon is 2,910 feet high; Trecastle, 2,631; Cradle, 2,630; Y Fandringarth, 2,410; Y Fan Gihirach, 2,382; Dry Garn, 2,210; Pen-y-Gorllwyn, 2,119. Among these mountains there are some pleasant valleys, and the climate is peculiarly temperate, and the district is considered the healthiest in South Wales. The river Wye skirts the county for a considerable distance on the northwest, and the Usk and Taff, with smaller streams, traverse the county. Brecknock Mere is near the corner of the county and is the largest lake in South Wales. The soil on the mountains is poor, but fertile in the valleys, producing grain, potatoes and turnips in abundance. These, together with timber, wool, cattle and dairy produce, constitute the chief resources of the county. The

mineral productions, embracing coal and iron, are inconsiderable. Some coarse woolen and worsted goods are manufactured. The farm houses are distinguished for neatness and convenience. Here we are on historic ground, as well as elsewhere on this island. The territory before the entrance of the Romans was occupied by the Silures, and was a part of the kingdom of the brave Caractacus. After the Romans retired, the territory was called by the old Britons "Garth Madrin" (Fox Hill). It was governed by Tewdwr ap Teithfalt, whose daughter Marchel married a king of Ireland, named Awlach MacGormuc, or Hanlaf. Their son, Brychan, or Brycheinog, became the king of Garth Madrin and gave the land his name, Brycheinog. This Brychan is said to have been one of the saints, and his family one of the "holy families of the Isle of Britain." We are told that Brychan was married three times and had fifty children. Some of Brychan's descendants are said to be found to-day, as follows: Gwyn of Glanbran, Jeffreys of Llanddeusant, Powel of Castle Madoc, Powel of Glynllech, Williams of Bettws, Carmarthen.

Brecknock was made a county during the reign of Henry XIII. It contains ninety-one civil parishes

and five market towns. The principal towns are Becon, Builth, Crickhowell, Hay and Talgarth.

Brecon is situated in a healthy and beautiful valley at the confluence of the rivers Honddu, Tarrell and Usk. The Welsh name of the town is Aberhonddu. The river Honddu is here crossed by three bridges, and the Usk by one. Bre-

barracks, usually occupied by a large force. Brecon was founded by Bernard Newmarch in 1092, who built a castle at that place, and the town grew around it. The founder was a relative of William the Conqueror. The town was once surrounded by walls, which were destroyed, as well as the castle, during the time of Cromwell. Morton, the



LLANGATTOCK.

con is the county seat, and a municipal borough, and has a population of about seven thousand. It has many good houses and public buildings. It has good churches and chapels. St. Mary's, Christ Church College and the Priory Church of St. John have been restored. The Prior Church is a massive cruciform, with central tower and lofty roof. The town is well paved, light-

ed with gas, abundantly supplied with water, and containing some good streets and handsome store buildings. It has a college for the training of young men for the Congregational ministry; a spacious Bishop of Ely, was confined in the castle by Richard III. Here he concerted with the Duke of Buckingham for the overthrow of Richard and the union of the houses of York

and Lancaster under the Earl of Richmond, Henry VII. A portion of the castle ruins is designated the "Ely tower." Brecon has given to the world some good and great men. among them, Dr. Hugh Price, who founded Jesus College at Oxford, the first Protestant college founded after the Reformation. Dr. Price was born in Brecon in 1495, graduated at Oxford in 1512, and died in 1574. A large portion of Welsh students at Oxford, from that day to this, have attended Jesus College. Rev. Thomas Coke, D. D., was born in Brecon in 1747, entered the ministry of the Established Church, joined Rev. John Wesley in the Methodist movement, presided at the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Baltimore, in 1784, established missions in the West India islands, crossed the Atlantic eighteen times when it meant much time, expense and suffering, pleaded in his old age with his conference to be sent to establish a mission in India, started with a few helpers at his own expense, died in 1814 on the Indian ocean and was buried in the sea, where the continued waves sound his requiem, and he shall rest until the sea shall give up its dead. Thomas Coke will shine forever in the galaxy of earth's heroes. But few men have manifested as much of their divine Master's spirit.

Builth is fourteen miles north of Brecon, on the river Wye. It is a small town, beautifully situated, possessing healthy climate and mineral

springs, saline, sulphurous and chalybeate. Llywelyn, the last Prince of Wales, had a home near this town. He retreated to this place after his defeat at Llandeilo Fawr. He desired admission into the castle, but was refused, hence the charge, "Bradwyr Buallt" (the traitors of Builth). He, after failing to find refuge in the castle, crossed the Wye and broke down the bridge. The pursuing English found a ford below, called "Caban Twmbach;" they crossed, and Llywelyn was slain in a dingle, three miles north of Builth, on December 11, 1282. The place has been called in Welsh, "Cwm Llywelyn." His head was severed from his body and sent to Edward at Rhuddlan, who sent it to London. It was received with demonstrations of joy, crowned with ivy, carried in triumph through Cheapside to the Tower, and placed on its battlements. His crown was placed at the shrine of the Confessor at Westminster Abbey. His headless body was buried in a field two miles north of Builth. The place is known as "Cefn-y-bedd," or "Cefn-bedd-Llywellyn," (the Ridge of Llywelyn's Grave). On October 13, 1278, Llywelyn was married to Elenor de Mortfort, daughter of the Earl of Derby, at the Worcester Cathedral, in the presence of the King of England and the King of Scotland. Elenor died at the birth of a daughter, January 19, 1282. After the death of the father, the child was taken to England. An old rhymer gives her history in part as follows:

More than a year before Llewelyn met his
shame,

A daughter was born, Gwendolen her
name.

In her cradle young to England she came;
Through counsel of the King was brought
to Simpringham,

And there was she in four and fifty years,
Nourished with joy, nun and secular.

Llywelyn, the last Prince of
Wales, was a brave and talented
man, but he was not able to contend
successfully with a power ten times
as strong.

Llanwrtyd Wells, ten miles west
of Builth, is a watering place and
health resort.

Hay is twelve miles southeast of
Builth and thirteen miles northeast
of Brecon, at the junction of Bre-
con, Radnor and Hereford coun-
ties. It is a small town on the river
Wye. It was formerly enclosed with
walls, and the name is said to mean
"enclosure." The manor was
granted by William the Conqueror
to Bernard Newmarch, who gave it
to Sir Philip Walwyn, who erected
the castle. The castle and town were
destroyed by Henry II.

Clifford Castle, once a noted

place, is three miles from Hay.

Talgarth is 7 miles south of Hay,
on the river Llyffni, an affluent of
the river Wye. It is a small town
with picturesque surroundings. The
population of the civil parish is
about 1,500.

Crickhowell is ten miles south-
east of Talgarth and fourteen miles
southeast of Brecon. It is a small
town, beautifully situated in the val-
ley of the Usk, celebrated for its
picturesque scenery and the salmon
and trout fishing of its streams.
There are traces of a castle and
British camp near by. Howell's
Rock, a triangular rocky platform
is also near. At Llangattock, on
the south side of the river, there are
caves, where many Roman relics
have been discovered.

We have now visited the principal
towns in Breconshire. We have
seen the place of death and burial
of the last Prince of Wales, the
birth place of good and great men.
We shall now journey south and
enter Glamorganshire.



THE RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

By Daniel Phillips, M. A.

Justin and Strabo record that the Galatians sacrificed their prisoners of war, and that before the battle with Antigonus, they sacrificed some of their children and dearest friends. Patronius informs us that the Massilian Gauls "were accustomed to sacrifice a voluntary victim, who was delicately fed and sumptuously treated for a year previous to his death. He was then dressed in holy garments and, crowned with a wreath of vervain, he was thrown headlong from a precipice." The Scythians sacrificed strangers to Diana, the Laodiceans virgins to Pallas, and the Cimbri captives to Mercury. "The Carthaginians, in the first ages of the commonwealth, used to sacrifice to their god Saturn the sons of their eminent citizens; in after ages they secretly bought and bred children for that purpose. In B. C. 308 they offered two hundred sons of the nobility and not less than three hundred more offered themselves voluntarily. After the battle of Cannae, in which the Romans were defeated by the Carthaginians, a male and female Gaul and a Grecian man and woman, were, according to Livy, buried alive by the refined city of Rome. In the time of Caesar two men were publicly sacrificed, and human victims were offered to Jupiter Latialis in the fourth century of

the Christian era. Druidism was too much like the other isms, and the Druids too much like other people. If Rome and Carthage and Jerusalem sacrificed to the immortal gods, is it strange that Berlin and Paris and London should do so, especially in that dark and barbarous age?

In connection with the sacrifice of man and beast in the Druidic worship were the respect of the forest, the veneration of the oak and the adoration of the mistletoe. The dark and sombre recesses of the forest were believed to be the peculiar retreats of the gods. The strong and sturdy oak, the king of the forest, the tree of the order, under whose shade they had prayed and sacrificed from time immemorial, was believed to be the symbol and presentation of their chief divinity. And the mysterious and far-famed mistletoe, which grew in leaves and berries by the mystic tree, and which was the attraction and glory of the tree on which it was found, was believed to be manifestation of the divine presence and approbation. Hence the consecrated forest was traversed in search of the sacred oak on which grew the divine plant, and after it was found preparations were made to detach it at the proper time from the tree and proceed to worship. "In all their religious observances," remarks a close student of

the subject, "members of the order were crowned with garlands made from the leaves of the oak. All instruction, whether secular or religious, was given in groves of oak. In these consecrated places, far removed from all disturbing scenes, the Druids held their daily and monthly worship." "Perhaps the most curious among the Druidic observances was the gathering of the mistletoe. When the moon had reached the sixth day of her waxing, the Druids proceeded with great pomp and accompanied with the multitudes to some tree on which the desired plant had been found to be growing. White bulls were led with the procession for the purpose of sacrifice. A priest clad in white ascended the tree and severed from it the coveted prize, which was received in a white cloth below. The consecrated victims were then sacrificed and the ceremony was concluded with feasting and general rejoicing. The plant thus obtained was supposed to be a valuable remedy for all diseases, and especially a preventive against poison.

The father, who in the primitive era, was the sole priest, king and prophet of his family, became in the after ages the chief priest, king and prophet of his nation. His three functions at the head of his family became, in the Druidic system, three classes. The state comprised the commonalty, the knights and the Druids, and the Druids comprised the priests, the prophet and the bards. In general, the priest stood at the altar and sacrificed to the im-

mortal gods, the prophets prognosticated future events and instructed the people, and the bards conducted the musical part of the worship, enlivened festive occasions and inspired warriors on the battlefield. The Druids had one Archdruid, who presided and had supreme authority over all the rest. On the death of the Archdruid the one who surpassed all the others in dignity and influence succeeded him. If there were two or more of equal dignity and influence an election was held, and the one who received the largest number of votes was declared the Archdruid. But sometimes the contest was decided by force of arms.

Under the direction and at the bidding of the Archdruid, the priests, the prophets, the bards—all the Druids—moved and acted. They did as they were commanded and as they were instructed by the Druidic system. They directed their attention to the spiritual universe and exerted their energies to ascertain the spiritual relation of our planet. Out of the simple worship of the primitive era they developed the conception and established the system of the Druidic priesthood, whose grand design was to study the nature and importance of the spiritual world and to perfect and harmonize with it the spiritual nature of humanity. Without books and without precedent, in that remote past, when darkness covered the earth, and when all they had to guide them was the dim light of nature, they strove to conceive and worship the infinite Spirit, who had

created, preserved and governed all finite spirits. And since they could neither see, hear nor touch him, where is the wonder that they should conceive him to exist in the grandest objects of nature, and should personify and defy these objects to suit their fancy, developing the monotheistic worship of the primitive era into the polytheistic system of after ages, with one supreme God and many subordinate divinities to wait their bidding?

Out of the simple sacrifice of the primitive era they developed the conception and established the doctrine of vicarious atonement, which involved the doctrines of human sinfulness and divine justice, with infinite compassion to pardon the guilty through the blood of sacrifice. Hence they freely shed the blood of man and beast, and devoted themselves to the promotion of spiritual worship and the development of spiritual manhood. They took the lead and assumed the control of devotion. They conducted the religious services; performed the public and private sacrifices; interceded with the gods for men and with men for the gods; embodied the divine and human heaven and earth, in their worship, and brought the two into nearer proximity and better relations. Their gods, their temples, their altars, and their sacrifices were everywhere, and they were everywhere propitiating the gods to men, and men to the gods. Without their presence to sacrifice to the immortal gods was not lawful, and without their intercession

to praise and supplicate the immortal gods was not acceptable. They were the mediums between heaven and earth, and the mediators between the gods and men.

Out of the simple worshipper of Jehovah at the altar of sacrifice under the oak, in the heart of the forest, the Druids developed man's three fold nature—body, soul, and spirit, his three fold existence—past, present and future, and his three fold powers—intellect, sensibilities and will; with the growth of his nature, the improvements of his time, and the development of his character, together with the reward of his conduct in this and the life to come. They cherished the conception and developed the doctrine of pre-existence, by which the soul makes its appearance on our planet from a previous state of existence, of whose history and experience, whether good or bad, it is utterly unconscious, and must begin anew. They also cherished the conception and developed the doctrine of transmigration, by which the soul passes from one body to another, from good to better, or from bad to worse, not according to the Pythagorean doctrine, from some irrational creature to man, or from man to some irrational creature, but from man to man till it has reached the heights of happiness, or the depths of misery. And they cherished the conception and developed the doctrine of immortality, by which the soul continues to exist, to grow, to act, and enjoy or suffer in bliss or woe, through all the fu-

ture, according to its deeds done in the body. "Homer's future state," remarks a certain commentator, "implies no just distribution of reward and punishment, and gives no rational and consistent notions of a perfectly wise and good Providence, though the immortality of the soul seems manifestly from his system." Pindar improves on Homer and says, "Hereafter the soul of the incorrigible wicked, when they go to the infernal region must suffer horrible punishments, to which they will be condemned by a just, impartial and inexorable judge. The good on the contrary will dwell there with Pluto and Proserpine, free from toil and trouble, in regions of perpetual sunshine and serenity. But they who have passed through three transmigrations and trials, both here upon the earth and in the realms below, and have preserved in their good temper and behavior, will be sent to the city of Saturn, to the island of the blest, where Saturn and Rhadamanthus preside, where refreshing breezes blow from the ocean, and where the most beautiful and resplendent flowers adorn the fields." Charon, among the Greeks, "conveyed the souls of the dead in a boat over the rivers Styx and Acheron to the realm of Pluto, and, as all were obliged to pay him an obolus, a small piece of money, it was customary to place a coin for that purpose under the tongue of the deceased before the funeral rites." This fable concerning Charon was

borrowed from the Egyptians, who had a custom of a trial and a sentence upon their deceased before allowing them the honors of a burial. For this trial all were carried across in a boat, whose helmsman was called Charon, and from this trial we have the frequent symbols on Egyptian monuments of a pair of scales or balances, as if it were weighing the soul. According to Edda, women were excluded from the Valhalla of the Scandinavians, while according to the authority of Druidism they were admitted into the Elysium of the Celts as the most agreeable companions, whose change of existence and mode of life increase charms and attractions. "Less ferocious than the Scandinavian heroes," observes a celebrated antiquarian, "the Celts did not place their delight in quaffing wine from skulls of their foes, but their chief enjoyments were in the careful protection of their earthly friends, and in the refined pursuit of aerial hunting and feasting."

By this belief in the future existence of the soul, and the bliss or woe of the dead, burned into the mind, the Druids aroused their people to virtue and valor, to covet dangers and welcome death. So strong became the confidence of the people in immortality and happiness after death, that many of them would write to their deceased friends and hasten their own departure to join them in bliss. History records multitudes who voluntarily and cheerfully took each other's lives to escape the atroci-

ties of their enemies, and enter together the paradise of the blest.

Out of the simple knowledge, which in those early centuries, when ignorance filled the earth, was exceedingly crude, the Druids, like the priests of other nations, evolved knowledge of the future and appointed prophets to declare it. They claimed to be favorites of the gods, and to receive from them, both immediately and mediately, directly and indirectly knowledge of future events. In order to communicate the knowledge received by the first method they established their oracles, by which they represented the gods to speak through them to the people. Among the Greeks there were two hundred and sixty oracles. Of these the most ancient was the oracle of Jupiter at Dodona, the most celebrated oracle of Apollo at Delphi, and the most weird the oracle of Trophonius at Labadea. Of those of the Gauls, the oracle of Sena, now L'Isle De Sain, opposite Brest, stood conspicuous.

In order to receive and communicate knowledge of the future, the Druids, like priests of other nations, resorted to diverse means. They claimed to predict future events by birds, whose nature and appearance, and whose flight and songs were of great significance. The hawk, the buzzard, and the owl were among the unlucky birds; and the swan, the dove and the hen were among the lucky ones. They claimed also to divine future events by beasts, whose appearance and movements they closely watched,

and whose nature and habits they thoroughly studied, taking special notice if they appeared in unusual places, or how they crossed the way, whether to the right or to the left. Boadicea, the brave and heroic queen of the Iceni, in order to encourage her soldiers to defend their country, their homes, and their lives, let loose in their presence a hare, and from its course derived a favorable omen, when the whole army shouted to victory. The Germans drew presages from horses, which were kept in uncontrolled freedom, in the sacred woods and groves, at public expense. They were milk white, and were without chariot, attended by the priest and chief, who carefully marked their action and neighing. This was the augur in which most faith was reposed by the nobles and the people, for they thought the animals privy to the will of the gods.

They claimed, too, to prognosticate future events by the firmament. Comets and eclipses were unlucky omens, and thunder and lightning lucky. A single omen was not sufficient; it had to be confirmed by another of the same kind. The Greek prophet in his observations of the heavens looked toward the north, and considered the appearance of the omens on his right favorable; the Roman prophet looked toward the south, and considered the appearance of the omens on his left favorable; and the Druidic prophet looked toward the east and considered the appearance of the omens on his right favorable.

THE DEFECTS OF THE EISTEDDFOD.

 By Glan Taf.

When all things were yet new to me I once attended an Eisteddfod. The programme then as now did not contain the name of a single Welsh author, and I inquired of my father why it was we were such beggars for compositions. His reply, natural enough, was an attempt to explain without discredit to his countrymen, but it only mortified my young mind to find as I then thought that we possessed no genius in the way of writing, and could boast of no one man of superior parts or merit even in an art where we vaunted excellence. I was convinced of this because I reasoned that if we had but one his name would surely find a place on the programme of an Eisteddfod no matter how threadbare his compositions had become with repetition and use.

I thought and wondered much as to why it was a nation so prolific of singers should be so barren of composers. We had myriads of interpreters of "music thought" who could depict the every emotion of song, could sound all the depths of soul and feeling, and yet not one who to his own thought and emotion could give a tongue. They certainly had a character to express, a history, well-nigh as rich in fable as the Greeks, and as replete with romance as the Spaniards to recite, and I hope a mission as high as

the highest to fulfill. Here surely was the ground from which one might reasonably expect great composers to spring, but in spite of all, we find the bards and minstrels gone and their silent harps "all hanged on willows." Why is it that the once eloquent bardic tongue that gave us those "old perfect, exquisite national airs," as Apmadoc calls them, is so lost in silence?

There are several reasons I think. Some we cannot combat or overcome, but others we are ourselves guilty of creating. I shall deal only with that which it is possible for us to correct. That the Eisteddfod gives to the Welsh author no encouragement or patronage, except in the way of the frugal mite called "gwobr," cannot be denied, and this it appears to me is not by any means trifling in its effect, as one of the causes of the decline of Welsh art. In order to attempt and aspire, one must have some hope of success or reward. If we destroy the hope we kill the tree that is to bring forth the fruit. Is any one prepared to believe that Grecian genius would have produced its great masterpieces in poetry, drama and oratory, and its great painting and sculpture, if at the Olympian games the poetry of the Persians had been recited, and instead of the dramas of Euripides

and other Greeks, they had played those of the Egyptians? Would Handel, Mozart, or Wagner have written a note, if they had not within them a hope that their efforts would one day delight German audiences? Let us see. The Welsh author, without the prestige of a government to aid him, without great numbers with settled prejudices in favor of his standard, without the influence of great wealth to wring money and applause for him, must turn to his own institution, the Eisteddfod. But alas! he enters there only to find his place usurped, and he must stand with cap in hand or kneel before the stranger. Is it not true, you, who have the management of Eisteddfodau? Instead of giving the Parrys and Protheroes, and future Parrys, incentive to greater effort by making their productions popular, you often sing the works of authors, who in comparison are nothing more than machine-made mediocres. In other words you have taken from the Welsh author the warmth and glow of his own hearth, and closed his own door against him. Why do we wonder then if he should decline and perish? It is for this reason the graceful Ap-madoc is forced to continually write of English, French and Italian music in a Welsh magazine, although his wish for something Welsh to write of is painfully and sadly ap-

parent a humiliating spectacle, and yet an eminent instance of the little good of the Eisteddfod for Welsh art. It is all the more melancholy when we think that the large part of choral compositions at least have actually been kept alive by Welsh singers. No other nations sing them—that is, “sing” them. Then why can they not write them? It may be said that a programme entirely of Welsh numbers would not bring financial success to the Eisteddfod; but while this is being said, I hope it may be recollected that the Eisteddfod is supported alone by Welsh leaders and Welsh choirs.

The soul of the Welsh, however, is a soul that sings, and notwithstanding their adverse lot, they may after all point proudly to the names of many masters whose magic measures possess the power that moves and enthral. If there be any unbelievers let me cite them to the names of Ambrose Lloyd, Gwilym Gwent, Stephen Tanymarian, R. S. Hughes, J. H. Roberts and others. Greater than these never wooed the muse. I have tried to point out a weakness in the conduct of an institution dear to us all. If this error is continued in, it cannot but be fatal to it. The remedy I offer is that we let all Eisteddfodau fail, when they do not appreciate our own masters.

MUSIC IN WALES.

By Harry Evans (F. R. C. O.), Cefn Coed, S. W.

Choral Singing.—First and foremost we have Welsh choral singing. A great deal has been said regarding the superiority of our choirs. I know I am treading on dangerous ground, but having had some experience with some of the foremost Welsh choirs, and knowing their "inner workings," I can claim to speak with knowledge. As far as the voices are concerned, everyone will agree that they are of a superior quality, and equal to the best the world can produce. Then there is the Celtic enthusiasm, which is such a potent factor in Welsh singing, sometimes for good, and sometimes for evil. This natural enthusiasm is responsible for the vigor, brilliancy, and warmth of feeling, which are the characteristics of our choral singing. But what we sadly lack are technique and finish, and the Welsh people are very slow to believe this. Perhaps I should say here that I am dealing with pure Welsh choirs and conductors—people who speak the language.

A Weak Spot.—The weak spot in our choirs is reading at sight. It is really amazing how we are able to produce such good singing with so few readers. As a rule, only a very small number of females are able to read, and often not more than 50 per cent. of the males are readers, and the greater number of

these from tonic sol-fa. Now this is a serious matter to conductors and outsiders, who taunt us at not being able to produce complete works, will here find one of the greatest obstacles. Is it in any way remarkable that a Welsh choral society should take a few months to prepare a complete work properly, when the majority of the singers sing by ear, and have to learn the work off by heart? I say from experience that this is one of the most discouraging things to a conductor who is anxious to produce complete works. This learning by heart is responsible for the splendid attack noticeable in our choral competitions. What is the remedy for this lack of readers? Although great strides have been made in elementary schools of late years in sight singing, I fear there is too little attention paid to intelligent reading of music at sight, and one can hardly blame the elementary school teacher for barely fulfilling the requirements of the code, when he has to be master of so many varied subjects. I think that if greater attention were paid to sight-reading in our schools, our choirs would be fully equipped to tackle complete modern works, which, unfortunately, they are at present unable to do. Whilst speaking of elementary schools, something should be done to prevent the ruin

of so many boys' voices at Welsh schools. The teachers know that there is something wrong, but don't know how to remedy it, and it is a difficult matter to prevent an enthusiastic little Celt, who sings high school songs in the chest register, from forcing his vocal organs. As I have already said, elementary school teachers can't be expected to be specialists in all branches of education, and pupil teachers should be taught by a musician who understands boys' voices how to teach boys to sing treble.

Competitions—Choral competitions have a great hold on the public and the singers, and it is a most difficult matter to get a competitive choir to take up an oratorio—owing to the want of excitement, I suppose, and the probability of a few shillings at the end. Months are spent in the preparation of a single chorus, in which time the complete work might have been learnt, and I fail to see now how choral competitions can be of any artistic value unless Eisteddfod committees select a complete work for preparation, and the adjudicators select numbers from that work to be sung on the day of competition. This would mean that each choir would give at least one oratorio performance in the year, and there would not be the difficulty that we find usually in making these performances clear expenses, because people generally flock to hear a choir sing the competitive test piece, whereas if it is an ordinary oratorio concert, without any excitement, it is a most diffi-

cult matter to get the very same people to patronise it. Although we have numberless conductors of all kinds, only a few are thoroughly equipped in the knowledge of the art.

Congregational Singing.—What we certainly excel in is congregational singing. The annual festival of each denomination in every town has now become an institution. At these festivals a programme of hymn, tunes and anthems, with sometimes a big chorus, is performed, and nothing can be finer in the direction of congregational singing than to hear one of these massed choirs at a *Gymanfa Ganu*. But the Welsh people are apt to be too satisfied with the perfect renderings of hymn tunes and anthems, thus preventing any desire to become acquainted with the higher forms of the art. Owing to the abundance of natural vocal talent, we have a great number of amateur soloists, and one often hears most remarkable voices at the *Eisteddfod*, especially the *National Eisteddfod*. A great many of these would undoubtedly become great professional artistes were they better educated and able to afford the training. It should be stated here that the majority are self-taught, so far as vocalisation goes, i.e., simply sing in a natural, straightforward manner; and the number of teachers who can teach singing is very small. Many of these who possess good voices have an idea that voice is everything. They sometimes go in for the profession, and find out, after

bitter experience, that to become an artiste requires something more than a good voice, and that a sound general education is absolutely necessary.,

Instrumental Music.—Looking at the instrumental side of the question, we cannot give such a good account of ourselves. Great progress, on the whole, has been made in pianoforte playing. Fifteen or twenty years ago there were very few people who could play at all, and in a radius of twelve or fifteen miles only one accompanist could be found worthy of the name. Now their name is legion. But although progress is being made in this direction, the serious attention of parents should be called to the bogus examining bodies, who grant by far the greater number of certificates gained by students in pianoforte playing. These certificates and diplomas are often not worth the paper they are printed on. But still they enable the holders to attach letters after their names, which unfortunately goes a long way with unsuspecting parents. The result is that we are overrun by inferior teachers, who commence to teach often before they have mastered the elementary principles of theory and harmony. These inferior teachers cannot help turning out inferior pupils, who are taught cheap and tawdry music, and know absolutely nothing about the classics. These in time begin to teach, and so on ad infinitum. Comparatively little is done with orchestral instruments. This is mainly due to a lack of

teachers, especially of wind instruments. Very little is known of orchestral music, except in the large centres, such as Cardiff. But then Cardiff is not what we may call a "Welsh" town. The inhabitants of the mining districts have no opportunities of hearing orchestral music, except in an occasional oratorio performance in a few of the more enterprising towns, and even then the orchestra is a "scratch" one. So it is impossible for them to hear what real orchestral music is. One of the reasons that oratorio performances are nearly always financial failures is that the orchestra has to be engaged individually from Cardiff, Newport, Bristol, Gloucester, &c., in order to be anything like an adequate band. This, of course, costs a great deal of money, and when good soloists have been engaged the result is nearly always a financial loss. Until we have teachers of the various instruments amongst us there is little hope of any development in orchestral music.

Better Teachers Wanted.—The number of composers of any note is also small. This is again due to the absence of training schools and competent teachers. A great deal might be done by the Eisteddfod to encourage students to take up the theoretical side of the art. If this were done we should have better singers, conductors, instrumentalists, composers, and last but not least, appreciative audiences. The same old tale is told at the annual gathering that the majority of the

prizes for composition are withheld for want of merit. How can merit be obtained if the competitors have had no experience in advanced harmony, counterpoint, and form? Would it not be better to give prizes for the best set of answers sent in to questions on the harmonisation of melodies and figured basses, counterpoint, orchestration? These competitions might be graded, and the result would be a much more satisfactory one in the end. Reform is also needed in the selection of test pieces in our Eisteddfodau. The

Eisteddfod is in danger of becoming an advertising medium, as is too often seen when prizes are given by publishers for very inferior stuff.

Every ardent Welsh musician knows full well that we are in a backward state compared with our English friends, except in the matter of choral singing, but we are not without hope, and given the proper teaching advantages the Welsh will one day be found in the front rank of musical nations in every branch of the art.

MUSIC NOTES

By William Ap Madoc, Chicago.

In recent notes we referred to Tapper's "First Studies in Music Biography," as an admirable textbook for classes in music. It is with pleasure that we call attention to another book that may fill a broader field among musical circles, "The Biographical Dictionary of Musicians," compiled and edited by Theodore Baker, Ph. D., and published by G. Schirmer, New York. This is the most helpful book we have found for class and college work. Its small cuts of distinguished composers add greatly to the general interest. Among the rest, we find sketches of Edward German, Ben Davies, Dr. Walford Davies, Fanny Davies, Dr. Joseph Parry, David Jenkins, Edward Jones (Bardd y Bren-

in), Griffith Rhys Jones (Caradog), Griffith Jones, British writer; John Jones, organist and composer; Robert Jones, Mus. Bac., lutenist and composer; William Jones, "of Nayland;" John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia); Sir William Jones, the great oriental scholar; John Parry, Ruabon, Welsh bard and harpist to Sir W. W. Wynne; John Parry (Bardd Alaw), author of "The Welsh Harper" and other fine works; John Orlando Parry, son of the former, pianist, harpist and singer; and Sir Hubert Parry, lately elected as successor to the late Sir John Stainer, at Oxford. Sir Hubert and Doctor Parry are honored with small cuts. If we Welsh people were more wide awake, more aggressive, and having

organizations to keep ourselves active and in the public eye, we could have been represented in such a notable biographical dictionary by such musicians, dead and alive, as Richard Mills; Ieuan Gwyllt; Owain Alaw; Ambrose Lloyd; Rosser Beynon; Gwilym Gwent; Tanymarian; J. D. Jones; Prof. John P. Jones; Dr. J. J. Mason; Edward Broome; Daniel Protheroe, Mus. Bac.; William Rhys Herbert, Mus. Bac.; Dr. John Henry Gomer, Denver; Evan Stephens, Salt Lake City; James Sauvage; J. W. Parson Price; David Davies; Madame Clara Novello Davies; Miss Clara Williams; Miss Blodwen Jones; H. W. Jones, Topenka; Haydn Evans; Evan Williams; Gwilym Miles, and many others in America and in the Homeland.

Edward Baxter Perry, the writer and critic, has a striking poem—it strikes the nail squarely—in the March "Musician," the subject being, "They that have ears, let them hear." The following verses are the first two and the last two:

Musicians are many who see in their mistress

But physical beauty of "color" and "form;"

Who hear in her voice but a sensuous sweetness,

No thrill of the heart that is living and warm.

They judge of her worth by "perfection of outline,"

"Proportion of parts," as they blend in the whole,

"Symmetrical structure," and "finish of detail,"

They see but the body—ignoring the soul.

* * * * *

For music is Art, and all Art is expression,

The "beauty of form" but embodies the thought,

Imprisons one ray of that wisdom supernatural,

Which Genius, to sense-blinded mortal has brought.

Then give us the Artist whose selfless devotion

To Art and her service, is earnest and true,

To read us the mystical meaning of music:

Musicians are many, but Artists are few.

In the death of Ethelbert Nevin, the world has lost a true lyric singer. Whatever he wrote bore the stamp of a lyric muse. In his songs and piano works, one feels the indescribable something which speaks of the heart. We read that his "Narcissus" was played before a pianist of eminence, some one remarking that it was trash. The pianist spoke up at once: "It seems to be that any man who can write music which touches the hearts of the people must have a little genius." It is always so. The uncritical listener will always blunder. Prejudice has no place in true criticism. The heart will always respond to the words of another heart, when its language is clear. Ethelbert Nevin died suddenly, of heart disease, at his home in New Haven, Conn., February 20.

Probably thousands of operas were composed in the century from 1700 to 1800, but how many of them

have stood the test of time? Some of the composers, we are told, wrote from one to two hundred, and that only three or four have lived a century. Thousands more were written during the first half of the last century. A few of them only are heard to-day. Frank H. Tubbs, an excellent writer in the "Musician," tells us to examine those which live and we will find they illustrate a truth. They carry an intellectual message. Every great poem must have the same element of usefulness and immortality—a message, a something that satisfies the soul. A message of a great opera, as well as a great drama and oratorio, must be not intellectual only, but also spiritual. All critics agree that Wagner's "Parsifal" is the greatest opera ever written. Why? Because "the motives are sublime in their spirituality." Bernard Shaw, in his "Perfect Wagnerite," uses up the whole volume to show the deep significance of the author's music-dramas—the trilogy and its prologue.

Mr. Frederick Dolman, an English journalist, propounded the question, "Which is the greatest of musical compositions?" to a number of leading musicians, such as Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Dr. F. H. Cowen, Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Walter Parratt, Jean de Reszke, Ben Davies and others, and made an attempt to find the consensus of expert musical opinion in the matter. Sir Walter Parratt begins his reply with the following sensible remarks: "In varying moods I should give you differ-

ent answers. Beethoven's C-Minor Symphony, Bach's B-Minor Mass, Brahms's "Schieksalied," even far-off Palestrina would each at the psychological moment stir me most deeply," etc. Jean de Reszke says that his favorite composition is the prelude of "Parsifal." Madame Albani, we are told, agrees with other artists that the song, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," from the "Messiah," is "the most musicianly, melodious and expressive." This song might be all that, but grand and grabbing old Handel should not have unqualified credit for it. Dr. Ebenezer Bront, the scholar in music, showed in his brilliant London lectures of a few years ago that Handel stole the whole melody, and as to that, every other solo in the "Messiah." Of course, the "divine Saxon dressed it up in his incomparable style. Because he did masterly even such work as this, the world thinks no less of him. Indeed, the oblivious authors of these Handelized melodies should be thankful that they were deemed worthy of such treatment. After all, no one will dare deny majesty and originality to Handel. It was Mozart who said: "Of all of us, Handel knows best how to produce great effect; where he desires to produce it, he 'crashes like thunder.' Even if, after the fashion of his time, he is trudging along, we still find something in it." It is safe to be on the right side of the burly old Saxon, so I will atone for the foregoing remarks upon him with an englyn;

O mor grand y canal Handel—ei don!
 'R oedd Duw yn ei arddel;
 Hwyl ei ddawn wna! alaw ddel—
 Cain yngai fel cun' angel.

There are many ways of explaining what is called "singing off the key." How very sensitive people are to this fault! But if the singer is a kind of an Uncle Jim, whose misapplied energy is described in the following stanzas from the "Washington Star," we smile and forgive:

My Uncle Jim, he has a voice
 Whose strength you must admire;
 He was the congregation's choice
 For leadin' of the choir;
 We swelled the choruses with vim,
 As hopeful as could be,

It wa'nt no use, fur Uncle Jim
 Kep' singin' off the key.

He kin sing higher than the girls
 An lower than the men,
 An' when his music he unfurls,
 We all give in, right then;
 The organist looks sad a'n grim,
 We're great, they all agree,
 At makin' noise. But Uncle Jim
 Keeps singin' off the key.

An' when to office he aspired,
 His eloquence was fine;
 His vocal cords were never tired,
 He'd rather talk than dine;
 But votes they turned out fearful slim,
 He jes' got two or three;
 As usual, my Uncle Jim
 Was singin' off the key.



THE LOCUST DELL.

By Sallie A. Lewis, Cincinnati, O.

In the flowery locust dell,
 Where the feathery perfumes dwell,
 Floats the harmony of song;
 There the birdlings in merry dance,
 In the bowers of love advance,
 Cooing, wooing all day long.

There the mosses carpet the birch,
 Willow ferns in shadows lurch,
 Velvety greens edge the brook;
 Life and beauty hold its power,
 Enticing charms daily shower
 In this simple rural nook.

There the maple and tulip meet,
 Blackberry vine, and apple sweet,
 Peach and ivy share the dream;
 Orient ease in cushions green,
 Lend with fragrance a festal scene,
 Trailing tents in vision gleam.



FIELD OF LETTERS

The "Dysgedydd" for June opens with a suggestive sermon by the Rev. O. Evans, D. D., of London, on the words "How much then is a man better than a sheep?" Although man is far better than the animal in nature and ability, yet through sin he often degrades himself far below the animal. He shows also that man is so far despised by his fellowman, that he is less cared for and respected than the rich man's horse or dog. Millions of animals in every Christian country are better housed and fed than human beings. The other articles and papers are "The church and the games of to-day;" "The late Rev. R. Williams, Llanllyfni;" "Williams of Wern and Osmond Williams, M. P." (with fine portrait); "Sacred Music;" "The Reign of Queen Victoria a Partial Fulfillment of God's Promises;" Sunday School Lessons; Missionary news and information; Reports, Poetry, &c.

"Yr Haul" for May has a number of Biographical Sketches; a Sermon; the Old Monastery of Talylychau (illustrated); Welsh parishes (illustrated); An outline of instructions and of sermons; the Law of Evolution, and other papers of much interest. The portrait of the Rev. Thomas Meredith presents a truly Welsh type of manhood, and the accompanied sketch shows how useful and helpful are the lives of practical and unpretentious people with good purposes in their hearts. Mr. Meredith began to study for the Church when 35 years old, and by dint of labor and industry he became a useful and popular servant of the Church. He was born in a farmhouse in Cardiganshire called Ffosybleidddiaid, and died at

Llanddeusant, Anglesea, April 6, 1901, in his 80th year. He was from 1867 until 1882 rector of Niwbwrch of the same county. It is worthy of remark that South Wales furnishes a great number of clergymen for the Church in the North.

Among the illustrations in the June number of "Trysorfa y Plant" are fine portraits of their Majesties, King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and the Rev. J. Cynddylan Jones, D. D. Mr. Jones is one of the best known Welshmen of the day, one of the most talented and best writers. His life has been devoted pre-eminently to the Christian ministry, and its literature. He is in the first rank of preachers, and about the best authority on Scriptural matters among the Welsh. His works are widely known and appreciated. Mr. Jones was born about two miles from Aberystwyth in 1841. He was delicate as a child, but extremely fond of books. He loved books more than play. He first went to John Evans's school in Aberystwyth, subsequently to the British School at Penllwyn, where he met John Rhys, now the celebrated Principal of Jesus College, Oxford. They served at that school as pupil teachers for five years. He studied for some years at Bala, where his favorite subjects were philosophy, mathematics and logic. He began to preach at Siloh, Aberystwyth, in his 23rd year, and his maiden sermon proved successful. In 1865 he entered Trevecca College, and studied under Professors Howells and Harries Jones. He has had charge of churches at Pontypool, London, and is now at Cardiff, S. W. Although his health has

been at times delicate, he has attained to great eminence as a preacher and Christian author. His studies in St. John, Matthew, the Acts, St. Peter, the Primeval Revelation (Davies' Lecture, 1896), and his Commentaries are very popular. He has been also editor of "Cylchgrawn" and the "Christian Echo." He has enjoyed every position of honor which the denomination could bestow upon him, and is Moderator of the Welsh Calvinistic General Assembly for the present year.

The contents of the "Trysorfa" are as follows: "An Address to the Young," by the late Rev. Henry Rees; "A Morning Hymn" (a poem), by I. J. W.; "Richard Jones, Llanfair," by John Morgan; "The Late Presbytery of Monmouth, Glamorgan and Carmarthen," by the Rev. Joseph Evans; "Samuel Jones and the Great Session at Liverpool," by the Rev. Henry Hughes; "A Page from Howell Harris's Diary;" "Temptation" (a dissertation), by the Rev. William Glynn, Manchester; "The Association at Colwyn Bay;" Monthly Notes; Sunday School Lessons, Reviews, Reports, &c.

—The material of the "Trysorfa" is usually of a high order, intellectually and morally, and is appreciated by a great number of readers. "A Page from Howell Harris's Diary" is substantial reading; it certainly shows the moral conviction and the spiritual depth of the man. It is almost impossible to entertain any doubts as to his loyalty to God and his great cause.

—In his "Monthly Notes" the Editor passes under review and censures the relationship of the Tory Government with political principles dear to the Nonconformist mind and heart. It has shown a tendency to endow Churchism and Catholicism; has shown especial favor to the liquor business; and yet a number of Nonconformists recently invited Lord Salisbury to preside at one of their meetings as an especial mark of respect. The Tory Government is

more concerned with the stability of the empire than its morality and spirituality.

Among Eynon's "Religious Notes" are "Missionary Martyrs," "Dr. Chalmers," "The United Congregational Church," "War Bills," and "Non-Sectarian Education." In the variety columns are "Temperance" by T. Griffith, and "Jesus of Nazareth," translated by Keinlon. Editor Keinlon's "Tour of the East" and "News of the Month" are interesting and instructive. The other departments are Sunday School Corner, Biographies, Obituaries, Music, Poetry, etc.

—The dissertation on "Temperance" is of great moment. If we took the proper view of life, temperance should engage our most serious and solemn thoughts. Even the ancients ranked temperance with the other three cardinal virtues; in fact, there is no virtue without temperance. It is the ground work of a good and substantial character.

—Keinlon's introductory remarks to his "Tour of the East" would act as a deterrent rather than as an inducement to travel. We have been used to connect pleasure with traveling, but it seems that it was to the writer a trial and an ordeal. His directions to candidates for the pleasures of travel would tend to make them nervous and timorous. He has so many "don't forgets" to administer to them. "Have a body belt, says he, above all, wherein you can keep your money around you night and day." He advises also the furnishing of a regular drug store, and among these Fruit Salts, Keating's Insect Powder for the extermination of fleas and other vermin at Tiberias; and his classification of these necessities are sometimes amusing; for instance, "Writing paper, a fountain pen, comb and brush, and a Bible." After comb and brush one would expect a looking glass. When writing up our travels we should minimize our troubles and

magnify, and even exaggerate our pleasures and felicities in order to encourage others.

In the June number of "Cerddor," "Music Myths" (Chap. III), "Music and Musical Instruments of the Ancient Kymry," and "Welsh Music of the Last Century" by the Editors Jenkins and Evans are valuable contributions, and replete with instructive reading. The musical number is "Summer Time," music by Eos Rhondda, and words by Carn Elian. No. 61 of the Musicians Gallery is C. F. Lloyd, Mus. Bac. (Oxon), a son of the late John Ambrose Lloyd. Mr. C. F. Lloyd is a successful writer of songs and other forms of musical compositions, and has filled important positions as organist, choir-master and choral conductor. He has also been connected with Welsh Eisteddfodau for years, and has been appointed one of the adjudicators at the next National Eisteddfod at Merthyr Tydvil.

—In his critical remarks on "Musical Conventions," one of the editors complains of the custom of placing poor tunes and worthless anthems on programmes just to please and placate certain members who work in the interests of their friends. So many unripe and unmusical members by local would-be composers are favored by local committees that it has become time to have the evil checked. He recommends only music of a high and substantial merit. Quality not locality should be respected.

In "Cwrs y Byd" for June, a writer delves deeply into the causes of the war between Great Britain and the Boers, and has no doubt whatever as to where to ascribe the blame. He comes to the conclusion that the money power corrupted the press, and the press bamboozled the people. The people are now beginning to realize how things are, but it is too late now

that the trick has been played, and the mischief done. In the article "Confines of Matter and Spirit," the author gives an instance of mental telepathy which promises in the future an improved way of communication between man and man.

—The Editor in "Here and There" take a comprehensive view of things, and states his conclusions with his usual frankness. The fact of Great Britain having over 200 religious sects furnishes comfort to those who have cause to complain and disagree once in a while, for they can be easily accommodated. He knows of one who has within 18 months been a member of five different denominations. He does not see much gain or loss in Wales being in or out of the national Coat of Arms. Soon, he predicts, the Banner will be changed. He expects a Republic.

—There is no love lost between the Editor and Lord Penrhyn of slate quarries notoriety. In that part of the country, the lord seems to own everything. He owns the land, the fish, the slates, the birds of the air, and in some sense, the people; at least he owns their living.

—"Bible and the People" comes down squarely in a very practical way upon the modern question of government by the people for the people. There is no moral support in the Bible to the innumerable injustices and cruelties we witness around us, on every hand. The truth of the gospel gives no support to autocracy; to this principle of owning the people through owning their means of living. There can not be liberty under such conditions. It is nothing like the "Kingdom of Heaven," which Christ preached. The teachings of Christ are gaining in society. These immense corporations with enormous capital are mere towers of Babels which will only make things more hopeless to the rich until they adopt the simple order of justice and fairness to all.

Society will never rest until it rests on God's justice.

The contents of the May number of "Cymru" are pleasant reading. "The Story of Wales" takes in the times of Owen Glyndwr. The paper on "Fishing" is very interesting, and carries the reader back to active life among the Welsh in the Middle Ages. According to the writer, the Welsh were great hunters, and had the best hounds in the world. In the markets of Rome, they went for the highest prices. The old Welsh were extremely fond of amusements and exercises; but their activities were all beneficial to health and vigor. They had 24 well-ordered games and sports, but it seems they never paid attention to fishing, especially with rod and line. Their life was spent in the open air. The writer suggests that fishing with rod and line is a leisurely and gentlemanly exercise, suitable to men of culture and education, poets, scholars, philosophers, preachers, &c. If so, it should become extremely popular in Wales of to-day.

—D. Lloyd Jones's papers on "Geology," under the heading "An Old Interesting Graveyard," is also very readable and instructive. G. O. Griffiths describes Galveston, Texas, as it was and is. Then follow "The Man of Primitive Ages," "An Autobiography of a Quarryman," "A Sketch of Gelli-gaer," "Old Schoolmasters of Aberystwyth," "Books and Authors," "Robert Everett," "Hywel Griffith," and a selection of poems, &c.

—In "Books and Authors" the Editor says "that there are two kinds of Welsh now-a-days," and he gives instances of both. The corrupt and circuitous form of Welsh is the production of writers who think in English and fol-

low English construction. The Editor says he would prefer to have the Welsh language dead than dressed in these barbarous forms. The words only are Welsh. Much of this kind of Welsh is met with in our magazines and newspapers. These English constructions often lead the language into wonderfully ludicrous tangles in the hands of untrained writers. Take this for instance. "Dywedir y gwneir llyn" in the hands of our periphrastic writers would be "Y mae yn cael ei ddweyd fod hyn yn cael ei wneyd," &c. Another illustration, "Hysbysir iddo fod" runs into "y mae yn cael ei hysbysu ei fod wedi bod," &c. This is Anglicized Welsh, don't-cher know.

What Wales needs is books on art and science. A country so rich in geology as Wales ought to give the world experienced and learned geologists. Is there not in our schools a boy inspired with the ideas of Griffith Prichard? In place of this, we are busily engaged in developing and furnishing the world with expert football players and cricketers. Is it not really serious to behold how our student spends his time? He gives his best hours to sports and games, and his leisure time to work! What will become of these glow-worms? The German sets up before him a high aim, and he works to gain it. The American turns out twice the amount of work which the Englishman does; and this accounts for the fact that commercial supremacy is fast passing out of his hands. While the Briton plays, other people extend their knowledge and business. While things have come to such a pass, has Britain no interest but in play? O! that a portion of Griffith Prichard's active and wise spirit would fall into the hearts of Welshmen!—"Cymru."

SCIENTIFIC

Had the Romans been still alive, the Romans of the old republic, neither inside nor outside forces could have worked the fall of Rome. But the true Romans passed away early. Even Caesar notes the "dire scarcity of men."

Herbert Spencer was eighty-one years old on April 27, and is in fair health. He has just completed a two-volume autobiography which will be published after his death.

Cocaine sniffing is on the increase in the South among the negroes. The drug is sniffed up the nose, and the results produced are somewhat the same as those obtained by smoking an opium pipe.

A French inventor has devised a way of awakening sluggards. Means are provided by which the weight of a person in bed makes an electric contact. A bell and a clock are placed in the circuit, and when the proper time has arrived the clock breaks the circuit and a bell rings until the sleeper is awakened and arises.

The excavations in Carthage are producing excellent results. The Punic necropolis near the altar of St. Monica, at Carthage, has resulted in the finding of painted terra cottas, figurines of women, bronze razors and engraved inscriptions of human beings, birds, etc., amulets of gold, silver and ivory.

Progress has come to be enormously rapid, and the advance of a generation is much greater than was formerly that of centuries. We may reasonably hope to see something of this multiplied progress of the coming generation; our children will see the still larger multiplication of gain of the twentieth

century, and help carry the world a long way toward that ideal which has been but feebly described in Plato's Republic and More's Utopia, and has been the aspiration of all good men.

There is no music in a "rest" that I know of, but there's the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the life melody, always talking of perseverance and courage and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest, too.—Ruskin.

Dr. P. Garnier in his "Celibat et Celibataires," considers that genius is, or should be, celibate, and that a man of genius is not usually able to make a woman's life happy. He mentions that among the 84 professors at the medical faculties of Paris, Lyons and Bordeaux, the three chief medical centers of France, fifteen are celibates, and of the 69 who are married eleven are childless.

Westminster Abbey is to be illuminated with electricity. Gas has been used for a long time as an illuminant in the Abbey, but the gas sets up a chemical change in the limestone which is followed by disintegration, and a few weeks ago a small marble shaft fell from one of the windows in St. Andrew's Chapel, the iron pin which had sustained it for six hundred years having become corroded.

Someone has called attention to the fact that the earlier use of intoxicating liquors was, in all cases, to produce exaltation of the soul. Childish races needed an intellectual stimulus of this sort. That which now degrades was then an uplifting force. Possibly a closer analysis will show that prayer-

was needed far more in the earlier ages of mankind, and in simpler forms of society.

The cry should be, not that we are degenerating all round and that vice is triumphant among the masses, but for better conditions of life for the poorer classes; for radical changes in the laws that affect to regulate drunkenness—not for the setting up of high, unattainable standards, but for active and practical amelioration of the saddening evils which destroy the best instincts of great masses of our less fortunate brethren.

The notion of evolution in matters of philosophy has triumphed by means of the historical method. To stand up against this historical law, which is the law of life, would be vain; we could not prevent it from asserting itself as a supreme power. Those who cling to dogmatic immutability are in the same position as the Roman cardinals who anathematized Galileo, and protested energetically against the movement of the rotation of the earth. Neither these protestations nor the anathemas prevented the earth from turning, and the cardinals from turning with them. Such a blind resistance would be a great inconsistency for us as Protestants.—A. Sabatier, D. D.

Many persons are slaves to the belief that what nature "calls for" must be right. This is a popular creed because it is a loose one. But it is not consistent, for a perverted nature may demand things evil and pernicious to the moral welfare. Among the adherents of such a creed are gluttons and drunkards and dissolute characters. What the appetite craves is not always good for the body.

There are two great vital centers in the body—the brain and the stomach.

The power of the one is primary and the power of the other is secondary. When the mind is too weak or too indolent to govern the body the stomach is apt to do so and the will simply follows the dictates of the flesh. There is philosophy in eating. A person's appetite is a fair criterion of his or her culture and character.

The use of spirits at any time is open to adverse comment, as it is now generally conceded that they have no nutritive value, and that even in cases of sickness their use is only admissible to sustain vitality until Nature can reassert herself. But their use for the purpose mentioned can never be anything else than injurious. In nine cases out of ten it will cause a catarrhal condition of the stomach—hence the disinclination for food exhibited by habitual drinkers. If anything is needed to stimulate a jaded appetite, a brisk walk, or moderate exercise in the open air, will be found to be excellent appetizers.

The Christian doctrine has been greatly simplified. The elaborate creeds of a former day are disappearing. The metaphysical puzzles, in which so many minds were once entangled, are swept away. It is now well understood among those who are the recognized leaders of Christian thought that the essence of Christianity is personal loyalty to the Master and obedience to His law of love. Such a conception prepares the way for great unities and co-operations. When the Christian doctrine is once fully accepted, and all that it implies is recognized and enforced, society will be regenerated and redeemed. If all men are, indeed, brothers, and owe to one another, in every relation, brotherly kindness; if there is but one law of human association, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" if every man's business in the world is to give as much as he can, rather than to get as much as he can, then the drift of

human society must now be in wrong directions, and there is need of a reformation which shall start from the centers of life and thought. The idea that Christ has come into the world and that His mission is not to gather the elect out of the world and then burn it up, but to establish the Kingdom of Heaven here, is practically a new idea.—Washington Gladden in "North American Review."

Conditions such as bad food, bad air, excess in foods and drinks, defective drains and the like, are all parts of what we may call the environment of disease. They weaken us and lay us open to germ-attack. They may not, and probably do not, cause disease in themselves, but they cause our bodies to be favorable soils wherein disease may alight, flourish and grow. We say that a house with defective drains is liable to cause headaches, sore throats, diphtheria, typhoid fever and other ailments. What we really mean is that breathing sewage gases and living over filth foundations weaken our general health and bring about a state of body favorable to the successful attack of whatever germs we may swallow or inhale. We weaken the resisting power of our frames, and we fall before the attack of the microbes, which otherwise, if in good health, we are capable of resisting.

—:o:—
NO SUBSTITUTE.

Infancy finds its proper nurture and environment at the mother-heart in its proper home on the mother-lap. In the investigations of science, as well as the experiments of common life, nothing has been found to be really a substitute for this. Its undeveloped nature, its irresponsibility, its very helplessness, and, with all, its long continuance make the human infant an object of exquisite importance during every

moment of its little life. That, in so many instances, it must be denied the mother nurture, the home protection, to say nothing of parental love and intelligence, is one of the cruelest perversions and failures of human life. Every child has the divinest right to be not only well born, but to be well nurtured after it is born; and to this supreme interest there is nothing in heaven or earth that should be allowed to take precedence.—"Unity."

—:o:—
A KNOWLEDGE OF THINGS.

Science is but the latest knowledge concerning real things. It is organized experience, classified observation. It represents the soul's contact with nature; in this sense Jesus was enamored of science. He was an observing student. If the words "botanist" and "ornithologist" do not apply to him, it is because they suggest a mediating book, an intermediate lore between the bird and the man, between the flower and its lover. Jesus was a student of these things, but his study was immediate, hence he was more poet than scientist. Emerson's "Rhodora" and "Each and All" are the sermons of Jesus brought down to date, conceived in a New England atmosphere. If the example of Jesus is to determine, Gospel preaching is contemporary preaching; it is spiritual interpretation of present experiences. It is making ethical uses of the things that now move the world. Any attempt to render in terms of the spirit the literature, commerce, trade of to-day is justified by the example of Jesus, it is gospel work and following gospel methods. If Jesus did "gospel work" and if his methods were a measure of gospel preaching, the preacher of to-day is called upon to preach of and for the life of to-day, not of the life of Galilee and Jerusalem as it was two thousand years ago.



The Celt is fond of "the luxury of sorrow."

Mr. O. M. Edwards thinks that the proceedings of council meetings in Welsh Wales should be in Welsh.

"Bardd Cwsg," the greatest of Welsh prose classics, has been published, from 1703 to 1898, in twenty-seven editions, the latest being an exact reprint of the first edition. Two translations into English have appeared.

When a colliery explosion occurs every collier within reach becomes a hero. There is never any lack of volunteers for the rescue parties, no matter how great the danger. It is a fact that a collier is ashamed to be on the surface when there are colleagues in danger below.

A book was published by a Welshman in 1599 which subsequently appeared in nine editions, but not a single copy of the first edition is now known. Bibliomaniacs, take note! The author was a preacher, Luke Thomas, a native of Glamorganshire, and an Oxford man. The title of the book is "Seaven Sermons."

In the south porch of the church at Wolverhampton used to be a stone bearing the following inscription in English: "Near this spot lies the body of Claudius Phylips, whose contempt of riches and his incomparable skill on the violin made him to be extolled by all who knew him. He was born in Wales, and he traveled all over

Europe; and after he had tasted the smile and anger of this world he died in 1733."

The following was the "cry" of an enthusiastic canvasser in the Vaynor (S. W.) school board election recently:

1. Vote for the man who cuts your coal—Llewellyn.
2. Vote for the man who draws your teeth—Musgrove.
3. Vote for the man who will make your coffin—Skym.
4. Vote for the man who will bury you—the rector.

Three of the four were successful, but the board will have to be buried without a coffin.

Often we meet in history curious opinions of the Welsh (or Britons). In relation to a discussion in Parliament, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, about the title to be assumed by James I, the story relates that "Sir W. Morrice prest hotly upon the motion to have the King's title of Great Britanny confirmed by Act of Parleмент; but he was answered by one James, who concluded a long declamation with this description of the Brettons, that they were first an ydolatrous nation and worshippers of devils. In the beginnings of Christianity, they lived long like theefes and robbers, and are to this day the most base, pesantly, perfidious people of the world."

In more than one sense the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church at Rhiwcellog, near Pencoed, is unique among

the churches of the connection. It has never had a settled minister; it has not a single deacon—though its big seat is never quite empty—and it has no secretary of its own. That official is a member of the sister church at Pencoed, and visits Rhiwcellog once a month—every communion Sunday. It would be interesting to know if any one of the Welsh denominations has another church similarly situated.

Llandrindod used to be regarded as the paradise of the bachelor in search of a wife. During the season there are, doubtless, opportunities for good "catches" at Llandrindod. But when we are in winter quarters there are happier hunting grounds for the bachelor anxious to change his condition than the Radnorshire spa. Several towns are shown by the census lists to have a large preponderance of females over males. Perhaps the most remarkable of all is Rhyl, where the normal winter population is given as 3,689 males and 4,772 females, an excess of over 1,000 females in a population of 8,461.

"Undersea coal workings," writes a colliery authority, "are certain to figure largely in the future of Wales. Apart from the reported discovery of coal under Menai Straits, we have the certainty of coal under Swansea Bay and under the sea at St. Bride's Bay. Swansea Bay and parts of the coast line have been touched upon and coal workings established. And the same thing will certainly be carried out in Pembroke-shire when the steam coals begin to run scarce." Quite right, and when the colliers get far enough they may reach the German coalfields. When that is the case will it be necessary to label all such coal sent up Welsh pits as "made in Germany"?

The following was specially composed by a certain old character to be given out at his funeral before starting from his house:

Fy mhlant a'm hwyrlon gwelwch fi
Mewn amwisg wen a choffin du;
Elor bren ddaeth yma i'm hol,
Ffarwel, gyfeillion, call a ffol.

Thomas Griffiths, Vicar of Llandyfrilog, Cardiganshire, is said to be the last who preached in an old chapel called Llanfran, in the parish of Llandyssul. His text is recorded, and the following hymn which he gave out was sung by the congregation:

Rho lwyddiant i ni dannu rhwyd,
Yn Nghapel Llwyd Llanfren;
Os 'drychu arnom yn dy wg,
Rho olwg ar dy wen.

Mr. Ernest Rhys tells a curious story in his Welsh literary notes in the "Manchester Guardian." "If the report that reaches us is correct," he says, "the grave of Gelert has been decked with a new monument, duly inscribed in English, so that there may be no mistake about it when the Welsh language is forgotten. And when, in that day, the grave is opened it will disclose, we are told, the actual bones of a favorite dog, deposited there not so long ago by a lady resident. This dog was not of the Welsh wolfhound breed or stature, so that the curious archaeologist of the future who digs up the grave will come to the conclusion that the wolves in the dags of Llewelyn the Great must have been small, to match the wolfhound. But we can all sympathize with Bedd Gelert in its determination not to let go even the ghost of a legend."

An interesting memento of a visit paid by the Treorky Royal Welsh Male Choir to Belfast is a brochure lately printed, containing press comments, portraits, an "appreciation," and a poetic farewell. Mr. William Thomas's accomplished vocalists evidently took the Irishmen—critics and all—by storm, and it is not surprising to find it announced that they are due to visit the Green Isle again during the summer. The last verse of the farewell carries

with it some of the raciness of the soil:
Farewell, loving friends, your sweet
songs remind us

That Heaven after all is not far away;
Come back to old Ireland, and surely
you'll find us

With welcome as bright as the blossoms
of May.

A writer in "Y Genedl" puts in a plea in favor of the republication of the poetical works of the Welsh bard, "Caledfryn," now that reprinting the works of Welsh authors is so much in favor. "Caledfryn" had a better conception of the dignity of literature than almost any one of his contemporaries, and it can be said of his alliterative works that the theme of the writer was not obscured by the art of the versifier. The writer in "Y Genedl" states that his criticism of the literary charlatan was like the keen east wind, and no personal considerations would cause him to swerve to one side or the other. He told the truth—not always with kindness, perhaps—but he told the truth.

Dwl a dyrus, dlawd eiriau— ag arnynt
Glogyrnog gymalau;

Dyna geir i gyd, yn gwau,
Yn marddonlaeth myrddynau.

I can endorse the opinion of the writer, and I have no doubt that a new edition of "Y Drych Barddonol" would meet with a ready sale.

In a circular issued by a committee which endeavors to look after strayed Welshmen in London it is stated that about 4,000 Welshmen move to London every year, that only about 1,000 connect themselves with the Welsh churches in London, and that the number of those incoming Welshmen who join English churches is so small that it might be left out of account. Thus, 3,000 Welshmen, mostly young, go astray as soon as they enter the metropolis. No estimate is given of the number—possibly a larger one—of resident London Welshmen who join the sub-

merged three-fourths. On the other hand, the growth of the London Welsh congregations is steady and reassuring, but the total annual gain may not be much more than, if as much as, the annual reinforcements from Wales. It is a gain at a loss in other sections of the same religious bodies, and what a loss it is for the country churches, when three-fourths of the best young men and women—for the estimate relates to those who are connected with churches—go wholly astray.

Asked as to how he accounted for the defeat of the Welsh choirs at the Liverpool National Eisteddfod last year, C. F. Lloyd states that "the Welsh choirs sang well, as they generally do, but in the matter of refinement they were surpassed by the English choirs. In connection with the Welsh choirs sufficient attention had not been paid to the selection of voices and to voice production. One unsympathetic or badly produced voice will effect incalculable harm in a choir. In pianissimo parts especially great attention should be paid to the production of the voice. Care should be taken that the chest registers are not forced up, and in delicate passages each voice should be tried individually, to be certain of securing the wished for effect. Especially among contraltos and tenors is there a tendency to force the chest voices, which almost invariably results in faulty intonation. The defect is very easily remedied with a little care and patience.

Despite the efforts of the reformers, Wales has an intimate acquaintance with strong drinks. Thus a writer in the "Evening Standard" says: "There are many intoxicants made in this country which are hardly ever seen outside the localities where they are manufactured. For example, there is the grand old drink of the Vikings—mead. It is made from honey, fermented, and, though it does not taste as if it were of any particular strength, it is strong-

er than the oldest ale, and the unsuspecting imbibed will find himself quite suddenly laid out after a couple of ordinary glasses. This liquor is made plentifully in Huntingdonshire and in some parts of Wales, as well as in other counties. But the Londoner knows it not. He even believes that it is a drink like sack, which nobody knows how to make. Yet, barring its intoxicating effects to those not used to it, it is one of the most wholesome and palatable alcoholic beverages in existence. Again 'Koorow,' an old liquor, practically obsolete these three hundred years, is still made in certain villages of Derbyshire. It is a species of ale exceedingly smooth, and flavored with spices." "Koorow" looks very much like the Saxon's best endeavor at pronouncing "cwrw."

Wales is never without a battle of the sites. The latest is over the memorial statue to Tom Ellis. The committee once decided upon Cefnddwysarn as the site. But Cefnddwysarn is a rural locality—hardly aspiring to the dignity of a hamlet—which would necessitate a special pilgrimage whenever any but the few scattered inhabitants desired to see the statue. It is now suggested that Bala should be selected, on the ground that at Bala ten people see it for every one who saw it at Cefnddwysarn. But if this be the argument, then other places than Bala have a superior claim. Festinlog, for instance, whose electors really put Mr. Ellis in the House of Commons, has six times the population of Bala; Llandudno has ten times as many visitors as Festinlog and Bala put together; while Cardiff proclaims "with blatant voice," one envious Cassius remarks) that she has ten times the population of the three places.

A party of representatives of societies interested in archaeology recently met Sir Edmund Antrobus at Stonehenge to discuss the details of the resolution

passed at the recent conference in London. The party approved of all the suggestions made at the London conference. The work will be carried out as soon as the weather is favorable, by an architect and a civil engineer. Nothing in the way of restoration will be attempted, the only object the societies have in view being the preservation of this most ancient memorial. The first work will be the raising of the huge monolith which overhangs the altar stone, as it is in a most dangerous condition, into an upright position. It is the largest and finest monolith in England, next to Cleopatra's Needle. At present it rests on a smaller stone, but there are two large flaws, or cracks, in it, and if were to fall it is feared that it would be broken into three parts. Other stones will be put in position to support the lintel, which will rest upon them. Sir Edmund Antrobus hopes to obtain permission to divert the roadway now passing through the earth-circle which surrounds the stones and to proceed with the erection of a wire fence as approved by the conference in London.

It is understood that a large section of the colonists are very anxious to leave Patagonia and settle under the British flag. Welshmen in this country ought to feel deep interest in the future welfare of their compatriots, and be ready to do everything in their power to bring about the desired result—an emigration to British territory. It would be a national disgrace to allow this young branch of the old Celtic stock to be lost amongst the Indian, negro and Latin refuse with which Patagonia is being rapidly filled. The colony, undoubtedly, lost heavily by the flood last year, but the members of it are not the class of people to be balked by material damage of that kind. It is a great pity that steps were not taken to remove the colonists immediately after the flood; but it is never too late to mend, and the sooner they

are assisted to leave the Argentine Republic the better. For fifteen years after the settlement was formed they were allowed to conduct their local affairs in peace, but since the government have recognised their industry and progress they have harassed them in the most persistent manner. It is expected that the foreign office will make some representation upon the reports now in their possession, but the rules of diplomacy must be observed, and the best way of relieving the Welsh-Patagonians from the oppression under which they are suffering is to assist them out of the Republic.

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CURIOUS OLD WELSH HYMNS.

Y defaid gwynion a'r traed glan,
Sy'n pori'n mysg yr eithin man;
Y gaseg wen a'r pllyn brith
Sydd fel apostol yn eu plith.

The following was given out by an old Welsh Methodist, who was noted for his "hwy!" under the sermon. Fifty years ago there were men belonging to every denomination in Wales, and one or more almost in every chapel, who upon special occasions broke out in loud praise, and for a moment their shouting drowned the voice of the preachers. These were proverbially called "Celloiod yr Arfaeth." The hymn is in justification of the Welsh "hwy!":

Fe dd'wed y bobl nawr ar go'dd
Fy mod i'n feddw a ma's o nghof;
Ond d'wedaf finau, os meddwod yw,
Rwy'n yfed gwin o seler Duw.

Mae nhad yn byw yn Seion,
Yn cadw ty fy mam;
Mae mrawd yn byw yn Seion,
Ni chaf fi oddef cam;

Mae'r Ysbryd Glan yn Seion,

Yn gysur mawr i'r saint,

A finau'n byw yn Seion,

Yn diolch am y fraint.

The two following are hymns given out at funerals:

Fy nghymydogion o bob rhyw,
'Nghyfeillion gynt ar dir y byw,
Yr enaid aeth o'r corff i ma's,
Trwy ddwyllaw oerion angau glas.

Codwch y corff ac ewch i bant,
A charlwch ef dros fryn a phant,
Hyd at y bedd; rhowch i orphwys nawr,
Hyd foreu'r Adgyfodiad mawr.

—Catrawd.

—:o:—

How come there to be so many Welsh place-names in South Africa? If you look at any recent map of South Africa (writes Mr. Herbert Davies, of Tre-castle) you will find among the many Dutch and native names the following Welsh, or perhaps more correctly Celtic names, viz: Carnarvon, Blantyre, Craig Rennie, Caeadu, Bengu, Blaney Junction, Aberdeen, Glen Grey, Elin, Clydesdale, &c., &c. The other day the "South Wales Daily News" reported an incident which had happened at "Ballybrith," which stands half way between Vryburg and Kuruman. How is it that we find such a distinctive Welsh name in the heart of the African Continent? I think I can unravel the mystery. This district (Bechuanaland Protectorate) is the scene of the London Missionary Society's operations. One of the missionaries who labored here was the Rev. Roger Price, who was born at Ballybrith, Merthyr Cynog, Breconshire, on February 24th, 1834, and who died last year (1900.) Possibly Mr. Price in order to perpetuate his love of the name of "Ballybrith," determined to call one of the native stations by that name.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

William Monger David, of C. J. Hussey & Co., of Pittsburg, and late of the Orford Copper Works, has accepted the position of superintendent of the Tottenville Copper Works, Staten Island, New York.

Rev. W. D. Williams, D. D., archdeacon in Arkansas, will supply St. Stephen's Church, West 69th street, between Columbus and Amsterdam avenues, New York city, during his summer vacation. His first service will be July 14, and he will preach every Sunday morning.

During July and August Mr. William ApMadoc will visit a number of towns, Welsh and Welsh-American centers, in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota, Colorado and Utah, delivering and singing his two entertainments—"Musico-Literary Recital" and "Cambrian Romances." It will be in keeping with the spirit and purpose of these "evenings" to say a word concerning our magazine, "The Cambrian." Doubtless there are hundreds of intelligent Welsh-Americans in the States who have never realized what "The Cambrian" has and is doing for Welsh art, literature and music. Welshmen are coming to the front rapidly in Great Britain and America. It will not do for Welsh parents in this country to neglect the education of their children in Welsh history, etc. Mr. ApMadoc is not only qualified, but is authorized to speak in behalf of "The Cambrian." Having an outline of what the "Cambrian Romances" are—the harp-melodies of Wales in story and song—we are prepared to say that our readers, and those who are not but ought to be, will be agreeably surprised with

the treasures that are almost hidden in our stores of literature and music.

Mrs. Anna Helen Jones, wife of Rev. J. Wynne Jones, pastor of the Memorial Presbyterian Church, Highland avenue and Bank street, Highlandtown, Baltimore, Md., died at 8:02 o'clock June 20. Mrs. Jones had been ill since June 10 with heart failure, which, combined with pneumonia, resulted in her death. Her demise was sudden and unexpected, the members of her family not considering her illness to be of a fatal nature.

With her life ended a career of usefulness—noble, to say the least. Mrs. Jones was noted for her activity in promoting charity and relief work, in which she was engaged for the past twenty years. During the great blizzard of February, 1898, she served meals to more than eight hundred persons in one week and collected and disposed of vast amounts of clothing to the needy in all sections of the city, and particularly in the vicinity in which she lived.

In 1884 Mr. and Mrs. Jones received a book of recognition for relief work among Hebrew children from the Har Siani congregation. Mrs. Jones was a valuable helpmate to her husband, and to her is attributed much credit for his success in the ministry. She was the president of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Memorial Church for many years.

She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Harvey of Princeton, N. J., and leaves, besides her husband, three daughters and one son—Misses Helena May, Charlotte Abbott, Edith Lynn and Harvey A. Jones, connected with the law department of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Her tombstone will bear the inscription, "She died for others."

DR. PARRY'S NEW OPERA.

The fact has of late been felt by a number of gentlemen who feel that the work done by Dr. Joseph Parry is of such a character that the time has come when he ought to be placed in possession of even greater celebrity than has been accorded to him as yet. To this end a committee of five gentlemen, of Penarth, have for nearly two years past interested themselves in the doctor's doings, and they are now making arrangements for the publication of a new opera on a scale of magnificence that will ensure justice being done to it. At last year's eisteddfod, for instance, they lent their aid to the performance of "Ceridwen," which so delighted the inhabitants and visitors at Liverpool. It seems to be agreed that the performance of the opera (done there as a cantata) was the great hit of the eisteddfod, and that success encouraged Dr. Parry's friends to go one better. Their argument is this: The doctor has shown that he is capable of writing music of exceptional merit. He has produced work that, where it is known, is regarded with all the essential feelings of popularity. To take a solitary instance the tune "Aberystwyth" is a household melody from one end of Wales to the other, and few pieces of music can be found to move and sway large crowds of singers as that hymn does.

The result of the committee's deliberations was a decision to enlist the assistance of a gentleman of repute to write a libretto on a Welsh theme, to ask Dr. Parry to compose the music, and then to make arrangements for having the work performed by a competent set of artists at a London theater. The librettist fixed upon was no less a person than Mr. Joseph Bennett, the world-famous music critic of the "Daily Telegraph." The theme decided upon was the popular Welsh story of "The Maid of Cefn Ydfa," which is so full of the charms of romance and pathos. Mr. Bennett has, in his desire

to be as true to the spirit of the theme, visited South Wales, and has gone to Cefn Ydfa and the district for the purpose of absorbing something in the nature of local color. Already he has written the first act, and Dr. Parry is well up to date with the music. From a literary point of view the book is charming, and the lyrics are written with remarkable grace and beauty. But the most important and pleasing feature of the work is the Welsh spirit and "genius" that Mr. Bennett has infused into his lines. The hope is that it will be performed for the first time at one of the Cardiff theaters, and after it has been assured of a correct handling it will be taken to London. At the same time, a concert edition is to be prepared, and already arrangements are in hand for having it sung in several towns during next season. Local committees have been formed at Pontypridd, Llanelly, Swansea, Aberavon, and other places, and a large number of local gentlemen in those towns are using their influence and energy in the hope of ensuring successful performances.

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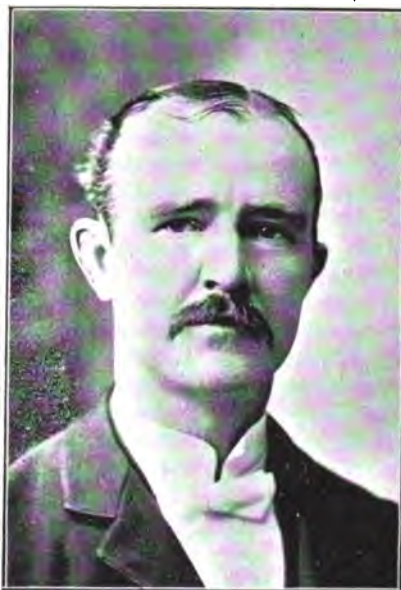
PROFESSOR HUMPHREY W. JONES.
Topeka, Kansas.

"The Cambrian" in presenting to its readers a sketch and cut of Professor H. W. Jones, regrets that so many of our young Welsh-American musicians are far from being as well known as they deserve. For some reason or other, the capable young Welshman does not push himself into public view as much as the Hibernian does. In many states there are hundreds of scholarly Welsh-Americans in responsible positions who are doing the best possible kind of work, but who are content—a blessed condition—with being good and faithful workers and citizens. All this is commendable enough, but we lack aggressiveness in communities where many Welshmen abide. These remarks are general in their purport.

Professor H. W. Jones, now super-

visor of music in the Topeka, Kansas, public schools, was born November 12, 1864, in Slatington, Pa. His father, William H. Jones, a native of Amlwch, now living at Manhattan, Kan., is well-known to the Welsh world, and is a constant reader of the "Drych" and the "Cambrian." His mother's maiden name was Margery Reynolds, a native

during their first three years, had no public school, but here was a school in the home of W. H. Jones. When one was established for the public, the teacher could not sing, and young Humphrey was appointed song-master. He did his work so well that the board, when he left this school, presented him a costly baton, which hangs up in the



Prof. Humphrey W. Jones.

of Maryland. The mother taught our subject to read, and the father taught him to sing. There are two brothers who are older than the Professor. The song and contesting spirit of the "literary meetings" and the elisteddod entered very early into his blood, because he is found at the age of six having to his credit ten dollars saved from the wee earnings and gifts of the quarrymen for skill and sweetness in song. It is a pretty story how, when the family moved to Bala, Kansas in 1870, the young musician invested his elisteddvodic ten dollars in simple Kansas stock, the result being such as to enable him to obtain his education. Bala,

place of honor with the "old folks at home."

During a period of six years he secured the advantage of eighteen months' training in the district school. His leisure hours were not wasted, but were faithfully and studiously spent in absorbing Palmer's "Theory of Music" and Spencer's "Treatise on Music," along with the assistance of a melodeon. How many of to-day's musicians recall the "melodeon" days of their boyhood! No Steinway nor Chickering pianos will bring such pleasure!

Profesor Jones graduated from the Kansas State Agricultural College in 1888, completing the four years course

in three and a half years, and obtaining the degree of B. S. In 1889 he graduated from the highest course in the Kansas State Normal School, obtaining a life certificate to teach. He immediately began teaching, and for ten years had taught in all grades of school

vironments. We will venture to say that some of the best lessons Professor Jones learned, like many others, were those which he learned when the dark clouds showed no signs of "rolling away." But believing in the gospel of hard work, and having faith in his best



Rev. Frederick Evans, D.D.

work, the last six being as superintendent of schools. In 1899 he was chosen supervisor of singing in the Topeka schools, has one hundred and thirty teachers under his direction and nearly six thousand pupils. In the musical institutes of his state, Professor Jones is frequently an instructor, and stands high in the estimation of his fellow-teachers. The facts of his public life suggest that no young person should despair of getting a fair education by reason of apparently unfavorable en-

vironments—his father and mother—he kept "a-going" and conquered.

In 1890 Professor Jones was married to Miss Ida Lowrey, the estimable young lady he was associated with in public school work. Professor Jones has had published some of his musical compositions. The John Church Company has published his "Hoping," a song, and the W. L. Thompson Company his "Evening Song." His patriotic song, "The Land of Wales," is ready for the press, and we anticipate for it

an elisteddvodic run when published. The young readers of the "Cambrian" will do well to emulate the successful career and spotless character of Professor H. W. Jones.

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The late Frederick Evans, D. D. (Ednyfed), was everywhere known and highly esteemed as an able and popular minister, a true friend and loyal citizen. Though born in Wales, he spent thirty years of his public life in this country, and during that time he was most prominent as pastor of some of the leading Welsh and English Baptist churches. In the spring of 1896 he went to Wales in search for health, but found it not, and on June 21 1897, his noble soul entered into the realm of the immortal spirits. Early in life and in the zenith of his popularity and usefulness he was cut down. His earthly remains were interred in the cemetery at Ammanford, Wales.

The many friends of Doctor Evans in the United States have determined to make an effort to erect a suitable monument over his grave. For this worthy purpose committees are at work in different towns and cities. We most earnestly ask you to make a contribution to this worthy purpose. It is the intention to make this a popular subscription; any amount, however small, will be welcomed and appreciated. If you are not ready at present, would be most grateful should you kindly inform either the chairman, treasurer or secretary of the committee what amount may be expected from you at an early date.

Yours very respectfully,

David T. Davies, Chairman, 1330 Dickinson street.

Rev. George E. Rees, D. D., treasurer, 4116 Baltimore avenue.

Rev. Richard T. Jones, D. D., secretary, 2560 N. 8th street.

D. T. DAVIS'S ARTICLE ON REV. EBENEZER EDWARDS.

Mr. Editor—In the June issue of "The Cambrian" an article appeared on the late Rev. E. Edwards, written by D. T. Davis, of Philadelphia, which contains statements that tend to make unjust impressions respecting the reputation of Mr. Edwards; and hence in justice to him must be corrected. Mr. Davis says: "Our first meeting was at Newport, in Wales, when he was on his way, as it was supposed, to India, under appointment of the Missionary Union. He paused about his old home and among old friends and concluded not to go. That was held to be an error by many at the time; it would have been better had he made an effort to carry out his original purpose." Nothing could have been more erroneous than the above as to the reason why Mr. Edwards did not 'carry out' his original purpose." After he had finished his course at Madison University (Colgate now), he and Mrs. Edwards were appointed by the Board in Boston to go to Nowgong, Assam, and for that purpose they went to Wales to bid their friends farewell, intending to go direct from there to India, but in the meantime the Sepoy War broke out, and the missionaries were being massacred, hence they were advised by the Board not to go then, but to wait awhile until the war would be over. For that reason Mr. Edwards assumed the pastorate of the church at Brynmawr a church which had been founded by his father. On account of his health he moved from Brynmawr to Llanelly, and during this pastorate he had intended to go to India, but the health of Mrs. Edwards had failed now, and though he offered to go alone, and that she should follow him when her health would permit, he was advised to wait until both could go

together, hence he went to Newport to start a mission, and in connection with his work at Newport he so overworked himself that he was stricken with facial paralysis and was advised by his physician not to do anything for at least two years, and hence he gave up entirely the idea of going to India. So there were three reasons why he did not go to India: The Indian mutiny; the ill health of Mrs. Edwards; and his own ill health. He concluded not to go, not because he had changed "his original purpose," but because of providential circumstances over which he had no control. I send this correction in justice to the memory of Mr. Edwards and also as a correction due his widow and daughter, who are still living. The above facts were furnished me both by Mr. Edwards during his life time and by Mrs. Edwards after his death.

J. T. GRIFFITH.

Lansford, Pa., June 11, 1901.

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THE LATE PRINCIPAL VIRIAMU JONES.

Principal Viriamu Jones was a thorough Cymro, and the son of a very remarkable man, the late Rev. Thomas Jones, so widely known and revered as the poet-preacher. It is needless here to speak of the old Welsh orator who—once a working collier—was destined to sway with his genius the most cultivated audiences, and to number men like Robert Browning among his eager and delighted listeners. Those, who were privileged to see and hear the poet-preacher could never forget his remarkable face, aflame with the Keltic fire within; nor could they ever be unmindful of the sweet and gracious words to which he gave utterance. That such a man should be blest with gifted children could not be strange, save, indeed, that so few of the gifted ones of earth pass on their genius to their off-

spring. But Thomas Jones was an exception to the rule, and he was happy in living to see more than one of his descendants on the high road to distinction in the old land that he loved so well.

The subject of our notice was born at Pentrepoeth, near Swansea, on January 2, 1856. His Christian name, Viriamu, has often puzzled those unacquainted with the story of its origin. It was given him at his baptism out of respect for the memory of John Williams, the martyr-missionary of Erromanga. The natives were unable to say Williams—"Viriamu" was their nearest approach to the (to them) unpronounceable name—and the curious combination was bestowed on the young Jones, who has made it since so widely and so generally known.

Young Viriamu received his early training at Reading, whence he passed to the University School, London, where he distinguished himself by his great gifts and pronounced abilities. He afterward studied at the Normal College, Swansea; matriculated with honors at the early age of sixteen; and went on to University College, London, where he remained from 1872 to 1875. Here his career was one of great success. At the University of Oxford also it was marked with great success, and he was considered the leading men at Balliol. On completing his college course, he was appointed principal of Firth College, at the age of twenty-five years. In 1883 he was elected principal and professor of physics of the University College, Cardiff.

He was a Liberal and a Congregationalist. In 1882 he was married to Sarah Katherine, eldest daughter of Mr. W. Wills, of Wyld Green, Birmingham. A younger brother of the late principal is Mr. D. Brynmor Jones, M. P. of Swansea District. The interment took place at the family grave at the Danygraig Cemetery, Swansea.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

De rich mens may have a hot time in de hereafter but one t'ing is sartin en shore—en dat is, dey hez ice in de summer whilst dey down heah.

It always bothers a Frenchman who is learning English to read one day that a murder has been committed and the next day that the murderer has been committed.

They have a bird day in the schools of many states. But America is such a big place, they say, you must not expect to hear birds wherever you go. Birds and people alike get scattered about. England, they tell you, is so full of people that it is almost impossible for any bird to sing there without being heard by somebody.

"I was holding a service near an Indian village," said Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota. "My things were scattered about in a lodge, and when I was going out I asked the chief if it was safe to leave them there while I went to the village to hold a service. 'Yes,' he said, 'perfectly safe. There is not a white man within a hundred miles.'"

On a tomb in Conway churchyard, Wales, two large families are memorialized. "Here," the inscription reads, "lyeth the body of Nicholas Hocker of Conway, gentleman, who was the forty-first child of his father, William Hocker, by Alice, his wife; and the father of twenty-seven children: 1637."

In Great Britain, moreover, sons and daughters have not yet gone out of fashion. Only a few years ago, an en-

terprising magazine offered a prize to the Englishwoman who could prove the largest family. Numerous claims arrived, the head-rolls ranging from sixteen to twenty-four.

A farmer in West Virginia has an elephant to do his plowing. He finds that the animal eats little more than a horse and does many times the work and is gentle and docile, so that the owner is well pleased with the experiment. A small circus broke up near the farmer's place, and its property was sold at auction and the elephant was purchased at a moderate price.

A story current about the bishop of London represents him as a bored listener to a windy speech. Turning to a fellow sufferer, he said, "Do you know that speaker?"

"No," was the answer.

"I do," said the bishop. "He speaks under many aliases, but his name is Thomas Rot."—"London News."

A town councillor of Cork, Ireland, is credited with the remark: "There can be no doubt of the virulence of this epidemic, for I know of people lying dead from it who never died before." The same gentleman thus chivalrously defended a colleague: "I strongly protest against this attack on my absent friend; for, surely, it is not right to hang a man behind his back."

A story is told of a minister who preached a very beautiful sermon on recognition in Heaven. At its close, a man who had been an attendant at that church for years went to the minis-

ter, and shaking his hand, said: "He was glad to know they would recognize each other in Heaven, but so far no one in that church had recognized him." An exclusive, cold and distant spirit of this kind will kill almost any church, and it ought to. If the church is not a place to which people may go with delight, it is nothing.—Rev. William Greene.

Out West a friend was walking along one of the streets one dark night, and saw approaching him a man with a lantern. As he came up close to him he noticed by the bright light that the man seemed as if he had no eyes.

He went past, but the thought struck him, "Surely that man is blind."

He turned around and said, "My friend, are you not blind?"

"Yes."

"Then what have you got the lantern for?"

"I carry the lantern that people may not stumble over me, of course," said the blind man.

On April 12, 1606, exactly 295 years ago, the Union Jack, Great Britain's flag, made its appearance. It was James I who added the Scottish cross of St. Andrew, in consequence of differences having arisen between English and Scottish ships at sea, and it was he who gave the flag its name. James generally signed his name "Jacques," and some think this originated the term "Jack." It may, however, have been from the Spanish for coat, "Jaco," as knights wore a little coat or jacket over their armour with distinguishing marks on them. The cross of St. George was introduced as England's battle flag by Richard I when he returned from Palestine.

MODERN PROPHETS.

"I hears tell dat a man callin' hisse'f Elliah de Secord has riz up in de west," said Brother Dickey, "en skeered

up a big follerin', en dat 'bout he fust t'ing he done atter declarin' hisse'f wuz ter take up a collection! Howsomer, I doan' put no faith in dese new prophets, do' I ain't got nuttin' 'tall ter say 'gin de takin' up er a collection. Collections is ez necessary ter religion ez yeast is ter bread-risin', en de church what don't favor 'em is sho' ter go hungry. But I don't b'ieve in no man sayin' dat he's Elliah, or Moses, or Job, or any er dem ol' veterans. But in dese days en times you kin make folks b'l'ieve anythink. W'y, ef I wuz ter stan' on de street co'ner en proclaim dat I wuz a blin' mule, some white man would have me hitched to a furniture cart, or a milk wagon, en be drivin' me, en swearin' at me ter beat de ban' in less time dan it takes ter tell it! Dey never wuz sich a fool people ez dese 'Merikin people; dey'll b'l'ieve anyt'ing in de roun' worl' 'cept de truth!"

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DECAY OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

Interesting facts are presented by Mr. F. A. Fahy, in a lecture on "The Irish Language Movement," in London, which he illumined by saying: "If Irish is dead it is the only dead language that is alive." Irish belongs to the Celtic group and has a vocabulary of about 80,000 words, nearly all home made, with a rich variety of native idioms. It was the exclusive language of the natives of Ireland for over two thousand years, and during its ascendancy the Irish people enjoyed an individuality and distinctiveness which has sadly waned during the past century. In 1831 about three millions of persons in Ireland spoke the native language, but so rapid has been its decay, that only about 800,000 are now able to use the original tongue. Its declension is due to the national school system introduced in 1831, which opposed the speaking and teaching of Irish, and to the growth in Ireland of English thoughts, manners, ideas and customs. The recent efforts

to revive the use of the language, both spoken and written, is merely an indication of the intense and unconquerable desire of the Irish people for their ancient prestige and freedom.—"Zion's Herald."

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FAULT FINDING.

The "Christian Nation" has this item condemning fondness for criticism. It has a wide application:

"Fault finding is not difficult. Isaac McCurry illustrates this. A dog, hitched to a lawn mower, stopped pulling to bark at a passer-by. The boy who was guiding the mower said, 'Don't mind the dog; he is just barking for an excuse to rest. It is easier to bark than to pull this machine.' It is easier to be critical than correct, easier to bark than to work. Easier to burn a house than to build one. Easier to hinder than help. Easier to destroy reputation than to construct character. Fault finding is as dangerous as it is easy. Anybody can grumble, criticise, or censure, just like those Pharisees, but it takes a great soul to go on working faithfully and lovingly, and rise superior to it all, as Jesus did."

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ONE OF THE RICHEST.

According to the New York Sun, Andrew Carnegie is the richest man in the world who has his fortune capitalized. There are two men whose incomes are larger—John D. Rockefeller and J. Pierpont Morgan—but Carnegie, through the recent consummation of the steel combination, has securities to the amount of \$240,000,000, on which he will draw five per cent interest as long as he lives. This means an income of \$12,000,000 a year, independent of outside investments, and free from business care, or \$33,333 a day. It is estimated that he has given away

\$22,000,000 during the last thirty years. He has given to American schools \$6,605,000, and founded sixty-nine libraries, and yet he says his giving has just begun. When he arrived in this country from Scotland he had \$50.

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NO JUSTIFICATION.

"I understand's," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "dat a few o' deshere Cupans has been complained about foh stealin' chickens."

"Yassir," said the old man. "Dat ain' no way foh 'em to act. Dar ain' no justification foh stealin' chickens."

"Still das is circumstances——"

"Yoh can't take no 'count of 'e. Stealin' chickens is a temptation dat you's gotter keep trompin' down continually or it's gwinter git de bes' er you."

"I knows dat. But yoh sho'ly can't blame dem Cubans ef dah feelin's gits de better ob 'em an' dey lays vi'lent han's on a black Spanish rooster now an' den."—Washington Star.

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CHINESE BEDROOMS.

Chinese bedrooms, even in the homes of the wealthy, are usually dark and poorly ventilated, and are like inside cupboards. The bed is a canopied, elaborate affair, heavy and beautifully carved, and this piece of furniture is often handed down from father to son through many generations. But there is nothing elaborate about the bed covering. In place of a mattress there is a mat, and the covering is the occupant's clothing, or possibly a wadded quilt. Extra clothing is provided for in cold weather, and in the north, where the weather is extremely cold, the carved wood bedstead is not used. There, in the house of every well-to-do citizen, and in the inns, there are divans of masonry beneath which there are fire-

places, and on these divans the people sleep, and the fire is utilized for cooking purposes.

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CHINESE JINGOES.

Some of the Chinese papers are very decided jingoes, and the present troubles are doubtless in part due to their efforts. As "Hetzers" these Chinese editors have few equals, although they live under the protection of the foreigners. They teach their readers to regard everything Chinese as the best, and to look upon everything foreign as inferior. During the Franco-Chinese war these jingoes were in their element. They described battles which had never taken place, and invented Chinese victories and deeds of prowess. The "barbarians" and "foreign devils" were, of course, always beaten. Nobody showed real courage except Chinamen. To increase their influence and circulation the Chinese editors do not scruple to pander to the overweening self-esteem of their readers. On the other hand, they managed to obtain liberal contributions from their subscribers, those resident in foreign countries being most willing to assist the government with funds.

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THE TWO U'S.

Some haziness appears to exist in many minds as to the theological distinctions between Unitarians and Universalists. The famous bon mot of Starr King, himself a Unitarian, that "Universalists believe God is too good to damn men, and Unitarians believe that men are too good to be damned," was once regarded as expressing the matter in a nutshell. Now, however, Mr. George Willis Cooke, in his interesting articles on current religion in the Boston "Evening Transcript," says that this distinction is no longer valid. "It is not a theological but a psychological difference that keeps these duplicated sects from close affiliation." The Unitarian,

he remarks, looks upon religion more from the intellectual side, while the Universalist views it more from the intuitional and evangelical standpoint. Nevertheless there is a well-defined party in the former church who favor an organic union. Among the Universalists little disposition toward this course is to be discovered.

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A HUMANE DOG.

A correspondent sends to the London "Spectator" the following anecdote: "The servant man of one of my friends took a kitten to a pond with the intention of drowning it. His master's dog was with him, and when the kitten was thrown into the water the dog sprang in and brought it back safely to land. The second time the man threw it in, and again the dog rescued it; and when for the third time the man tried to drown it, the dog, as resolute to save the little helpless life as the man was to destroy it, swam with it to the other side of the pool, ran all the way home with it, and safely deposited it before the kitchen fire, and 'ever after' they were inseparable, sharing even the same bed."—"Our Dumb Animals."

————:O:————
LETTING THE DEVIL GO!

When "Harry Lindsay," the popular author of many Welsh idylls, left Wales to edit the new "Methodist Weekly," he took the Cymric love for a bit of fun along with him. In a late number of his journal there is a pearl of experience which was probably not narrated in a class meeting: "It fell to my lot to be present when a young local preacher, now a clergyman in the Established Church, was preaching his trial sermon. His subject was 'The Warfare of Life,' and he laid down his plans for the usual 'three-decker' discourse by stating that he proposed to treat of the fight as against (1) the world, (2) the flesh, and (3) the devil. The treatment of the first

and second divisions occupied an undue length of time. He then produced his watch, and said, 'My friends, we've finished with the world, and we've finished with the flesh, but I find that we shall be obliged to let the devil go!'

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A CHINESE HOTEL.

A sojourn at a Chinese hotel proves anything but a pleasant experience to tourists of other nations. However reasonable the charges, the accommodations are so wretched and comfortless that they seem exorbitant. A bedroom closet-like in size, without windows, consequently dark and illy ventilated, is scarcely up to the present standard of the poorest dwelling in America. The furniture is of the plainest sort, a wooden bedstead with a wadded quilt to serve as springs and mattress, and a bamboo frame posing as pillow, is not the extreme of luxury to say the least. A chair and possibly a table, and by way of society a scorpion or little centipede more or less about covers the appointments of private rooms in the best hosteleries of the Celestial empire. The bath is not regarded as a necessity by the Chinaman, therefore conveniences for the purpose are seldom in evidence, and procured with difficulty if ordered. To go to China is delightful in view of its odd customs, ceremonies, choice porcelain, bric-a-brac, etc. To get away again doubly so to the luxury-loving American, who to be happy anywhere must live, eat and sleep well!

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KEYS TO POPULARITY.

Has morality gone out of fashion? Are fastness and frivolity the only keys to popularity in these days? Any observer of present social conditions may well ask these and many other pertinent questions. The self-respecting young man or woman is almost invariably regarded with distrust or dislike. The popular young lady(?) is a flirt, whose name is a byword of contempt; the pop-

ular gentleman(?) is a gay, deceitful, designing rake. The ballroom and the saloon seem to be the centers of social life. Intellectual and moral amusements are considered stupid and uninteresting. Is it at all strange, in view of these facts, that so many genuine, earnest young men and women shun married life and its uncertainties, preferring instead lives of individual, independent toil?—C. E. U.

Once upon a time (in Cardiganshire) there was a person of the name of Pannog, who had two oxen, so large that their like was never known in any part of the world, and of whom it might be said: "They ne'er will look on their like again." It chanced one day that one of the oxen was grazing near a precipice, opposite a rock, and whether it was his desire to commit suicide or to cool his body by laving in the lake below, one knows not, but certain it is that down he went and was never seen more; his partner searching for him a short time after and not perceiving any signs of his approach, belowed almost as loud as the Father of the Gods, who when he spoke "Earth to its center shook"; however, the sound of his bleating split open the opposite rock, which is still called "Pannog's Oxen."

A builder in Glasgow recently, having heard that his men did not start work at the proper time, thought that he would drop down about 6.30 some morning to see. Going up the yard he caught sight of a joiner standing smoking, with his kit unopened. Simply asking his name, which he found to be Malcolm Campbell, he called him into the office, and handing him four days' pay, told him to leave at once. After having seen the man clear out of the yard he went up to the foreman and told him he had made an example of Malcolm Campbell by paying him off for not starting at the proper time. "Great Scott!" exclaimed the foreman, "that chap was only looking for a job."

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FLASHES FROM THE WELSH PULPIT.

By Rev. George James Jones, Ph. D., LL.D., Providence University,
Ohio.

It is generally conceded that the Welsh pulpit equals, yea, excels, any pulpit in the world for the brilliancy of its rhetoric and the fervency of its oratory. While the present generation of preachers in that favored land are cultured men, standing shoulder to shoulder with their English brethren, they may lack some of the buoyancy of speech and the happy placing of rhetorical figures so characteristic of the generation which has past; nevertheless, enough of that peculiar and rare pulpit power remains to give them welcome in leading pulpits. They are much in favor in London. They fill prominent pulpits in England, Australia, Africa and America. But a Welshman, whatever his ability as a thinker, his attainments as a scholar, his mastery of the English language, can not preach in English as he can in the Welsh language. That language is at its best in the pulpit. The pew, too, has power over the pulpit. The Welsh people are the best listeners to a sermon on the face of the globe. From the very nature of the case, Welsh orators are deprived of much of their power when

speaking in a foreign tongue or to foreign listeners. To hear the Welsh preacher at his best he must be heard in Wales, preaching to a Welsh congregation, inspired and strengthened by such a volume of captivating music as is rarely heard anywhere else.

The selection here given is from a sermon delivered by the Rev. William Roberts, of Amlwch, in 1863, at Croesoswallt. The occasion was the Gymanfa, or the Assembly, of Carnarvonshire, when many great preachers from all parts of Wales, and some from England and Scotland, were present. Mr. Roberts had reached a venerable age, and it was with much difficulty that he was persuaded to preach. His text was Acts xi. 18, and his subject was "Repentance unto Life."

He spoke of the great honor conferred on Peter when he was selected to be the first to preach the Gospel both to Jews and to Gentiles, but his theme was "repentance unto life." He said:

"Repentance is the surest evidence that the Gospel is accepted of man, and that the blessing of God

rests on the acceptance. Since repentance is so important on the part of man and so pleasing to God, it is in place to ascertain what repentance involves. What does it mean?

"The Mother's Gift' (the shorter Catechism of the Welsh Presbyterian Church) says that repentance is a change of mind. And so it is, but it is something infinitely greater. Repentance means the mind emptying itself of itself, turning out its own thought and filling itself with other and a higher thought—a thought radically different from the old thought; it is a new thought; it is a thought possessing within itself the moral nature of the thought of God; a new thought, not new in one essential, but in all essentials; not new in one thing, but new in everything; a new thought, a new thought of God, of Christ, of man, of the law, of sin, of God's plan to redeem man from sin,—yes, yes, a new thought, giving new light on everything. 'For all things are created anew.' Hence repentance is an act that leaves its impress on man so long as he exists. The concomitants of repentance continue forever, for repentance empties man of himself.

"What is it to repent? Man taking hold of himself, conquering himself, casting himself out of himself. Yea, repentance is so great an act that God delights to look on him who repents. Furthermore, repentance is the greatest act in the moral universe of God. What did I say? The greatest act! No, there is one

greater, and only one—the Atonement—that is the greatest act. The Atonement is the greatest as it contains the same essential elements—the God-man emptying Himself, assuming the form of a servant, giving away Himself for us. Yea, yea, the highest place forever belongs to the Atonement, but next to that magnificently glorious act comes the repentance of sinful man. I will say it again; the Infinite God delights to look on him who repents. On what does God delight to look? On the heavens which declare His glory and speak His praise? No. Some of you take interest in the study of astronomy. You get much solid joy by looking up to the great expanse above; but poor, ignorant mortals, what do you know of astronomy? There is one who understands it all, for He has created all—all you could see though you look up to all eternity. Yes, He made the stars which are countless, the sun, the Via Lactea, the all. The Via Lactea, indeed; as God might say, I pass by the heavens and the earth, the sun and the moon, angels and seraphim, the Via Lactea, and the whole solar system, 'but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at my word.' Yea, on this man I will look! on this!! on this!!!

The effect was indescribable. Some were crying, some shouting, some laughing, while the Spirit of the Lord filled the place.

A VISIT TO THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

By Rev. J. G. Evans, Napoli, N. Y.

At a cost of ten millions of dollars, and years of planning and laboring, the great Exposition at Buffalo has been open since May 1, and will be open until November 1. Thousands of people from all parts of the country are there daily. One is told that sixty thousand must attend daily in order to pay expenses. Buffalo is a good place for it, a city of nearly five hundred thousand people, situated on Lake Erie, at the head of the great canal, a big railroad center, accessible to the great north west, on the border of Canada, and in direct communication with all the world, and withal near the greatest natural wonder of the country, Niagara Falls.

One is impressed with the magnitude of the buildings, and their beauty is at once very striking. You feel that you are entering a grand and lovely city; indeed it is called the Rainbow City, by reason of its variegated colors. The World's Fair at Chicago, in 1893, was called the White City, because all the buildings were painted white. The Pan-American is much more restful and pleasing to the eye.

Four great monuments, very imposing, and splendidly suggestive, form a sort of gateway to the grand Square, where the principal buildings stand. These great pillars are dedicated to Justice, Benevolence, Patriotism and Liberty. On the left

of the Grand Square is the Temple of Music, with its fine pipe organ. If the Eisteddfod shall be held in this building, there will be room for thousands. On the other side of the Square is Ethnology Building with its great array of exhibits from many nations.

Patagonia and the South American Republics have here many curious and useful things on exhibition. The Government Building with its representations of the postal service; the light house and coast exhibit; the War Department with its great cannons and drill ordinance, keep one busy for hours. The Fishery Building is one of the most interesting and profitable to see. There you see representatives of all the fresh water fish in the country, alive and joyous in their native element. The Horticultural Building with its fine display of all sorts of fruit must be seen to be appreciated. Two other great buildings are on the right of the Square, full of the costliest and finest exhibits, and in the rear is a model Dairy Farm. On the left of the Grand Square is Machinery Hall, and the Electric Building. When one remembers that America excels all nations in its inventive genius for machinery, one is prepared to see the wonderful display of all kinds of engines here to be seen. In the Electric Building is the most remarkable array of cur-

ious instruments, all adapted in some way to make electricity serviceable. The phonograph gives a free concert, and the automobile goes his way severely alone.

One should take a walk through the Midway, which is more than half a mile long, where the odds and ends of the world have met together. It is a medley of shows and wonders, where all nationalities are seen in their native costume and home life. The Philippines and Mexicans, the Eskimo and African, the Turk and Egyptian, have real colonies in the Midway. It is a weird, strange sight, and then you can see the elephant take a trip to the moon or to Hades, or see a Mexican bullfight,

if you are that way disposed. A very interesting sight is the display made every day by the life-saving rescue station on the lake. The life-line is shot out, and the life boat is manned, and seamen half drowned are rescued before your eyes, or they show how it is done. Probably the most impressive thing is the illumination in the evening at 8:30. Sousa's band plays softly "Nearer my God to Thee," and then gradually the dim light is seen coming, and when the last verse is played, the whole city is fully illumined. Every building is as if it were on fire, and the tall tower is a mass of flame. Night is turned into day. The electric power comes from the Falls.



THE RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

By Daniel Phillips, M. A.

They claimed further to foretell future events by lots. Among the Greeks there were two common modes of casting lots. The one was to draw from an urn small pieces of paper, on which were written in cabalistic letters the prospects of him by whom or for whom they were drawn; the other was to draw from an urn some small articles like black or white beans, or different colored pebbles. Among the Gauls the method was equally simple. "They cut a twig from a fruit tree and divided into two pieces, which they distinguished by marks, and threw them at random upon a white garment. If the affair was of a public

nature, a priest, if of a private nature, the father of a family, having solemnly invoked the gods with uplifted eyes, took up each of the pieces thrice and formed a judgment according to the marks. If the conclusion was unfavorable, they consulted no more that day; when favorable they confirmed the appearance by auguries. They claimed furthermore, to reveal future events by sacrifice; the sacrifice of birds, beasts, and, in important cases, of men. They struck the man with a sword across the breast, and judged of the event by the manner in which he fell, the convulsion of his members, and the flow of the blood, in

all which they had great faith, from ancient practice and observation." They carefully inspected the entrails, especially the liver and heart, and also examined the fire and sacrifice, the smoke and water. "The Scottish Highlanders," remarks James Logan in his "Antiquities of the Gaels," "had several methods consulting the fates. One of the most remarkable was when a number of men retired to a lonely and secluded place, when one of the number was, with the exception of the head enveloped in a cow's hide and left alone for the night. Certain invisible beings then came, and answering the questions he put to them, relieved him. Martin tell us of one Erach, who had been a night in this situation in North Uist, and declared that he felt and heard such terrible things as could not be expressed; that the terror he was in had disordered his mind, and for a thousand worlds he would never again be concerned in the like performance."

The Druids did not confine themselves to the spiritual universe. They also directed their attention to the material universe, and exerted their energies to understand it, its relation to space and duration, its nature and history, its form and magnitude, its course and velocity, its substance and utility, its cause and effect. They studied and taught the origin of matter, and speculated, like modern philosophers, how it came into existence, whether by chance or by the fiat of the immortal gods, or whether it had always existed and

was coeternal with time and space. They studied and taught the nature of matter, and resolved it into seven elements, fire, earth, water, air, mist, atom, animating wind; and seven sources of ideas, perception, volition, and the five senses; in this respect anticipating the materialistic philosophy of Locke. They studied and taught the quality and quantity, form and weight, position and relation, change and permanence of matter on the earth and in the heavens, throughout space and duration, together with the utility of the whole to the finite and the infinite. They directed their attention to the heavens and studied the nature, position, distance, magnitude and motion of the stars and solar system, not in the light of modern science and the use of modern instruments, but with the use of the naked eye and in the light of ancient thought, and for those times were remarkably proficient. Taliesin, a Welsh bard of the sixth century, who was a member of the Druidic order, and versed in the Druidic mysteries, said "he knew the names of the stars from north to south."

They directed their attention to the earth and studied its nature, form, position, magnitude and velocity, not by modern science and art, but by ancient thought and observation. They studied the substance and construction, the possibilities and design, the utility and destiny of the earth. They studied the land and the sea, the atmosphere and the elements, the interior and exterior of the planet, and studied the trees and

plants, the birds and fish, the men and beasts that live and roam upon it. Their knowledge of botany, medicine, music, poetry, oratory and philosophy stood conspicuous. Monuments of their knowledge in mathematics and architecture still remain in the massive stones of their temples, standing on their small end, perfectly perpendicular after the lapse of thirty centuries. Caesar and others recorded their skill and dexterity in the construction and management of their war chariots.

The Druids did not confine themselves to the spiritual and material universe. They directed their attention also to the social universe, and exerted their energies to understand it. The relation of men to men and of men to the gods they studied and taught. The relation of men to religion, education and government they studied and taught. And the relation of nation to nation, and government to government they studied and taught. They became the popes of the age, who stood between men and the gods, and held in their hands the keys of heaven and hell. They became the teachers of the people and taught them religion, science and government, holding in their grasp the keys of knowledge like the keys of destiny. And they became the judges of the land and the dictators of monarchs, sitting back of the throne and virtually governing the state in war and in peace. "They determined respecting almost all controversies, public and private, and if any crime had been perpetrated, if any murder had

been committed, if there be any dispute about an inheritance, if any about boundaries, these same persons decided it; they decree rewards and punishments; if any one either in private or public capacity has not submitted to their decision they interdict him from the sacrifices. This among them is the most heavy punishment. Those who have been thus interdicted are esteemed in the number of the impious and criminal; all shun them, and avoid their society and conversation, lest they receive some evil from their conduct; nor is justice administered to them when seeking it, nor is any dignity bestowed upon them." The Druids did not go to war nor pay tribute together with the rest; they had exemption from military service and a dispensation in all matters. Yet we see them of their own accord inciting the men to fight, and distinguishing themselves in battle.

On the continent the Druids invariably accompanied the army and sustained it by word and example. They consulted the gods on the time to commence, and the success of the battle; and they cared for the wounded, and often fought in the ranks. Their fury and imprecations were always a terror to the enemy, and their song and presence always an inspiration to their friends. As on the continent so on the island, the Druids accompanied the army and sustained it by word and example. Tacitus thus describes Suetonius's attack on Mona, now Anglesey: "On the shore stood the forces of the enemy, a dense array

of arms and men, with women dashing through the ranks like furies; their dress funereal, their hair disheveled, and carrying torches in their hands. The Druids around the host, pouring forth dire imprecations, with hands uplifted toward heaven struck terror into the soldiers by strangeness of the sight, insomuch that as if their limbs were paralyzed they exposed their bodies to the weapons of the enemy, without an effort to move."

The privileges granted to the order besides the advantages of education, induced many to place their children under the tuition of the Druids, and many to place themselves. They came and entered in crowds from all classes of society, and from all parts of the island, and even from across the channel from Gaul and Germany, and among them sons of kings and nobles, to perfect their education and complete their studies, especially when Druidic learning and religion had waned in Gaul and had taken root and gained the ascendancy in Britain.

As the philosophers of Greece and Rome taught in groves, so the philosophers of Gaul and Britain taught in the deep recesses of the forests and caves, where the din of the busy world was excluded, and the presence of the immortal gods was felt, and where the mind was calm and enthused to study. Their mode of instruction, according to Caesar, was to learn by heart a great number of verses; accordingly some remained in the course of training twenty years. Neither do they re-

gard it lawful to commit these to writing, though in almost other matters, in public and private transactions, they use Greek characters. That practice they seem to me to have adapted for two reasons, because they neither desired their doctrines to be divulged among the mass of the people; nor those who learn to devote themselves the less to the effort of memory, relying on writing, since it generally occurs to most men that in their dependence on writing they relax their diligence in learning thoroughly, and their employment of the memory.

Druidism was the most powerful priesthood. It stood far in advance of the priesthood of Asia and Africa. It took deep root and absorbed the soil of Europe. It underlied and interpenetrated the whole human fabric. It grew rank and overshadowed the whole continent. It grasped and monopolized the mysteries of knowledge. To all the mysteries of science, religion and government it held the keys and excluded at will the vulgar multitude. The palaces of truth and the delicacies of knowledge were confined to the votaries of the priesthood. What they knew of the spiritual, material and social universe they kept to themselves, and only imparted to the disciples with the utmost caution. Even these were not allowed to communicate it to others, nor even write it for themselves. It was the capital of their intellectual aristocracy and commanding influence, and no one was allowed to divulge at the peril of his life. It was the prerogative

of the order, the inheritance of the priesthood, to which others had not the right, but must live in ignorance and degradation, vassals of their sway and servants of their pleasure. Contrary to the priests of Christianity, the Druids were neither salt of the earth nor the light of the world, but simply of their own Druidic precinct, which was neither too light nor too pure. Only running water remains fresh and sweet, and only moving suns give light and heat. Druidic caste fortified itself with ramparts of ignorance and superstition, and guarded its citadel by selfish exclusiveness and arrogance. The Druids grasped and monopolized the chair of instruction and instructed the people to suit their pleasure, some in Druidic lore and some in Druidic ignorance, but none in Druidic mysteries save their devoted followers.

The Druids grasped and monopolized not only mysteries of knowledge, but also the altar of religion. It stepped between man and the gods, and forbade all to approach them save through the mediation of the priests. It stood at the altar of worship and excluded all from the sacrifice, save those who employed the services of its priests. Nay, it stood at the gate of heaven and debarred all from entering, save those who presented the passport of its priests. In life and in death, in time and in eternity, it ruled the people with the rod of iron and the terror of despair. Those who withstood its authority, and ignored its behest, it ostracized from society and excluded

from heaven. Their doom death of the criminal and ments of despair. In religion knowledge they were kept rance, and in their ignorance posed upon. They were ridden, and under the thunder Hierarchy. But driven hard poorly, with the lash heated them, they either considered due or, dared not to remove.

Druidism grasped and monopolized, not only the mysteries of knowledge and the altar of religion, but also the reins of government. The sovereign nominally on the throne and held the real occupant and actual was the Druid, whose unseen and unseen hands were always and always heeded. Kings and nobles, commanders of armies dignitaries of state had received instruction from the Druids had learned to reverence them. Their displeasure was and their excommunication. Hence king and subject sought favor and followed their will in war and in peace they were sulted and obeyed. Their command was command, and thence prayer, without which the commander would dare nor the king to rule.

Druidism exerted the most powerful influence. It controlled the thought, emotion, and pose of the soul; the action and destiny of the nation; the conception, perfection and execution of government; the destinies of individuals, families and nations.

superior knowledge, spiritually and statesmanship asserted themselves and carried authority. All bowed to its supremacy and obeyed its behests. Superiority was master, inferiority servant in learning, civilization and religion; and Druidic superiority assumed and monopolized the chair of learning, the altar of religion, and the throne of government, to assert itself and exert its influence, to promote its principles and enhance its power. Its mystery like its superiority asserted itself and carried authority. Its priests threw around it the mysteries of the forest and the night, the mysteries of mistletoe and the altar, the mysteries of the oracle and the deity, the mysteries of transmigration and immortality. It seldom appeared in the simple habiliment of reason and with the open face of truth, but heavily veiled and thickly covered with figure and symbol, with metaphor and parable, with fable and fiction,

so that those who saw it could hardly recognize it, and those who did could only stand aloof with awe.

Its terror, like its superiority and mystery, asserted itself and carried authority. Those who knew its superiority, those who saw its mystery, and those who experienced severity were powerfully influenced and terribly fearful. While they admired its wisdom, envied its power, and praised its efficiency, they dreaded its frown, fled its presence, and endured its punishment. Druidism left the most powerful impression. Its foot stepped in the sand of time and left impress, which is discovered after so many centuries, and so many changes, deep, distinct and significant. Its skillful hand moulded and fashioned humanity, leaving upon it the impress of its fingers so distinct and so perfect that the nineteenth century of the Christian Era can recognize and distinguish them.

(The End.)

CONFESSIO OF FAITH.

By John Stuart Blackie.

Creeds and confessions? High church or the Low
 I cannot say; but you would vastly please us
 If with some pointed scripture you could show
 To which of these belonged the Savior, Jesus,
 I think to all or none. Not curious creeds
 Or ordered forms of churchly rule He taught,
 But soul of love that blossomed into deeds,
 With human good and human blessings fraught.
 On me nor priest nor presbyter nor pope,
 Bishop nor dean, may stamp a party name;
 But Jesus with his largely human scope
 The service of my human life may claim.
 Let prideful priests do battle about creeds,
 The church is mine that does most Christ-like deeds.

HOW THINGS WERE CREATED.

By Theologus.

X.

Although there are many imperfections in Lamarck's system, and although some of his interpretations were more disposed to excite ridicule than serious consideration and respect, yet the position he occupied in the scientific struggle of his time, entitles him to the high station in the world of science which the present age is prepared to accord him. When his isolation and solitariness is contemplated, he being almost alone in his advocacy of a theory opposed by the leading and most influential naturalists of his time, and therefore an object of pity and even the laughing stock in the eye of the learned world, his steadfastness to his belief and the singleness of purpose which he evinced during his entire career up to the hour of death, when he testified to his unshakeable confidence in the principles he had announced and devoted his life to teach, entitles him to be ranked among renowned heroes. He cared for nought except truth. He died under a stigma, but the almost universal acceptance of Evolution since the time of Darwin has justified his labors, and proved that he saw better than his age. He was the first to become convinced of the universal law of evolution, and reduce it to a system.

Johnson Wolfgang Goethe, the

celebrated German literate and poet, who flourished between the latter end of the 18th and the early part of the 19th century, had never so much as heard of Lamarck's writings. Had he known of his "*Philosophie Zoologique*," he would have introduced it to the world of letters. However, independently Goethe in his early life turned his mind to science, and being a man of extraordinary ability, of brilliant power of observation and poetic imagination, he no sooner delved into the secrets of nature than he beheld this law at the bottom of things—a certain universal law ordering and producing all. He soon felt that science needed generalization, a spirit of prophecy, an insight into the yet undiscovered law which worked in all and through all. The facts of science had accumulated greatly in past years; on the pages of the naturalist there were the "letters" of knowledge, so the poetic instinct of Goethe felt the need of attempting to read the significance of things, the truth told by all these facts. Goethe was convinced that the old dry bones of science should be stirred to life, so they could reveal the ideas of God in nature; or the naturalist should interpret their meaning. They were not mere facts, they were ideas.

He became early convinced of the

universal law of evolution. The Unity of Type was developed in his mind in 1797. His studies in comparative anatomy had suggested to him the great idea that all forms are but modifications, more or less traceable to one and the same type; according to him, fishes, amphibious animals, birds, mammals and man at the head of the list, were all formed upon one original type. This was one of the generalizations which he with his poetic or prophetic eye beheld. His prediction of the premaxillary bone in man although it caused a furor of opposition in the scientific world, was substantiated by subsequent discovery. He reduced the operations of the evolutionary law to two forces—heredity (a centripetal force) and variation (a centrifugal force), or inheritance and adaptation. "The older I grow," he says, "the more surely I rely upon the law by which the rose and the lily blossom"—that is, the law of gradual development.

A naturalist whom Huxley reckons as a co-founder with Lamarck of Evolution is, Gottfried Reinhold Treviranus. Although his thoughts worked independently of Lamarck, and others, he yet arrived at similar conclusions, which suggests the evolution was in the air and ripe for discovery. He felt the need also for generalization. He condemned the science of dry systems, mere bones, a register of names, mere descriptions and classifications, defunct facts, nomenclatures, table, bodies, devoid of a life, made of the dust of bare facts, now waiting for the

breath of life to become a living soul. He very happily defines Biology, as the science of Living Nature. This was very suggestive of the vital change in the attitude of naturalists. Nature is life and life is growth, which is gradual and evolutionary. This definition denounced and renounced the old-fashioned idea of a manufactured creation. Creation grew, was not made. He believed that science could be made not a mere description of the phenomena of nature, but a living "philosophy." He believed also that a collection of all the scientific facts known in his time would be of great value to generalization. He believed in abiogenesis, the spontaneous production of life. To him, nature had brought forth autochthones. Life is native.

Geoffroy St. Hilaire, a contemporary, was an advocate of new life in science. Ideas should be suggested directly by facts. He also felt that biology was a living science. Some of his views were peculiar and unscientific. He was convinced of the truth of evolution, and was disposed to assert the fact without sufficient scientific basis. He believed in saltatory evolution, contrary to Leibnitz, who had said that nature does nothing by leaps. This made the existence of intermediate forms unnecessary.

In 1830, the living and the dead sciences came into conflict in the persons of Geoffroy St. Hilaire and Baron Cuvier, the leading and most influential naturalist of the age. Cuvier, when very young, showed

bent towards the study of nature, and was noted for his proficiency and marvelous memory. He was made member of the National Institute of France in 1795; in 1799 was appointed to the chair of Natural History in the College of France; and in 1802 became titular professor at the Jardin des Plantes. Palaeontology was his favorite study, and he published a long list of memoirs relating to bones of extinct animals. His labors were of immense service to science, although his works were dead without faith. He and Daubenton were the first to acknowledge that fossil bones belonged to extinct species of quadrupeds. Philosophers and theologians had taught that fossils were mere playthings of nature (*lusus naturae*) or fictions mixed with creation by the devil to mislead future

scientists and fool modern evolutionists.

St. Hilaire read before the Academy of Sciences of Paris his convictions in regard to the doctrine of the universal unity of plan in creation. Cuvier objected, backed by the naturalists of his time. He admitted analogy and resemblance, but no real unity of plan. He remained steadfast in his advocacy of dead science, and recommended naturalists to confine themselves to dry facts and the skeleton of knowledge, and abstain from drawing deductions. One peculiar phase of conflict was that Cuvier's statement of facts was correct, and his principle wrong. St. Hilaire, although inferior to Cuvier as a naturalist, in him the faith—the living faith—the new dispensation. St. Hilaire could see in Cuvier's array of facts the very truth Cuvier was oppos-



PRINCIPAL J. VIRIAMU JONES, M. A., B. Sc.

Possessed of great attainments, in esteem
High up he stood—a burning, shining light
To many he. The student's darkest night
He did illumine with the brightest beam
That knowledge can bestow, and made him dream
Of stores of scientific truths in sight
Of minds like his. 'Twas always his delight
To guide aright his scholars on life's stream.
Great darkness for a moment reigns. The sun
Is densely shrouded. Death's cold hand is now
Upon that brow, so full of treasured thought.
Enriched with priceless gems that can't be bought,
Ah! no more here we'll see him: we must bow
To Providence, and say, "God's will be done."—O. B.

A TOUR OF WALES.

By E. I. Jones, Cincinnati, Ohio.

(Continued.)

GLAMORGANSHIRE.

Glamorgan is a maritime county, and occupies the southeast portion of Wales. It is bounded on the north by Brecon, on the west by Carmarthen, on the south by Bristol Channel, and on the east by the estuary of the Severn and Monmouthshire. It is in area next to the largest county in Wales, having 807 square miles, with a population of over 500,000, or about one-third the total population of Wales. The majority of the population speak the English language, but nearly one half of the people can speak the Welsh language. The northern portion of the county is mountainous, but the southern portion is quite level and fertile. The highest mountain is Craig y Llyn, 1971 feet; Llangeinor, 1872; Carn Llwyn, 1768; Carn Fawr, 1706; Mynydd Aberdare, 1507; Rhossilli, 631; Cefn Bryn, 609; Llanmadoc, 603. The fertile valley produces wheat, barley, oats and vegetables in abundance. Here horned cattle of superior quality are raised. In the mountains sheep and ponies. But Glamorgan owes its wealth to its mineral deposits. It has one of the richest mineral districts in the world. In the mountainous part, in places, 64 seams of coal have been found from

1 to 20 feet in depth, making in places 190 feet of coal, and for a large district, an average of 95 feet of good coal. Iron ore is also found in abundance, with abundance of limestone. Iron works are numerous. More iron was manufactured in this county fifty years ago than in all the United States, but it is not so now.

The principal rivers of this county are the Rhymney, the Taff, Neath and the Tawe. The old British name of this county is Morganwg, "Land by the Sea." There are many old British and Roman remains in the county, with many ruins of military and baronial edifices. Some highly interesting ecclesiastical buildings of great antiquity, including a cathedral, two abbeys, a priory, and other monastic relics. The principal towns in this county are Aberavon, Aberdare, Bridgend, Caerphilly, Cowbridge, Dowlais, Llandaff, Llantrisant, Merthyr Tydvil, Neath, Ostermouth, Penarth and Swansea.

Merthyr Tydvil is 14 miles south of the town of Brecon, and near the northern boundary of Glamorgan. It is an old town, and derives its name from Tydvil, the daughter of Brychan, who was murdered here by the Picts and Scots, in the latter

part of the fifth century. The tradition is, that Brychan, King of Breconshire, came with a portion of his large family to visit his daughter Tanglwystle, in the valley of the Taff, near this place. As they were starting to return home, they were assaulted by a band of cruel foes. Among the slain was Tydvil, the pious daughter of Brychan. She was regarded a martyr, and the place was called "Merthyr Tydvil," which means "Tydvil the Martyr." It remained a small place for many centuries. Some smelting of iron was done here in the distant past, but little was accomplished till about the middle of the eighteenth century. About this time, Mr. Anthony Bacon obtained a long lease on a large tract of iron and coal land in this districts. Great works were erected, and the district became one of the most important iron districts in the world. The town contains now between 50,000 and 60,000 inhabitants.

Dowlais is about two miles north-east of Merthyr, is engaged in the manufacturing of iron, employs about ten thousand men. It has well-built streets, a court house, market house, library, four parish churches, many chapels, good water works, with pure water brought from Dolygaer Lake, at the base of the Brecon Beacons in Breconshire.

Aberdare is four miles southwest of Merthyr, and with Dowlais is in the Merthyr parliamentary borough. It is separated from Merthyr by a mountain, through which a tunnel has been driven nearly two miles

long. The town is the center of a mining district, and large iron works. It has a population of about 40,000, a public park, churches and chapels. The population of the entire borough of Merthyr, Dowlais and Aberdare is nearly 100,000. This district has given the world a number of eminent men—poets, artists, orators and financiers. For more than 100 years it has been a business center.

Pontypridd is ten miles south of Merthyr Tydvil, in the valley of the Taff. The Welsh name means beautiful bridge. This bridge was built over the Taff river about the middle of the eighteenth century, by William Edwards. It consists of one arch, of remarkable elegance, forming a perfect segment of a circle of 140 feet. The old bridge is now a thing of beauty, while a new bridge nearby bears the burdens. Under the old bridge, we are told there is an echo, which repeats a single sound nine times. William Edwards, the talented builder, built we are told, a number of other bridges and structures in South Wales, managed a large farm, and as an ordained minister served dissenting churches. There are Druidical remains near Pontypridd, and a Dr. Price, a man of some prominence, tried to revive the old religion among his countrymen during the nineteenth century. Near Pontypridd are some waterfalls, and beautiful scenery.

Caerphilly is six miles southeast of Pontypridd. It is a small village, but noted for the ruins of its old

castle, which must have been one of the grandest in the kingdom. The ruins cover an area of not less than 30 acres, and looks more like the ruins of a town than that of a single edifice. A leaning tower, a ponderous mass of masonry is still standing, nearly 80 feet high. It has remained for centuries, inclining 11 feet from perpendicular, held apparently by the tenacity of the cement. The origin of the castle is not so clear. It is said there existed on this spot in the eighth century, a monastery, dedicated to St. Cenydd. The Saxons are said to have come from Mercia about the year 830, and burnt the monastery. Afterward the castle was built, but by whom is not so clear, but it is quite clear that it was occupied and strengthened by the Normans in later years. During the time of Edward I. it became the possession of Gilbert de Clare. It was for a time the refuge of Edward II., when pursued by his queen and barons. In 1400 it was occupied by Owen Glyndwr for a time. It is now the property of the Marquis of Bute, and his lordship has done much to keep it from further decay.

Neath, or Nedd, is twenty miles west of Pontypridd, and about the same distance southwest of Merthyr. It is situated in the beautiful Neath valley. The place is of great antiquity, being as is generally agreed, the Nidum of Antonius, and having held for ages a high position among the princely and baronial towns of ancient Cambria. Being near the mouth of the Neath river,

where it enters the Swansea Bay, it is a port, where vessels of 300 and 400 tons burden enter. The town is surrounded by hills and valleys, teeming with great mineral wealth. Its principal productions are coal, iron, tin, copper and chemical tiles. It is a municipal borough, with a population of about 12,000. The castle on the east side of the river belonged at one time to Justin ap Gwrgan, lord of Morganwg; then to his kinsman Richard de Granville, who also founded a monastery in this place. In 1231 the castle was burned by Llywelyn ap Iorwerth. Neath Abbey belonged to the Cistercian order, and was a beautiful edifice. Edward II. and Hugh Le Spencer sought refuge here in 1327. Gnoll Castle is a beautiful mansion on a hill, above the town, with extensive plantations, woods and cascade. There are many other beautiful mansions in the romantic valley of the Neath.

Swansea is seven miles southwest of Neath, at the junction of the Tawe river and Swansea Bay. Hence the Welsh name "Abertawe," the junction of the Tawe. It is a large and growing town, containing in 1891, over 90,000 inhabitants. It is a port with fine artificial harbor and docks. Its leading industry is smelting copper from Cornwall, and from other places at home and abroad. There are also iron and tinplate works, chemical and alkali works, potteries, patent fuel factories, breweries, shipbuilding yards. Swansea has large export trade in coal, manufactured metal, and other

goods. The castle distinguished for extent and strength is said to have been built by Henry Beaumont, Earl of Warwick, in 1113. The principal feature is a massive quadrangular tower, remarkable for a range of light arches surrounding the top. It is now the property of the Duke of Beaumont, as Baron of Gower.

The Gower Peninsula is southwest of Swansea, and the southwest portion of Glamorganshire. As in the southern part of Pembrokeshire, Gower has been inhabited by the Flemings since the reign of Henry I., in the early part of the twelfth century. The district contains a number of pleasant watering places. The Mumbles, five miles southwest from Swansea, is a seaside village on the west shore of Swansea Bay. It is backed by a range of limestone cliffs. Its principal attractions are the Mumbles rocks and Oystermouth Castle. The castle was built by Henry Beaumont the Earl of Warwick. The Urban district contains about 4,000 inhabitants. Llangland, Caswell, Oswick and Rhosseilly are also in this district. Lloughor is a small town on a river of the same name, north of Gower. It is supposed to be the Leucarum of Antonius, and the fifth station on the road named Julia Strata. It has a shell of an old castle, built by Henry Beaumont in 1099. The castle was destroyed by the two sons of Gryffydd ap Rhys, in 1115, rebuilt by Hugh de Spencer during the reign of Edward II., in the early part of the fourteenth century.

Aberavon is seven miles east of Swansea, on the east side of Swansea Bay. It is a part of the parliamentary borough of Swansea, and contains a population of about 8,000. It is a port with considerable trade, being the outlet for the coal fields of the Avon valley.

Margam is three miles south of Aberavon. It is noted as the seat of Margam Abbey. This renowned Abbey was founded by Robert, Earl of Gloucester, in 1147, and dedicated to the blessed Virgin. It was occupied by the Cistercian order of monks, and was a place of beauty and power. It had, we are told, the privilege of sanctuary, and four daughter-houses in Ireland, namely "Kyrileyson, S. Crux, Maio and Chorus Benedictus." But with all its splendor, the Abbey had its trials. The "Annals," written by a monk, says that in 1223, "In the course of one week, wicked men have destroyed more than 1000 of our sheep, with two houses. In the following year they wantonly slew two of our servants in one day, while engaged in the performance of their duty; and also, immediately thereafter, a youth who had charge of the flock. They burnt to the ground our grange at Penwith, with many cattle, including the steers; they next depopulated the grange of Rossaulin, burnt many sheep, drove off the cows and put one of our servants wantonly to death; they then took the cattle of the grange of Theodore Tewdor, killed many on the road, took the rest with them. Lastly they set fire to the Abbey-

houses in different places, and great were the flocks that perished in the flames." A portion of the Abbey is used as a parish church at the present; there remains also a carved stone across, about 8 feet high. But the glory of the Abbey has departed.

Bridgend is eight miles southeast of Margam, on the Ogmore river. It is divided into two parts, Old Castle and New Castle, on opposite banks of the river. It has collieries and iron mines in the vicinity, and contains a population of about 5,000. The Priory of Ewenny is near Bridgend. The priory was founded by Myrick de Londres in 1146. Is partly used now for a parish church. Ogmore Castle is two miles south, existed in the days of William II. Coity Castle is about two miles north, was built by Paganus de Turbervill in 1091. It is a fine old ruin. Dunraven Castle is on Bristol Channel south of Bridgend, is now a castellated mansion, the residence of the Earl of Dunraven. It occupies a rocky headland, with an extensive prospect of land and sea. St. Donat's Castle is on the coast, southeast of Dunraven. The building which dates back to the eleventh century has been restored by the present owner, and is a beautiful place.

Cowbridge is six miles southeast of Bridgend. The Welsh name is Pontfaen. In 1091 the town was surrounded by a stone wall, built by Robert de St. Quintin, who afterward built a castle near by. The castle ruins have been converted into a barn. Llantrissant is six miles

northeast of Bridgend. Its name in Welsh means the Church of the Three Saints. Who the three saints were, we do not know. There are some proof of a British camp and castle near the place. Castle Coch is near by. It occupies the brow of a rocky height in the Taff valley. The origin was British. It was held for a long time by Ivor Bach, who gallantly led the British against Fitzhamon and the Norman settlers. The castle finally fell into the hands of the Normans.

Llandaff is a few miles south of Castell Coch, and two miles north of Cardiff, in the Taff valley. The Welsh name means the Church on the Taff. It is a cathedral city. The civil parish numbers about 2,000 inhabitants. We are told the cathedral was founded in the fifth century. We know but little of its history for centuries. We are told that St. Dubricus was the first bishop, that he crowned King Arthur, and that he greatly enriched the church. We have a record of a gift of land to the church as follows: "King Pebian being penitent, with an humble heart, and mindful of his evil deeds, and changing his life for the better, gave in exchange for the heavenly kingdom, the mansion of Junabui with an uncia of land (about 108 acres) to St. Dubricus and his successors in the church of Llandaff. The boundary is from the ford to the top of the bank, downward above the honey suckle brush to the breast of the hill, direct over its ridge till it descends above the old ford, which is on the stream in the great wood,

through the wood direct to the summit of Cambull, from Cambull straight to Wye. Of the clergy, the witnesses are, Arwystyl, Junabui the priest, Cynfarwy, Cymeired, Eddnew, Ailhairn the priest; of the laity, Pebian is witness, Cyrwyn, Coll, Aircon, Gwobrir, Gwodcon, Centwyd, Cynwyd. May peace be upon those who keep it, and on its violators a curse. Amen." Other records are found of gifts to St. Teilo, successor of St. Dubricus. St. Oudoceus, nephew and successor of St. Teilo, added much to the church of lands and villages, as the price of pardon for crimes. He also performed some miracles. At one time he was on a journey, and very thirsty, he saw some girls washing butter, and asked for a drink. They answered rudely, so the saint took a piece of butter, made a cup, drank out of it, and those that were with him. The cup, we are told, was preserved at Llandaff, it is said to have the appearance of gold, and wrought many healthful cures. Llandaff continued to gain in houses and lands, until Robert, the Earl of Gloucester, the natural son of Henry I., began to rob the church of its valuable possessions. In 1117 Baldwin, the Archbishop of Canterbury, visited Llandaff, and proclaimed the glory of marching with the cross to the rescue of the holy sepulchre! During his preaching the Welsh stood on one side, the English on the other, and many of each nation volunteered to follow the cross. The present church was erected in 1120, but has undergone many repairs.

There are a number of fine monuments in the church.

Cardiff is the largest and most important town in the county. It is situated near the junction of the Taff and the estuary of the Severn. The Welsh name is "Caerdydd," which is supposed to come from Caerdaff. The Taff Fort. The Cardiff of to-day is a modern town. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it had 1,000 inhabitants, and 320 houses. In 1811 2,557 inhabitants; in 1851, 18,357; in 1861, 31,235; in 1881, 85,378; in 1891, 128,449. The growth of Cardiff has been greatly increased by the construction of the Bute Ship Canal and Docks. Constructed by the late Marquis of Bute at a cost of not less than one and a half million dollars. The Marquis of Bute is one of the richest men in England, having large estates in England, Wales and Scotland. The Bute interest in Cardiff is very great. In 1873 Cardiff engaged 7,000 ships, giving employment to 50,000 sailors. The value of coal and iron exported that year amounted to over \$27,000,000. Cardiff is not only a place of business, but a well ordered town. The streets are well paved, and lighted, with fine public buildings. Of ancient Cardiff but few traces now remains. There are ruins of the old castle, with the church of St. John with its pinacled tower. The ancient walls and gates have disappeared, and St. Mary's Church was removed by the inroads of the sea. It is claimed the castle building was commenced by Justin ap Gwrgan, Lord of Glamor-

gan, in 1080, and completed on an extended plan by Robert Fitzhamon, a Roman chief, in 1110. About 1104 Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of William the Conqueror, was confined in this castle by order of his brother Henry I. Not long after this he tried to escape, but was captured, and his eyes put out by his brother's order. This was done by holding his head in a burning basin, till his sight was destroyed. He was confined in his blindness in the Black Tower of the castle for twenty-six years. When a suit of clothes was sent him that did not fit Henry, Robert was so grieved that he refused to eat, cursed like Job the day of his birth, pined away and died. No man who reads the sad history can help pity Robert, and dispise his cruel brother Henry.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century Owen Glyndwr swept Cardiff with sword and flame. A Priory of Black Monks, a house of Black Friars, a house of Gray Friars and a house of White Friars, were all swept away. None were spared but the Franciscans, who had been loyal to King Richard II., and were the friends of Glyndwr. In 1648 Cromwell in person took the old castle. Now the castle has given way to the modern mansion of the Marquis of Bute, a beautiful place.

Penarth a few miles south is virtually a part of Cardiff. It has extensive docks and harbor, a large shipping trade, and a population of 7,000 or 8,000.

We have now finished our tour of

Wales as it now stands. We have visited every county, and every town of importance in each county. We have found only one town in Wales of over twenty thousand inhabitants outside of Glamorganshire, and that is Llanelly in Carmarthenshire. We have found that about one-third of the inhabitants of Wales are living in Glamorganshire, but a large portion of these are English, Scotch, Irish, and some from the continent. The growth in the population of Wales is not in the farming, but in the mining and manufacturing districts. Outside of the mining districts, there are not many inducements to hold young people. The land is mostly poor and mountainous, and many Welshmen seek home elsewhere—in England, the United States, South America, and Australia. The population of Wales has never been large. Probably, as we have seen, it never numbered 300,000 before the beginning of the seventeenth century. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it numbered about 500,000. It now numbers 1,500,000. Among the mountains and valleys of Wales we have seen some fine mansions, with beautiful surroundings. Some of these mansions are occupied by Welsh people claiming to be lineal descendants of the nobility of Wales of 800 and a 1,000 years ago. Others are occupied by Welsh people who claim no nobility other than that of manhood. Others are occupied by descendants of Norman and Welsh blood. After the Norman conquest many of the Norman nobility mar-

ried those of the Welsh nobility, and their descendants are found in Wales to this day. Others of these beautiful seats are occupied by wealthy Englishmen, who love the pure air and beautiful scenery of Wales. We have witnessed many castle ruins in Wales. Some of these castles were of British origin, but the most of them were of Norman origin, built by Norman lords, who would rule over Wales, as protection, not against cringing slaves, but against a brave people, who were willing to fight to the death. As Mr. Gladstone said at one time, the ruined castles in Wales and on its borders are silent witnesses to the bravery of the Welsh. We have also witnessed fields of conflicts in Wales. Indeed, every county in Wales has been baptized with the blood of war. Battles against a common foe were generally fought for liberty. For liberty the brave Caractacus fought the Romans nine years, and others fought a much longer period. For their liberty the Welsh fought the Saxons, Danes, and Normans for over 800 years, and when conquered by overwhelming power under Edward I. and their brave prince slain, they surrendered their independence, but later they rallied again under Owen Glyndwr, and fought desperately for their lost inheritance. Whatever else the Welsh may lack, they love freedom. Roger Williams whether born in Carmarthenshire, or elsewhere, was of Welsh blood, and possessed this strong characteristic of his people—he loved liberty. He was the first to plant on this

continent the seed of religious and civil liberty. It was the handful of corn on the top of the mountain, whose fruit shakes to-day like Lebanon. We have also seen in Wales cromlechs, Druidic altars, where the old Britons offered their sacrifices and worshiped. We have seen old churches, and remains of abbeys, and other religious establishments. We have found that many of the towns and villages of Wales are named for their old churches. A Christian church was built, named for some saint, believers built their homes near, the village went by the name of the church, as Llandudno, the church of St. Tudno; Llandeilo, the church of St. Teilo. Villages whose names begin with Llan (church) are numerous. We have also seen many modern churches and chapels. All this goes to prove that the Welsh are a very religious people. They love to worship. They loved to worship under the Druids, in the early Christian churches, when they governed their own affairs, then under the direction of Rome, afterward in the established Church of England, and now more generally in dissenting churches. Whatever errors they may follow, or may not follow, they love to worship the God of their fathers.

But a tour of Wales would not be complete without a brief visit to the adjoining counties. Anciently these counties, partly belonged to Wales, and have been occupied by more or less Welsh people through the ages. A few miles from Cardiff we enter Monmouthshire.

MUSIC NOTES.

By William ApMadoc, Chicago.

In view of the following from an English musical journal, we cannot say that our British cousin is slow:

Songs to order, with either English, French, or Spanish words, on any subject desired. Charges moderate. Deposit 2 shillings 6 pence on each order. Money will be refunded if the melody does not please.

Something similar to this flourishes in American towns also. It accounts for the poverty of so many thousands of these ordered mushroom songs, whose authors, we must confess, get rapidly rich, just the same. Of course the public is to blame. It takes time to correct the taste that feeds on these growths. Some of the magazines have articles now on "How to improve the musical taste of the American masses."

Lionel Johnson, the Keltic poet, when he stood on Moel y Famau in 1887, heard Cambria's song of freedom in its very winds, and heard the song of her spirit, when he apostrophized the famous mountain in a charming poem, of which the following stanzas are the last:

Lovely and loved, O passionate land!
 Dear Keltic land, unconquered still!
 Thy mountain strength prevails;
 Thy winds have all their will.
 They have no care for meaner things;
 They have no scorn for brooding dreams;
 A spirit in them sings,
 A light about them beams.

The same poet sang most musically and passionately to "Wales," a poem of great beauty, when he visited our mother-country in 1890.

Ernest Rhys is a Cambro-Keltic poet of national repute, and a "chum" of Lionel Johnson. It is impossible for Mr. Rhys to touch the poetic literature or history of Wales without becoming intensely musical in the flow and temper of his writings. His "London Rose and Other Songs" contains ten Welsh Rhymes and Ballads. In his "Mountain Cottage," after a string of "long-gone poets," he, in melodious numbers thus describes Dafydd ap Gwilym in the lead of them all:—

But of all whose hearts have sung
 One there is, of older tongue,
 Tunes his woodland note apart
 Still more near to touch the heart;
 Davyth of the leafy line
 Pours for us his lyric wine,
 Till our pulses thrill with song,
 And all wondrous fancies throng
 With an elfin melody
 And a strain of old romance
 Every glade and green expanse
 Of the poet's forestry.

The same musical imagery appears again and again in Mr. Rhys's "Fiddler of Carne" and "The Whistling Maid." A true musician must be poetic, and a true poet must be musical. "A London Rose and Other Rhymes" is published by John Lane & Co., and "Welsh Ballads and Other Poems"

also by Ernest Rhys, is published by David Nutt, London. Both books should be in the library of every musician.

Phillip Gilbert Hammerton, the eminent art critic, wrote in one of his books: "Whatever you study, some one will consider that particular study a foolish waste of time." Music has been and will be under the ban of some people who cannot see use in anything that does not bring in the almighty dollar. We have in mind some Welsh boys and girls whose parents were of the cold cruel almighty dollar set, who crushed the aspirations of their children, making of them "common clay and nothing more." Art is beyond the conception of these people. One has no right to pass judgment on this or that art, science or study until he finds himself within the sphere of it. Music to-day needs no apology. The indifference, and, worse still, the opposition of parents to giving musical lessons to their children, because they "cost something" has produced a marvelous crop of very mediocre singers and players. It could not be otherwise. All the glory, nevertheless, belongs to the boys and girls, and all the blame and shame to their stingy parents.

While Andrew Carnegie is scattering his many thousands of dollars for public libraries, there are those who donate in a princely manner for music libraries. Lately, Theodore Thomas announced that, at the close of his orchestral career, he would donate his invaluable library of the scores of symphonies,

symphonic poems, overtures, concertos, &c., &c., to the Chicago Newberry Library. May the day be far far away when he throws down his baton. Again, May 10th, the cable flashed the news from Berlin that the late Dr. Abraham, proprietor of the music publishers' concern of C. F. Peters in Leipsic, had bequeathed 400,000 marks for the establishment of a music library.

The writer has pleaded many a time with all his power, in his "Musico-Literary Recital," for the study of the lyric poets, and poetic prose, as collateral education to good musicianship. John S. Van Cleve, in the last few numbers of "The Etude" writes strongly upon the same subjects. Every musician should be an ardent student and enthusiastic lover of the poets of all lands, but especially of his own language. Mr. Cleve emphasizes the last thought. We have a rich store of Welsh poetry, the study of which is enough to create a soul in clod. How many of our composers, singers and pianists have tried the experiment of musical culture through the sister-muse, poesy. Such a study would be death to triviality. It would teach us that we are the "collaborators with God in the uplifting of mankind."

Archbishop Temple of London admits that he is devoid of musical graces, and relates that he was once occupying a seat as an ordinary worshiper in a country church, his immediate left-hand neighbor being a country yokel, who kept turning angry glances toward the bishop—

as he then was—in evident depreciation of his lordship's vocal efforts. The bishop, however, continued making what he described as a "joyful noise," until at last the yokel disgustedly closed his book, and, turning to the bishop, remarked: "I say, guv'nor, chuck it. You're spoilin' the whole bloomin' show!"

Queen Victoria, it is said, had a strong sense of humor. This quality has not been conspicuous in monarchs. The Queen delighted in Sullivan's operas, and when these were sung at court she would often take a leading part "very drolly and prettily." Some of these operas make fun of royalty and aristocracy. King Charles I., whom the Queen greatly admired, would not reciprocate the admiration, could he have witnessed his successor indulging in such pleasantries at the expense of court etiquette.

"Wagner From Behind the Scenes" is the title of a recent magazine article, which is most instructive and entertaining, with illustrations that are more illuminating than words can be. The author, Gustav Kobbe, makes the subject clear in a stroke of three words, "Scenery that acts!" and points out that if "Wagner had wrought no other revolution on the operatic stage, he would deserve our gratitude." Wagner's art-theory has been the subject of many books, articles and fierce discussions, and no other theory has been written up in so perplexing a manner. He claimed that pictorially, dramatically and musically, art had already attained such a

development that neither painting, drama or music could advance by itself alone, and that progress could be obtained only by a union of the three arts. Critics claim that the German himself, in the wonderful descriptiveness of his music has disproved this, and that he approaches nearer to realism than any other musician that ever lived.

Another great fighting German (Luther) said, "Music is the art of the prophets, the only art that can calm the agitation of the soul; it is one of the most magnificent presents God has given us."

The following "old familiar rhyme" is getting another lease of life in the periodicals. It may help some minds in the order of keys and signatures:

SHARPS.

No sharps or flats belong to C,
One sharp will show the key of G,
D has two, and A has three;
In E are four, and five in B.
The F-sharp scale must then have six,
And for C-sharp all seven prefix.

FLATS.

F-natural one flat must take,
Two flats the key of B-flat make,
E-flat has three, and A-flat four,
And with D-flat count still one more;
For six, the G-flat scale is known,
And C-flat makes all seven its own.

In reading the concert reports of the London "Musical Times," covering the performances of all the leading musical centres, it is difficult to find one without the mentioning of Welsh artists being among the talent employed. Miss Winifred Wynne, Mr. Dan Price,

Madame E. Morgan, Mr. Tivy Davies, Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys, quite a number of Joneses, a Roberts, a Rees, a Llywelyn, a Thomas, a Evans, a Morgans, and many others are mentioned in recent numbers. Miss Edith Evans seems to be filling many engagements.



LLANRWST.

By Isabella.

This primitive yet pretty market town is situated on the river Conway, partly in the Counties of Carnarvon and Denbigh, on the Festiniog branch of the L. & N. W. R. R., connected with the main line from Chester to Holyhead at Llanudno Junction. Apart from its church and adjacency to Gwydyr Castle, Bettws y Coed and Plas Isaf, where William Salesbury (who first translated the New Testament into Welsh) was born, the town, which has some four thousand inhabitants, has little to interest the visitor. A bridge built by Inigo Jones in 1636 crosses the Conway at this point, connecting Gwydyr Castle with the town, but the commonplace nature of the structure only detracts from the renown and genius of the man who built the famous portico of old St. Paul's, London, 1631, and the gateway of St. Mary's, Oxford, 1632. St. Mary's Church dating from the fifteenth century and dedicated to Grwyst or Rhysted, hence the name of Llanrwst, is well worthy a visit.

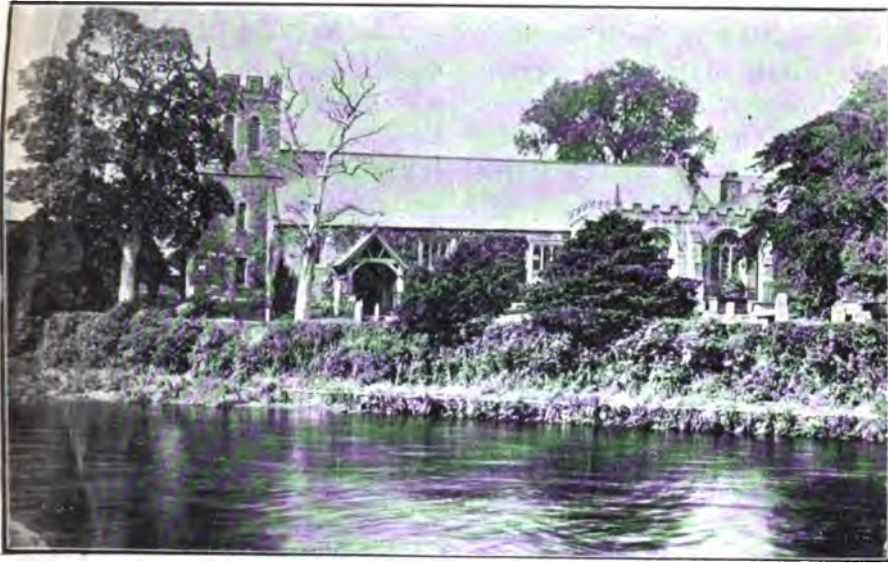
In company with many of the religious structures erected in the Middle Ages, this church has a

crimson record, tradition stating the site as having been given by Rhun ap Nefydd Hardd in expiation of the murder of Idwal, son of Owen Gwynedd, by Nefydd, his foster father, to whose care he had been entrusted. Many curious and beautiful carvings recorded as having been brought from the neighboring Abbey of Maenant, are seen, and the Gwydyr Chapel in the south transept is of more than passing interest. It was erected in 1633 by Sir Richard Wynne, from designs by Inigo Jones (who, according to history, died from grief, misfortune and old age, at Somerset House, Strand, London), and contains several engraved brasses bearing portraits of the Gwydyr family. On the floor in center of this chapel lies the stone coffin of Llewellyn ap Iorwerth, son-in-law of King John, which, having been placed in Conway Abbey and Maenan, was removed here at the dissolution of the monastic establishments during the reign of that fifteenth century specimen of human depravity, Henry VIII., King of England and Defender of the Faith. Judging his faith by his works, we

can safely assert that it was not that "faith which was once delivered unto the saints," and regard his career as another instance of the divine origin of the Protestant faith that it has flourished in spite of, and not because of, such pretended defenders, who only used the livery of

quent testimony to the heroic deeds of her cheftains and warriors of old, so well depicted in music, poetry, history and romance.

Militant Cambria of old has been transformed into a peaceful, progressive and influential Principality, with a bright future beckoning her



Llanrwst Church.

heaven the better to serve their evil purposes and wicked designs.

The Saxon finds inspiration in visiting his Meccas, Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, London, and the American refreshes his patriotic soul by recalling Plymouth Rock, Bunker Hill and the Old South Church, Boston, while the sturdy and enthusiastic Cymro finds his love of country fired to an old-fashioned Fourth of July temperature by pilgrimages to Gwalia's old churches, castles and mountain fastnesses, which bear silent but elo-

quent testimony to the heroic deeds of her cheftains and warriors of old, so well depicted in music, poetry, history and romance. Leaving this peaceful vale once more with Snowdon's sentinel-like peaks towering heavenwards, we wish a grateful adieu in the following well known lines, composed for the Prince of Wales at his coming of age in 1860, begging his pardon for changing one word.

Among our ancient mountains,
And from our distant vales,
Oh! let the prayer re-echo,
God bless the homes of Wales.

HIGHER CRITICISM.

By Dr. Witton Davies.

Using the term—Higher Criticism—to represent up-to-date, scholarly study of the Old Testament, no attempt has been made to introduce higher criticism in the Welsh Colleges. Nearly all the teaching given to our young ministers in reference to the Old Testament could as well have been given a hundred years ago. The results—linguistic, literary, and archæological—gained during the last century are ignored. I have met Welsh ministers of all denominations, and university graduates, too, who pronounce this state of things to be disgraceful. The difficulties in the way of a scientific treatment of Old Testament problems in our colleges come from the side both of the teacher and of the taught. The Welsh theological professor has had no opportunity of specialising as a student. He has had in many cases to spend a long period in the ministry, and specialising, except to a very strong will, is out of the question then. After his appointment to a professorship, he has had to teach half a dozen subjects, to attend to half-a-dozen things beside teaching, and to preach most Sundays, if not all. How can such a man be expected to be abreast with the scholarship and thought of the time? Welsh theological professors are marvels of industry, but concentration has been

impossible. Higher Biblical Criticism has not been taught, then, in Wales, because Old Testament teachers in Wales, with some exceptions, have not been able to study the subject for themselves. In very few colleges, indeed, is any attempt made to give instruction in Biblical Introduction, Criticism, Archæology, and the like, and I could tell of cases where the offer of such instruction has been “declined with thanks.” This ignoring of modern Biblical scholarship appears to me so deplorable that Young Wales will be sure to end it, even if the College authorities do not. Just think—the ablest and most scholarly teachers of Great Britain, America, Germany, &c., agree as to certain results, which are nothing less than revolutionary in regard to the Bible, and, yet, the bulk of us in Wales, who are Bible teachers, go on as if nothing had happened! But there is a student hindrance also. Most Welsh ministerial students are very backward at the start, and they make up for this by leaving the College very early. Even since I returned to Wales, less than two years back, I can tell of very backward students, who have left the Theological College after less than two years’ training, and with no University College training at all. The average student leaves his Hebrew

until the last couple of years of his career, and then all the time he can spare is given to the mere rudiments of the language. If he can manage enough Hebrew to spell out the chapters required to pass the A.T.S. examinations, he is thought by himself and by the Governors to have accomplished marvels. Yet at least as much Hebrew as this is expected at the Welsh University Colleges

from one year students of the language. Higher Biblical studies can never be attempted at our Theological Colleges until the languages have been mastered at the University Colleges or elsewhere. The Theological Colleges ought to be purely technical in their instruction, leaving general training to be supplied elsewhere.



A LITTLE SERMON.

What this troubled old world needs
Is less of quibbling over creeds,
Fewer words and better deeds.

Less of "Thus and so shall you
Think and act, and say and do,"
More of "How may I be true?"

Less of wrangling over text;
Less of creed and code perplexed;
More of charity unvexed.

Less of shouting: "I alone
Have the right to hurl the stone."
More of heart that will condone.

Less of ruling: Hear! You must
Hold this tenet, wrong or just,"
More of patient, helpful trust.

Less of microscopic scan
Of the faults of fellow-man,
More of brave, uplifting plan.

Less of dogma, less pretense,
More belief that Providence
Will sanctify our common sense.

More of chords of kindness blest
O'er the discords of dissent.
Then will come the great content.

"Just to be good, and to do good,"
Simple, plain, for him who would
A creed that may be understood.

—Baltimore American.



FIELD OF LETTERS

READINGS IN WELSH HISTORY: By Ernest Rhys, with 73 illustrations, including 20 Drawings, by Lancelot Speed: Longmans Green & Co., New York and London: W. T. Smith, Utica, N. Y. Price 50c.

The contents are divided into 36 chapters. It opens with the Early Forefathers of the Welsh, and concludes with the University of Wales. This will prove a very useful and handy manual for all those who desire to know of the chief incidents and happenings of Welsh history. It gives considerable information about Wales and the Welsh people, and it will prove serviceable to ground the student in the elements of Welsh history. Each chapter is sub-divided into sections, which greatly help localize memory. The illustrations are excellent, and add to the value and interest of the volume. It is adapted for use at schools or colleges.

A hundred years ago, in the time of the war with France under Napoleon I., men were forced to serve in the army and navy. Press gangs went around for strong, healthy, vigorous men. Every means of concealment and subterfuge was resorted to to escape these gangs. In "Cymru'r Plant" for July, a humorous story is told by Resbo. Robin Cymisdir, a mischievous rogue, plays the part of the press gang, and the situation is farcical. There is a wealth of such stories among the Welsh, once we shall think of mining them.

The contents of "Young Wales" are: Frontispiece, the Late Principal Vir-

iamu Jones, M. A., F. R. S.; "Owain Glyndwr," by Edward Davies (Dolcaradog); "Dewi and Iorwerth" (a poem); "Some Welsh Newspapers of the Nineteenth Century;" "A Maid of Cymru" (Part II.); Reminiscences; "Ode on the Ninth Jubilee of the University of Glasgow," by Sir Lewis Morris; "Great Welshmen of the XIX. Century;" "The Book of the Month;" "Wales, Month by Month," etc.

In the July "Cronicl" we have the usual departments: Miscellany; The Sunday School Corner; Music and Poetry; Literature for the Young; Religious Notes by Eynon; A Tour in the East and Events of the Month, by Keinion.

—In Religious Notes, Eynon discusses the propriety of preaching politics in the pulpit. In Neath, S. W., the Rev. Edward Morgan, referring to Lord Salisbury's attitude on the temperance question, and the prohibition of the sale of intoxicants to the young, waxed wroth and attacked him energetically, when a man in the audience rose and objected, and peaceably walked out of the church. He acted wisely. It is certainly the duty of a preacher to discuss questions of morality. A marquis even who takes his place in front of a saloon, for its protection, occupies a false position; a minister of Christ is in good form to attack him. The immorality of politics deserves the attention of the ministry. In "Events of the Month" Keinion regrets to find that no religious conventions of late have condemned the present war in South Africa. The only exception he notes is the Congregational meeting, in

Merioneth; but the resolution passed there is extremely equivocal. It only expresses regret that the war still continues, without locating the blame for it. Where it states that the government is waging war against women and children, it commits a serious mistake; because the purpose of reconcentration in camps was to rescue the women and children from the reach of operations. The government could not allow the Boer belligerents to shoot at British soldiers from behind their wives and families.

—“It was in the year 1814 the first attempt was made to provide Welshmen with a weekly newspaper. The parent of the movement was a famous Joseph Harris of Swansea, a man of great enterprise and much advanced in age. The title of this venture is suggestive of individuality and also of liberal-mindedness and comprehensiveness—“*Seren Gomer, neu Hysbysydd Wythnosol Cyffredinol dros holl Dywysogaeth Cymru.*” Geographical distinctions as well as denominational differences were ignored here. The title reads like a contradiction in terms. “Gomer” was a pronounced Baptist, and Churchmen, Presbyterians, Independents and Calvinistic and Wesleyan Methodists must have been slow to believe that any good thing could come out of Nazareth. Gomer’s venture failed for want of support. Later, the defunct weekly was revived as a fortnightly, and at a subsequent date (1820) appeared as a monthly, in which character it played an important part in Welsh journalism. It was a great popular educator and a power to be reckoned with in Wales.—“Young Wales.”

Among other papers and articles in the July number of the “*Dysgedydd*” are a short sketch of the life of the late Principal J. Viriamu Jones, M. A., B. Sc., F. R. S., of Cardiff University, by the Rev. H. M. Hughes; the Jews

in Palestine; Sacred Music (the Psalms); The Church and Modern Sports; Events of the Month; A Review of the Rev. D. Adams’s “*Christian Ethics*,” “*Victoria as a Fulfillment of God’s Promise*,” Reviews, Poems, etc.

—In closing his sketch of the life of Principal Jones, the writer gives testimony to his strong character and simple religious faith. Unfavorable hints had been sowed intimating his lack of piety and orthodoxy; but it seems that these charges had been formed by persons uncharitably disposed. Therefore, the writer thinks it incumbent on him to make a few positive statements regarding the Principal’s good name. He states that he was a Congregationalist, but not a Sectarian, which suggests that the cause of the unkindly remarks made regarding his religious life was his liberality. To Christians of extreme orthodox views, liberalism is synonymous with laxity, or worse. His deep and wide scholarship had given him broader views than his religious countrymen around. The late Principal Edwards remained under a similar cloud of suspicion. Our people are not yet prepared and qualified to recognize and accept the natural fruits of knowledge.

—In his review of “*Christian Ethics*,” a volume recently published, which is Adams’s enlarged prize essay at Cardiff, the Rev. James Charles criticizes some innovations in doctrines and teaching almost unknown in Welsh literature, viz., in particular, the view regarding Sin and the Atonement. The old orthodox Welsh theological view is that sin is a foreign element in God’s creation; where as “*Christian Ethics*” regards it as a necessary part of the whole. The reviewer controverts this view strongly, and argues energetically against this doctrine of the serviceableness of sin. The Rev. D. Adams is a pioneer of the new school of theology in Wales.

There is one thing that offends us in this article, which Welsh writers should

avoid. Many words are used which have been manufactured by Mr. Adams himself, and are used by those who read his books, viz., "Defnyddioleg," "Mewnweleddeg," "Mewnfodolaeth," "Gweithgarwch." These are bad Welsh; in fact no Welsh at all. It shows bad taste to use Socialaeth instead of "Cymdeithasiaeth." "Defnyddioleg," "Naturioleg," "Mewnweleddeg" and such manufactured words are abominations. A strenuous effort should be made to exclude them from modern Welsh.

"Y Drysorfa" opens with a biographical sketch of the life and career of the Rev. W. M. Lewis, Tyllwyd, author of the last Davies Lecture (Repentance) just published. He is a native of Abergwaun (Fishguard), Pembroke, and is in his 62nd year. He received his education at Bala and Trevecca. He is a great reader and a lover of abstruse subjects, and takes delight in knotty questions in philosophy and especially theology. The other papers and articles are "Bible Inspiration in the Light of the Bible itself;" "The Great Things done by God to the Calvinistic Denomination During the Last Century;" "Old Deacons of Pembroke;" "Reminiscences of the Revival of '59 in Aberporth and Blaenarnerch;" "Monthly Notes,;" Reviews, etc.

—"Bible Inspiration" gives us striking views as to how the Scriptures were written. God used men as means to transcribe his thoughts. They were not used as "persons." As Peter suggests, they had been deprived of their personality entirely. They were impersonal tools, and the Spirit used them as such. In the making of ordinary books, God works in men, but they are conscious and in possession of their will; but in writing the Bible, the writer's will was paralyzed. The writer's will was not used in this case, and this accounts for Scriptural inspiration. In the making of ordinary literature, man makes use of his will power; in the

production of the Scripture, he was will-less.

In the July number of the "Cerdor" are the following articles: Some of the Fallings of our Congregational Singing; The Degeneration of Choral Singing in Wales; Music and Musical Instruments of the Old Welsh; Welsh Music of the Last Century; Notes, Reviews, etc.

—Among the fallings and weaknesses of Welsh congregational singing, the Editor points out the great proportion of minor music, tunes that are doleful, sad, melancholy. Although the Mount Sinai and Gehenna style of preaching has all but passed away, a musical moaning and groaning so much in vogue with our forefathers is still indulged in largely. Another peculiarity which he discountenances in this article is the old custom, extremely common among the Welsh of past years, and which is still practiced too much, viz., repeating the closing lines of a hymn. At Welsh meetings of old time this amounted often to a demonstration. It was often used to create enthusiasm. Old people never enjoyed music as an art but as a God-created means of venting their surplus emotion. Another evil which is condemned is the vaudeville which organists indulge in between stanzas. Often they will give a few passages of sacrilegious music which the Editor, appropriately calls fiddle-dee-dee, a kind of musical nonsense which organists of a superficial turn of mind relish occasionally. Considerable irregularity also prevails in congregations anent rising to sing. He suggests that all should rise as the organ strikes the first notes. This also would be a change in Nonconformist churches, where the congregations remain seated most of time.

—Among the "Notes" we find a complaint that at Musical Conventions, prolonged, tedious and unprofitable addresses are delivered by ministers and others, which are calculated to spoil the fine effect of the musical perform-

ance. It is the experience of every man who likes music, that it requires talk of a high and exquisite order to please. Foolish and flat addresses are made more so between renderings of fine music.

In an article in the "Traethodydd," "The Scriptures and Criticism," Rev. J. Owen Thomas, M. A., discusses the effects of modern criticism of the Bible on different minds. It is disastrous in the case of superficial thinkers and fashionable religionists who have been used to found their opinions on conventional grounds, and have no moral convictions of any kind. This class give way immediately before the inroads of criticism, and as soon as any inconsistencies or errors are pointed out in the Scriptures, their religion falls about their ears. The other class are those who reject all the results of criticism, and hate all Biblical critics as the enemies of God.

The Rev. J. Myfenydd Morgan, St. Dogma's, writes entertainingly of the Rev. Thomas John of Cilgerran, S. W., a notable and, original minister and preacher who departed this life November 27, 1862, in his 46th year. When a young man he worked for some years in the slate quarries near his home. He attended school at Grachen Wen for three years, preaching occasionally. Thence he went to Trevecca, but college life seemed to him to be mere waste of valuable time, because, as he quaintly observed to Dr. Charles, "the harvest was passing while he was whetting his sickle." In such matters as Latin, Greek, mathematics, etc., Thomas John was not much of a hand, and he confessed that he was but a mule as far as Euclid was concerned. His heart and soul were in the great truths of the Gospel. In spiritual things, pertaining to the salvation of sinners, he was a born genius, endowed with especially beautiful gifts. He had what cannot be bought with money, or attained at college. He was extremely

homely in looks, and he said once that if he went wooing at all he would have to do it at night, because he was really ashamed of his face. Nevertheless, there was an unaccountable charm about the man; he had the grandest eye—the eye of genius—the window of his soul.

Underneath his rough exterior was a sanctuary of great beauty. It is said that a rich young lady in Liverpool fell in love with him after listening to his preaching, but he could never entertain such worldly thoughts. This reminds us of Pellisson, the brilliant historian of the French Academy, who was horribly disfigured by smallpox. He was so ugly that his ugliness became proverbial. He was the shining light of Madelaine de Scudery's salon. Abbe d' Olivet used to say that with all his homeliness, in order to please, Pellisson had only to speak. Thomas John had only to ascend a pulpit and commence to preach, and his face shone like an angel's.

The other papers and articles are "Jacob Boehme;" "Principal T. C. Edwards;" "The Printers of Wales;" "Howell Harris and his Reputation," a continuation of Gwynfe Evans's article in the last number; "The Marriage Law of 1898;" "Principal Dr. Herber Evans;" "Nationality and Church Union;" Reviews, Literary Notes, etc.

In the July number of "Cwrs y Byd," we find an address by Dr. Pan Jones, editor, delivered at Coedpoeth, N. W., June 17, 1901. Among other interesting facts, it is stated that the first Congregational Convention in Wales was held at Brynberian in 1778. The state of things in those days was greatly different to what it is to-day. A hundred years ago, in the County of Denbigh, there were only one Welsh and two English Congregational churches, whereas there are to-day 47 Welsh and 11 English. In the County of Fflint, there were only two Welsh and one Anglo-Welsh, while there are to-day 30

Welsh and 11 English. In times past, preaching conventions were extremely popular and attractive, people very often walking ten, twenty or thirty miles to attend them. Of late, their influence has waned, and attendance is not so cordial and numerous as of yore. Dr. Jones accounts for this change by showing that religious opportunities have largely increased, and the hunger and thirst for the Gospel have been provided for by local ministries. He notices one peculiar result of the change, viz., the most inveterate convention attendants of to-day are those who neglect religious causes at home; they are Christian vagabonds who are asleep at home and awake at distant meetings.

—In "Here and There" the Editor compliments the Unitarians and Quakers for their Christian attitude towards war. Although it is said that Unitarians deny the godhead of Christ, it cannot be gainsaid that they follow his teaching more faithfully in relation to war. He also laughs to scorn the idea that the participation of Wales in the British Coat of Arms would help it. "What benefit would accrue to Wales, if she were so honored?" asks he. "What blessings did Wales ever derive from giving her fair name to the Heir to the Throne?" What fools these mortals be? "What funny crochets they have in their heads?"

Early in the autumn will be published two volumes of especial interest for Welsh readers, viz., "The Life of Owen Glyndwr" in September, and "The Story of Wales" by O. M. Edwards, of Lincoln College, Oxford, in October. The publishers are Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

NEW SONGS: Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass.—Homer A. Norris. "Dearle,"

for high voice in F flat (c below to G above), 40c. The song is good to do in parlor or on the lyric stage—good for singer and wellnigh any hearer. The heather, the sky, the braes are all here, in the Scotch dialect with its quaint pathos.—Franz X. Arens, "Mission," Two Songs. For medium voice in F (c to f), (60c.). Dedicated to David Bismpham. Melodic, clear and rich.—Carl Busch. "The Seat Hath its Pearls," for medium voice in E (b to e), (40c). Earfilling and heartfilling. It is in the "lied" style, unctuous and stimulating for the singer in every way.—Jean Revo. "Say Once Again That You Love Me" (50c). In parlor a popular vein, but with elements of grace and charm that mark it well.—Carl A. Preyer. "Elusion" (50c). A very tempting little poem and elusive melody, written with imagination and musicianship.—Homer A. Norris. "To Thy Chamber Window" (50c). It is a progressive song for the pupil, highly effective.—Edward M. Fuller. "Only to Pass Through the Gateway," a sacred lyric, melodious and natural, with mellow touches of peculiar charm.—Theo. Bonheur. "The Battle Eve" (75c.). A very spirited piece. Martial, stirring, trenchant.

Welsh readers will be interested to hear of the success of the Rev. John Bufton, who has become president of the Congregational Union of Western Australia. Mr. Bufton is a native of Radnorshire, the county in which the Rev Thomas Jones, "the poet preacher," was born. Removing to North Wales, he preached his first sermons at Mold. Ruabon, and other places in that district. Thence he went to the Theological Institute at Nottingham, under the Rev. Dr. Paton. Shortly after the completion of his course he left his native land for Australia. He is the author of "A Welsh Idyll," and other works.

SCIENTIFIC

The density of population in foreign countries has recently been computed. Great Britain takes the lead with 132 inhabitants per square kilometer, which is equal to 0.3861 square miles; then comes Japan, 114.4; Italy, 106.6; the German Empire, 104.2; then comes Austria, 87; Hungary, 59.6; France, 72.2; Spain, 35.9; the United States, 8.4; Russia, 5.9.

To expel mosquitoes, take of gum camphor a piece about one-third the size of a hen's egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel and holding it over a lamp, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes, and not one will be found in the room next morning, even though the windows should be left open at night.—"Our Dumb Animals."

The invention of the mariner's compass by Flavio Gioja is to be celebrated this summer at Amalfi, Italy. Gioja came from Positano in the hills back of Amalfi. There have not been wanting those who contend that the invention, like most others, was gradual, and that the tendency of the magnetized needle to point north was known long before Gioja's time, it even having been familiar to the Chinese.

There is no such country in the world for wild birds and wild flowers as England; but sometimes our cousins, the Americans, argue the point and declare that America beats us. As very few of us have been in America we cannot say much about it, whatever we may think. But I believe that even the boys who destroy birds' nests, and the people who eat larks, and the women who wear swallows' wings in their bonnets would all want to stand up for old

England and be very sorry to know that the birds and the bird-music of our country were growing fewer and less.—Exchange.

The sudden death of John Fiske, in Gloucester, Mass., is the most distinguished sacrifice we have had to make to the heated term. He died as he lived with his hands full of work and in the midst of acclamations for his unfinished work. It will be his imperishable fame that he turned the stream of evolutionary thought from the atheistic and materialistic direction it was taking in the works of such Germans as Haeckel, and converted it into the potent ally of Christian theism.

Science cultivates the spirit of courageous sincerity in observing and reporting the facts of life. Some moral effort is required to leave the question of our own fate out of mind and weigh things in an impartial spirit. A great thinker has said: "No inquirer can fix a direct and clear-sighted gaze toward truth who is casting side glances all the while on the prospects of his soul." Huxley coined the term agnostic to describe the attitude of the scientific mind; the desire to look upon the facts of life as they are, and not as we think or imagine or guess them to be.—Unity.

The farmers in South Lincolnshire, England, have been suffering from a plague of insects called the mustard bug, which devours the white mustard crops. Several farmers have had acres of valuable crops destroyed by this pest, and have been unable to discover an efficacious remedy. They have now resolved upon a curious expedient. Flocks of chickens are turned into the white mustard fields, and since the bug is somewhat of a delicacy to the fowl, it is

anticipated that the pest will be overcome, and that the crops so far untouched will be saved.

Lydenham, the greatest of English physicians, who suffered from gout for 34 years, and wrote an unsurpassed description of its symptoms, said in his treatise, "De Podagra," that it may be a consolation to those sufferers from the disease to know that great kings, princes, generals, admirals and philosophers have suffered from the same complaint, and ultimately died of it.

A fish learns slowly a few simple habits. Dogs and cats learn more than fish, while monkeys learn more than they. In the number of things he learns, the complex habits he can form, the variety of lines along which he can learn them, and in their permanence when once formed, the monkey justifies his inclusion with man in a separate mental genus.—"P. Science Monthly."

It very often happens that there is some question as to the earth or the sky, or the other elements of this world, respecting which one who is not a Christian has knowledge derived from most certain reasoning or observation, and it is very disgraceful and mischievous, and of all things to be carefully avoided, that a Christian speaking of such matters as being according to the Christian Scriptures, should be heard by an unbeliever talking such nonsense that the unbeliever perceiving him as wide from the mark as east from west, can hardly restrain himself from laughing.—St. Augustine.

Mr. Quin, the borough electrical engineer of Blackpool, England, has perfected an invention by which all dangers from overhead electric wires are obviated. When a wire breaks, the current is switched off by a switch which is automatically released, and the wire thus rendered harmless. In

the experiments which were carried out to prove the efficiency of the invention, three telephone wires were severed and fell upon an overhead electric wire. Instantly the automatic switch operated, and the inventor picked up one end of the broken wire.

The approaching millenary of Alfred the Great lends special interest to the estate of Winklebury, in Hampshire, now in the market. It contains the well-known circular camp of that name, said to have formed a stronghold of Alfred. Excavations just made by Reginald Smith, of the British Museum, have brought to light fragments of ancient British pottery. An examination was also made in the autumn of last year, and on both occasions bones of extinct animals have been discovered, showing traces of fire, probably sacrificial. The camp is believed to have existed before the Roman invasion. It was occupied as late as the seventeenth century by the Parliamentary forces when besieging Basing House.

There is a project on foot for the construction of a movable electric platform on the right bank of the Seine. It will be underground and its length will be about six miles. The route proposed passes under the Avenue de l'Opera, the great boulevards, Boulevard Sebastopol, the Rue Turbigo and the Rue de Rivoli. The new scheme calls for four platforms instead of three as was in use at the Exposition. The first platform will be stationary, the second will have a velocity of $1\frac{1}{2}$ meters a second, the third 3 meters, and the fourth 5 meters or $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet. This will enable pedestrians to have a very rapid means of transit afoot, in a portion of Paris which is greatly encumbered by vehicular traffic, for as all the locomotion is in one direction persons can walk very fast on the fourth platform, and will be able to cover a great distance. Some means of transit on the streets

mentioned is so necessary that it is very likely the scheme will be carried into effect.

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THE SPIRIT OF SCIENCE.

If science preaches intellectual sincerity, she is equally earnest in her demand for spiritual integrity. The spirit of science is the spirit of holiness. Solemnly and eloquently modern science proclaims the beauty of righteousness and the tragedy of unrighteousness. Contemplating the universal reign of law and order in the universe, the student of science comes to see that the health and happiness and holiness of man depend upon his obedience to the great laws of life; that the supreme duty of every man is to bring himself and all his concerns into harmony with the stately order of the world; that every law discovered and obeyed lifts man into a freer and fuller life; that freedom and progress are the fruits of obedience to the will of God as revealed in the laws of nature; that the infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed makes for righteousness; that the principles of right living, which it is the highest function of man to practice, are wrought into the fiber and frame and constitution of the universe. Having revealed the moral character of nature, science has deepened the moral consciousness and strengthened the moral character of humanity. Natural laws are not barriers across a highway, which stop travel; they are rather like the railings at each side of a bridge, which prevent stepping aside and falling into the river, but do not impede natural progress—the methods by which a wise, powerful and loving Father is training us for usefulness and honor. Nature is a great kindergarten, and we are little children fretting and com-

plaining that our teacher is cruelly rigid in her rules, and will not permit us to be as we wish. When we grow to be men we shall see that all her ways were just and merciful and good. Meanwhile, we must learn that the only way to escape the penalty of our sins is not to sin. It is a wise kindness that things are so fixed that the way of the transgressor is hard, and that the path of righteous shines with increasing light unto the day of Perfection.—J. F. Newton in "Unity."

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ANIMALS IN WINTER.

At the approach of winter, animals are affected in various ways. In the North all the reptiles—snakes, lizards, frogs and toads, a vast concourse—disappear in a most miraculous manner. The snakes enter holes and crevices, projecting themselves as far into the earth as possible, and, coiled tightly, assume a condition, a state of coma, in which they remain until the heat of the sun comes to waken them the following spring, when they appear voracious and eager for prey to rehabilitate them physically after months of fasting. The frogs plunge down into the mud of the ponds where they have made music during the long summer; and the same is true of turtles. Lizards affect the same places as snakes, and when taken out at this time are apparently lifeless. In some marvelous manner the functions of life are arrested. There appears to be a minimum consumption of tissue; Nature apparently making an exact calculation, the functions of life being so almost completely arrested that they are enabled to lie in this quiescent state without food or water, or until the food supply comes again and the conditions are favorable to outdoor life.—"Sci. American."



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

The name under the beautiful illustration in the "Tour of Wales" in our July number should be "Llangenny" not "Llangattock," the home of D. Grant, the photographer.

Llangattock is across the river from Crickhowell, and Llangenny a mile and a half below Crickhowell on the road to Abergavenny. Llangenny is supposed to have derived its name from a celebrated Welsh saint, Cenau, in the sixth century, who was so beautiful that she had a great number of suitors, all of whom she rejected to become the bride of Christ. She retired to a place infested with all kinds of venomous snakes and reptiles, which were soon turned to stone in response to her all-powerful prayer.

A young Welsh gold miner died in Australia recently. There was no clergyman within reach, but four other young Welshmen in the vicinity followed him to the grave, and sang "Bydd myrdd o ryfeddodau" on the way.

The weapons which the Chartists carried in their attack upon Newport, in 1836, were made inside a coal level near Tarren y Pistyll, Havod, Rhondda Valley. They were a sort of three-pronged forks or triple bayonets.

When completed the Devil's Bridge railway will be one of the most romantic in the kingdom. For four or five miles it will run through a thick wood which cloaks the hillsides along the Rheidol valley. The workmen are busily

engaged in making the permanent way, and visitors to the Rheidol falls will be enabled to see the work in progress.

An old Llanwonno schoolmaster used to give bilingual home lessons to his pupils. One of the latter remembers receiving the following as a lesson to be repeated the next morning:

"Wyad a marled a neidr y dwr."

"Duck and drake and water snake."

George Eliot was once in Tenby, and in her diary she made the entry:—"The air is delicious—soft, but not sultry—and the sands and bathing such as are to be found nowhere else." Tenby says it has still the same air, the same sands, and the same bathing.

Children taught under the Gelligaer School Board should prove experts in the recital of the Lord's Prayer and Psalm xxiii. Under the existing syllabus of the religious instruction of that board these two items form part of the curriculum when the children first toddle to school. Through all the varying stages and standards up to the seventh the same two items form part of the day's work. Ten years' practice should make the children adepts.

The small village of Cwmdare, near Aberdare, has introduced somewhat of an innovation in the way of a musical festival, in which the three denominations, Baptists, Calvinistic Methodists, and Congregationalists, unite. This is surely one of the ways in which the Free Churches in various districts

might unite, with excellent results. The tunes are selected from the tune-books of the several denominations.

Is Wales to become as famous for its floral culture as for its song? A Liverpool correspondent writes: "Having returned from the Principality after the Whitsun holidays, it may interest naturalists to know that a bouquet was presented to me while in Wales of the fragrant purple lilac, of which the centerpiece was of one stalk having fourteen panicles or clusters of flowers, without a single leaf intervening. The top four panicles formed a sort of turret to the whole. I should say that this number is very unusual even in this most prolific tree."

The Welsh cathedrals are not remarkable for their beauty compared with that of most of the English and foreign cathedrals. Of St. David's, however, it has been eloquently written:—"Salisbury by moonlight is more graceful and lovely, Winchester more grand and awful than either is by day; but they cannot at all complete with the strange and unique charm of St. David's. They are still buildings, palpably and unmistakeably the work of man; but St. David's almost assumes the character of a work of Nature. The thoughts of man and his works, even the visions of fallen state and glory, are well-nigh lost in the forms of the scene itself, hardly less than in gazing on the wild cliffs whence its materials were first hewn, whose spirit they refused utterly to cast away."

It is held that Irish is spreading among the Irish in America, just as Welsh, is steadily holding its own. And more Irish has been heard in London in the last two years—thanks to the impetus given by Dr. Douglas Hyde and his co-workers—than in any fifty before; while even Westminster has lent its august ear, though not for

long, to the unwonted accent of the Gael. Mr. Ernest Rhys says that on the last occasion that an Irish member made a current contribution to a debate in Irish, when some of his Irish fellow-members were anxious to know what its equivalent might be in baser Saxons, it was to a well-known Welsh member that they turned, and not in vain, for enlightenment. These are the true auguries of the Pan-Celtic era of peace.

The Cardiff "Mail" has been making an appeal for the necessary funds to complete the remaining half of Chancellor Silvan Evans' invaluable Welsh dictionary, and in a letter on the subject the Lord Bishop of St. David's says: "It will be a lasting discredit to Welsh patriotism if our veteran Welsh scholar is allowed to pass away without seeing the completion of the monumental work to which he has unsparingly devoted his unique learning for many years. I cannot but think that the sum required could be raised without much difficulty if a representative committee take the matter in hand, and it seems to me that the Cymmrodorion Society, which has already done so much service to Welsh literature, might with advantage take prompt initiative in organising such a committee."

This is how the "Birmingham Post" praises the singing of the Penrhyn quarrymen: "A group of hardy, typical Welshmen, hornyhanded sons of toil they looked, with little to suggest a band of trained musicians. Before the end of the first item, however, the rich sonorous, and perfectly-blended Welsh voices had captivated the audience, and as quartette, solo and chorus selected from the long programme followed each other admiration grew rapidly into enthusiasm. Throughout the performance was characterised with the depth and sweetness of expression which Welshmen alone seem able to command, and

one item in the Welsh tongue was given with wonderful effect. On the whole, the concert furnished an education in choral-singing such as it is safe to say that the majority of those present experienced for the first time."

I question whether at any period in the history of the Established Church in Wales the Welsh language was so strongly represented among its clergy as at the present time, and the knowledge possessed by them is not of that stilted, bookish character that was common with a good many of the clergy of a generation ago. The Bishop of St. David's, for instance, is equally fluent in colloquial as in classical Welsh, whilst his contributions to the press are as idiomatic as if he knew no other language than his "mamlaith." And the Dean of St. David—well, to quote Judge Gwilym Williams's apt description of some of the "pigeon Welsh" of the Anglicised portions of Glamorganshire, he is as familiar with "Cymraeg cerryg calch," the Cymraeg of the Eisteddfod platform, as the Cymraeg of Bishop Morgan, the standard Welsh classic. Verily, those who desire to take part in the requiem of the language of Davydd ap Gwilym need have a lengthening of their days, for it is not yet in a very serious decline.

Dr. Witton Davies, of Bangor, one of our best Biblical scholars, enters, in a recent number of "Young Wales," frankly and fully into the question of Biblical scholarship in Wales, and the neglect of Welsh theologians to recognize the modern results of the higher criticism. He speaks of the indifference of the Welsh people in this respect, and states that nearly all the teaching given to young ministers in reference to the Old Testament could as well have been given a hundred years ago. The only effectual remedy in Dr. Davies's opinion is the federation of the Welsh theological colleges. Dr. Davies him-

self is an incessant student. He intends during the holidays, which began in July, to spend five or six weeks in Gottingen University, where Wellhausen, the best known Old Testament scholar of his time, is now professor.

In Wales eisteddfodau of the superior kind have done much good in cultivating the Celtic instinct for music and literature. Unfortunately the first-class eisteddfod is a very rare thing, and in its place flourishes the small competitive meeting which, with its puerile standard in music and literature and incompetent adjudicators, helps to keep Welshmen with all their natural talent for music, literature, and art, plunged in bad taste and ignorance in those subjects. Therefore, when a really good eisteddfod, with sound adjudicators, is held, it ought to be patronised both for the pleasure it gives one in itself and for the elevating influence it can exercise upon the Welsh people.

"A short time ago," so writes the author of the "Commerce" article, "we knew Wales—we confess it now with shame and penitence—only as an inconsiderable, unconsidered tract of earth which gave us bards and coal-mines, leeks and lock-outs, Druidical remains, and clean, safe sands for bathing parties. Our ideas have broadened very much since then. To-day Wales represents for us a land flowing, if not literally with milk and honey, at all events with very perfect trout and salmon streams; a land of noble heaven-soaring peaks and smiling vales; of grey, tranquil tarns; of deep green woods and sun-kissed meadows; a land whose inhabitants of every class unite to keen intelligence and acute business aptitude the amiable attributes of unstinted hospitality and a cheerful countenance; a land, in short, whose resources include something to please the taste of everybody, be he artist or

mountaineer, angler or golfer, loafer or pedestrian."

A lady native of the Abergavenny district rose during a discussion of Welsh "local color" after a lecture in Kensington the other evening to claim Shakespeare's Puck as traditionally the veritable "Pwca" that used to haunt the Clydach stream. In that neighborhood it is still reported that Shakespeare himself once visited the Clydach Vale, went to see the hole haunted by the "Pwca," and afterwards turned that elvish creature to account in his "Midsummer Night's Dream." Another lady rose in correction to say that his Puck was really the Irish Pookah. Mr. David Comyn does not settle the point for us in his "Illustrations," so for the present the Clydach may as well continue to make the most of its Shakespeare tradition. Were it it not for its industrial smoke to-day the Clydach might still rank as one of the three magic streams of the "Isle of Britain," for every waterfall and pool upon it seems to have its separate legend.

Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, who keeps a keen eye on Welsh affairs still, speaks out with energy on the subject of the unity of Wesleyan Methodism in Wales, in view possibly of the meeting of the Welsh Wesleyan General Assembly recently. "So long," he writes, "as Welsh Methodism is divided into two utterly disproportionate Synods it will be impossible to secure the unity, hearty co-operation, and national influence of our Welsh churches as a whole. The true centre of Welsh Methodism must be the National Assembly, which impartially represents the whole of Wales. No well-informed and unprejudiced Welshman can doubt that Welsh Methodism is now on its trial. It has an opportunity, probably the last that will ever be given it, of establishing Welsh Methodism on a na-

tional basis. Now is the time to think not of North Wales, or of South Wales, in any separate or selfish way, but of the whole of Wales, and of the great part in which our Welsh churches, if truly united, can play in the Christianity of the twentieth century."

The official programme of the Pan-Celtic Congress, to be held at Dublin, and which has been fixed for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, August 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, and 24, has just been completed. On Monday evening there will be a reception of visitors and delegates. On Tuesday morning there will be a Pan-Celtic procession. The procession will be a repetition of the memorable procession at Cardiff two years ago, but on a more imposing scale. Irish and Highland pipers will furnish inspiring music, the Red Dragon of Wales will float on the breeze beside the Harp of Ireland, the Targe and Claymores of the Highlands, the Spurred Heels of the Isle of Man, and the Ducal Mantle of Brittany. The Breton delegates will be in their national costume, the Archdruid of Wales will be in his Gorseddic robes, and the bards, druids, and ovates will also be in their robes. Among the Welsh delegates who are expected to take part in the congress are the Revs. R. Williams ("Hwfa Mon"), the archdruid; Evan Rees ("Dyfed"), the bard of the Gorsedd; J. Cadvan Davies, the deputy-bard; J. Thomas ("Eifionydd"), the recorder; and Messrs. T. H. Thomas, R.C.A., ("Arlunydd Penygarn"), the herald bard; E. Thomas ("Cochfarf"), the keeper of the sword; T. T. Marks ("Ap Myrddin"), the guardian of the corn gwlad; and the Rev. Thomas Edwards ("Gwynedd"), the gorsedd treasurer; the Hon. Mrs. Herbert, of Llanover; Principal John Rhys, of Jesus College, Oxford; Professor Edward Anwyl, of Aberystwyth; and Professor J. Morris Jones, of Bangor.

A LEVEL-HEADED POET.

Jonathan Hughes was a contemporary of Twm o'r Nant, and published a collection of his poems, which he called "Bardd a Byrddau," in 1778, a work which by this time has become very scarce indeed. In this book the honest old poet tells us in his preface that when he was a young man, for some rigarmoles of songs he composed, he received from his friends a good deal of false praise, which at the time made him vain enough to think himself a bard, when as a matter of fact I knew no more about poetry, or the rules of the art, the constructed substance of the cynghanedd, or what constituted the soul of a poem, than many a man who never had put two lines together. Now I am 57 years of age, and I have learnt a good deal, and have become that I can well see that I am neither a poet, a Welshman, nor a scholar. I am not a poet, because I neglected at the proper time to train the gift that probably was in me—the muse. There may be some reason for this negligence, for my life has always been a toilsome and a troublesome one about many things. I am no Welshman for the reason that I have lived too near my neighbors the English, for it is a very old habit for good neighbors to borrow from each other, and I have borrowed more words from the English than I can ever expect to repay. I am no scholar, for the very good reason that I never received a proper education in my youth. However, with all these weaknesses, I presume to offer my contrymen this collection of my own productions, and also to call myself a Welsh poet, by which I am known in my own country—much like every patcher is called a tailor, however far he may be from being one. The study of the extent and the perfections of the art of poetry, with that of the depth of the Welsh language, made me feel small in my own opinion, for before this I thought myself a lump of a bard.—"Catrawd."

The *crwth* is now so nearly out of use that even its name is scarcely known to some of the present harpers. In its construction it is nearly allied to the violin, having six strings and being played by means of a bow. Its length is near two feet, its breadth at the bottom ten inches, and thickness an inch and a half. Its sides are continued in a straight line through the whole length, and as well as the finger-board are joined at the top to a cross-bar on which the tuning pegs are fixed. The upper part by this means forms a kind of frame the hand.

Four of the strings are conducted down the finger-board, and the remaining two leave it about an inch to the right. The former only are played with the bow, the latter are struck with the thumb, and form a kind of accompaniment to the others. These are all supported by a bridge flat at the top (and not, as in the violin, convex), by which it follows that by drawing the bow across them the strings must be struck all at once, and thus produce, with proper fingering, not a succession of notes merely, but of concords (harmony). The bridge also is not placed at right angles to the sides of the instrument, but is an oblique direction, one end entering the sound hole and resting on the back, serving by that means the purpose of a sound-post, and the other end placed on the belly, just above the other hole. It is tuned by pegs with a key or wrest, in a manner familiar to the guitar. The following are the notes of each of the strings: Upper A of bass, E the fifth above, and B its fifth with their respective higher octaves.

I discovered by chance an old man at Carnarvon who had a *crwth*, and was able to play a few of the old tunes upon it. The tone was far from agreeable, being altogether exceedingly harsh. In the present case this might, however, be in a great measure owing to the want of talent in the performer, and to an instrument in itself ill-constructed. This old man was perhaps the only person in the Principality then living who retained any practical knowledge of the instrument.—D. E. E.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

THE LATE M. A. ELLIS, M. A.

The Rev. Morgan A. Ellis was born at a place called Glasbwl, near Machynlleth, Montgomery, N. W., in 1832. His father was in ordinary circumstances,

after by the assistance of another lady he was sent to the Normal College, on Borough Road, London, where he remained for some time. He kept school at Llanberis, Carnarvon, for four years. In 1853 he emigrated to this country,



M. A. Ellis, M. A.

and the owner of a small factory. When Morgan was a mere boy, his arm was drawn in among the machinery, and was injured so seriously that it was amputated. Being a fair boy and of a studious nature, Lady Vaughn, of Rug, Merioneth, became interested in him and sent him to school at her own expense. She subsequently took umbrage at his Nonconformist tendencies, she being a Churchwoman, and suspended her patronage and pecuniary help. Soon

and resided in the State of Pennsylvania for a while. He edited the "Gwylledydd" at Utica, and was connected with the "Drych" in New York for a short time, when he left for West Bangor, Pa., to assume the position of schoolmaster.

Very soon he commenced to preach, and accepted a call from the M. C. church at Ebensburg, Pa., where he remained for three years. At the close of 1866, on the death of Dr. William

Rowlands, he was chosen to the editorship of the "Cyfaill," and in 1868 he accepted a call to the M. C. church at Scranton, where he was minister for ten years. During these years he was associate editor of the "Baner America," a Welsh weekly. His subsequent charges were at Bangor, Pa.; Cincinnati, O., where he remained 12 years; and Youngstown, O., whence he removed to San Francisco, Calif., where he remained four years. In 1885 he went to Colorado, where he had charge of the Welsh Congregational Church at Coal Creek, with his home at Denver, and doing missionary work among the surrounding Welsh churches. About six months before his death he had laid his plans to start a mission among the Welsh at Pueblo, where he later founded a church, and where preparations were already made to install him as minister, but he suddenly contracted a cold, which led to complications terminating in death May 31.

In 1855 Mr. Ellis was married to Ann Thomas, a native of Pentrefoelas, N. W., whom he met in New York. Shortly after the birth of Harriet, the wife of Prof. Schwartz, Clarksburg, W. Va., the mother died. In 1864 he married again to Miss Mary Richards, St. Clair, Schuylkill Co., Pa., who survives, and by whom he leaves a daughter, Mrs. Emily Ellis Woodward, Minneapolis, Minn., and Milton A. Ellis, of Denver, Col. On the afternoon of June 3, a religious service was held at the First Congregational Church of Denver, when several Welsh hymns were sung, and the Rev. D. N. Beach preached from the text, 2 Tim. 4: 7, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," &c. He gave a sketch of Mr. Ellis's labors in the field of religion, paying him a high tribute of praise for long service and devotion. He was called away from the midst of his labors, and was laid to rest in Fairmont Cemetery.

His congregation at Coal Creek, thus

suddenly bereft of their pastor, held their memorial services on Sunday, June 16th. The service in the morning was Welsh, in the evening English, conducted by Rev. C. N. Bissell of Florence, who spoke eloquently of the useful life that had just closed its earthly labors, and expressed the wish that he, too, might die "in the harness" as brother Ellis had done. Mrs. Lizzie Howells sang a solo entitled "Glory to Thee This Night," and the choir rendered some of the favorite hymns of their departed pastor. The entire community mourns the loss of one who has labored faithfully in our midst for the past four years. He was the friend of all, from the youngest to the oldest, from the highest to the lowest, and through clouds and sunshine, through good and evil report, he maintained the same cheerful demeanor that was an inspiration to all who met him. He is at rest, but his works and influence will abide.—J.

IN MEMORIAM.

By Lizzie Owens, Denver, Col.
 The voice is hushed
 Fond hopes are crushed,
 Loved ones fresh wounds receiving;
 We question why
 That he should die,
 And leave so many grieving.
 God knoweth best,
 And gave him rest.
 Born from above,
 Filled with God's love,
 With life, his mission ended;
 Hearts that were sad,
 Were oft made glad,
 By sympathy extended.
 God knoweth best
 And gave him rest.
 The truth he sought,
 And set at nought
 The world, for heavenly treasure;
 Working with might
 A power for right,
 No human mind can measure.

God knoweth best
And gave him rest.

We miss the smile
So free from guile,
That cheering word, far-reaching;
And voice the sound
Of praise profound,
For all his noble teaching.
God knoweth best
And gave him rest.

A step away
In endless day,
Beyond earth's cares, he liveth;
The hope made sure,
The peace secure,
That peace the Master giveth.
God knoweth best
And gave him rest.

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A great many of the prominent lawyers of the Cincinnati bar are congratulating Judge David Davis upon his declining a renomination for Judge of the Common Pleas Court. During the term that he has served he has won for himself the reputation of an able jurist, and has rendered some of the most important decisions given in this county. The Judge is a resident of Norwood, and began his public career as solicitor for that corporation, and was then elected Mayor. While he was Mayor he was nominated for Judge. His declination of a renomination is positive, and upon the expiration of his term he will resume the practice of the law. He gave up a lucrative practice to accept the Judgeship, and, it is said, that when he takes up his practice again he will be associated with one of the most important firms in the city. He is known as a lawyer of force and ability, and it is safe to say that his income will be nearly double the amount he receives as Judge. However, it is not believed that the Judge will be able to keep out of public life altogether; within a few years you will hear of his being the "logical candidate" for some office of considerable more importance than a Judgeship.

MRS. E. L. GRIFFITH, UTICA, N. Y.

The sad and much lamented demise of the genial "Winnie" Griffith, wife of Evan L. Griffith, and daughter of the late Owen J. and of Sarah Thomas, cast a heavy gloom over the musical circles of Utica and vicinity. While yet in the springtime of womanhood, and at the height of popularity as a charming singer, she has been removed to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." She will be sorely missed, and her place in musical circles will be hard to fill. Mrs. Griffith possessed a remarkably sweet soprano voice, of excellent timbre and wide range, which she was ever ready to use for the benefit of charitable objects. Her singing was always marked by a depth of temperament and a true conception—the qualifications of the artist.

Up to the time of her sickness, Mrs. Griffith was engaged as soprano and chorister at the South Street M. E. Church, and by her faithfulness and marked ability in that capacity had greatly endeared herself to the members of that congregation. The selections chosen by her for the Sunday prior to her sickness were recalled after her death as being almost prophetic. At the morning service the selection was "Some Time We'll Understand" in Sunday School "The Holy City," and in the evening "Now I Lay me Down to Sleep." How suggestive of what was so soon to follow!

The high position she enjoyed in the affections of all who had been privileged to become acquainted with her, was attested during the trying hours of her sickness, by the earnest solicitude for her recovery manifested by hundreds of friends from all sections of the city, who had been daily callers at the sorrow-stricken home ever since the evening her serious illness became known.

In the home, where she was a veritable tower of strength, her greatest pleasure was in doing all within her

powers for the comfort and happiness of the members of the family, and it is there her presence will be most greatly missed. Her sweet voice has been hushed. A loving husband has been deprived of the services of a most capable helpmate, the children will miss the tender caresses of the mother, while an aged parent mourns the loss of a loving daughter, but heaven is the richer. There the angelic hosts are rejoicing

showed how deeply music had sunk into her very soul, for even when treading the shadowy vale of death, she would request Mr. Griffith to sing to her a pathetic song composed by himself, entitled "Now I Lay me Down to Sleep." Mrs. Thompson also, the trained nurse who tended her with such affectionate care, even at the moment of her departure, sang to her so touchingly "Jesus, Savior, Pilot me," &c. Her life had been



Mrs. E. L. Griffith.

over the advent of one so capable to the ranks of the celestial chorus, and the voice, never again to be heard on earth, is pouring forth its sweet strains in praise of the "Lamb that was slain." Endowed with a winning personality, Mrs. Griffiths had a large circle of friends, who will deeply regret her removal from their midst. She was born in Marcy, April 4, 1868, and was married to Evan L. Griffith October 27, 1886, whom and three young daughters she leaves to mourn their irreparable loss. The family was devoted to music, and their domestic life had been highly blessed.

During her sickness Mrs. Griffith

so beautifully musical, that in death she seemed absorbed in it, and even Christian consolation was ministered best to her in musical strains. Her soul soared away for the sweet shores, to the echoes of music; and before they had died away those of the celestial choir had struck her eager ears.

A touching funeral service was held at the Plymouth Church, of which she was member, where the Revs. Dr. Gwesyyn Jones, John B. Hammond and H. H. Tweedy delivered pathetic addresses. The casket had been covered with floral tributes from several churches and Welsh societies, mourning friends and admirers; and the Haydn Club and the

Welsh choir sang "O frynlau Caersalem," &c., and "Y Delyn Aur," and a quartett sang several appropriate hymns. The remains were interred in the New Forest Hill Cemetery.

IN MEMORIAM.

Our words were sighs and sobbings,
Our orphaned thoughts were tears,
When o'er her form we sorrowed,
O'er one yet young in years.
Her song was hushed and silent,
The voice we oft had heard—
That music sweet and hearty
Our souls so oft had stirred!

And now 'tis but an echo,
We saw the faded cheek;
We watched her life declining,
The tender voice grow weak;
We watched her slowly leaving
This earthly mortal shore,
For the land where there is singing
Of songs for evermore!

We laid her down to slumber,
With grief and bated breath;
We watched her bark departing
O'er the shadowed stream of death.

She is not dead! we followed
Her down the darkening bay—
She's only just departed
For that land not far away.

May be we should'nt sorrow,
She reached a world so fair;
May be the angels needed
Her singing over there!

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Two Welsh ladies have obtained distinction at recent university examinations. Miss Olwen Rhys, the youngest daughter of Principal Rhys, of Jesus College, has obtained a first class in the Honors School of Modern Languages at Oxford, and Miss Sadie Price, daughter of Mr. John Price, Principal of the Bangor Normal College, has secured a first class in the Modern Language Tripos at Cambridge.

Welshmen swept everything before them at Bisley this year. Of the three

big prizes which provided competitions on Monday, July 15, they captured two, and only lost the third by the narrowest shave; on Tuesday Private Morris won the bronze medal, which goes to the top scorer in the first stage of the King's Prize, the great competition of the whole meeting. On Wednesday Corporal Shannon tied for the Martin's Cup. How creditable these performances are may be gathered from the fact that Wales has only sixty-five representatives among the many thousands of marksmen drawn to Bisley from all parts of the Empire. Corporal Shannon, of Aberdare, and Corporal T. Lewis, of Bridgend, are, with Private Morris, to be warmly congratulated upon their much-envied successes. Other Welshmen have striven most gallantly, and some of them have been very near to winning notable prizes. For instance, Private T. Jenkins, of Talbach, only narrowly escaped capturing the "Daily Telegraph" Cup.

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JOHN T. DAVIES, NEW CASTLE, PA.

The sad news came, and sorrow stung
The heart that one so good was dead;
That such a kindly soul had fled
Upon whom dear ones' hopes were hung.

And now are left but memories
Of happy years of wedded life,
With one who strove a strenuous
strife;

A man who struggled all to please.

Good husband, father, faithful friend
At home, at work, at church the same;
Along the walks of life his fame
Shone humbly to his course's end.

A kind of man whom all delight
To honor with the greeting "Good
And faithful servant;" for he stood
And did his work with all his might.

He never shirked throughout the years;
So many prized his righteous fame,
That when the Master's summons
came

'Twas many followed him in tears.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

"Oh, yes, our home is complete in every respect," said Mr. Proudpop. "Here is our bawl-room," he continued, opening the door to the nursery.—Tid-Bits.

This is attributed to an English clergyman: "The young men of England are the backbone of the British empire. What we must do is to train that backbone and bring it to the front."

At the show:—"Look at them chaps now," said Mary Jane to Shoni, "they be all standing up to play 'God Save the King,' and they did sit down over 'Hen Wlad fy Nhadau.'" Shoni: "Ay, Mari fach, but they did only play one verse of that, and three verses of 'Hen Wlad.' So we do beat 'em after all."

"What would you say," began the voluble prophet of woe, "if I were to tell you that in a very short space of time all the rivers in this country would dry up?" "I should say," replied the patient man, "go thou and do likewise."

"Ah," he said, waving his lean, long hands in the air like a Christmas bogey, "they come to me mysteriously, and I cannot explain. But there is one thing very beautiful and wonderful about my poetry. The sense of it may not be very clear, an' the English may not be quite right—but I rhymes every time."

The lesson had been about the prodigal son, and the entire Sunday School had been properly impressed. The superintendent rose at the close, and with a view of inculcating a highly moral lesson, asked: "Now, my little friends,

who stood by objecting to this proposed banquet to the prodigal?" And a voice in a far corner answered, "The calf."

"O mama," cried little Bob one day, "when you stroke pussy's fur this way, you can feel the electricity, and when you put your ear down, you can hear her trolley!"

A story is told of an old lady who never spoke ill of any one. "Why, she would have a good word for the devil himself," said an acquaintance. When this remark was repeated to the old lady referred to, her response was, "Well, we might all imitate him with profit in his persistence."

There seems to be a good deal of discussion nowadays about giving the degree of LL.D., but what possible benefit it can be to a man we fail to comprehend. But, as Henry Ward Beecher once said of a prayer, "It did our brother a sight of good to make it, and I don't believe the Lord cared much about it."

When the Transvaal war was at its height, Paul Kruger sent a commissioner to England to find out if there were any more men left there. The commissioner wired from London to say that there were 4,000,000 men and women "knocking about the town," that there was no excitement, and that men were begging to be sent to fight the Boers. Kruger wired back, "Go north." The commissioner found himself in Newcastle eventually, and wired to Kruger: "For God's sake, stop that war! England is bringing up men from sheol,

eight at a time, in cages!" He had seen a coal mine.

It was a boy at the St. Mary's Redcliffe School, Bristol, who handed in to the teacher the following essay on the making of a British colony: "Africa is a British colony. I will tell you how England makes her colonies. First she gets a missionary; when the missionary has found a specially beautiful and fertile tract of country, he gets all his people round him and says, 'Let us pray;' and when all the eyes are shut, up goes the British flag!"—"The Youth's Companion."

At a religious meeting an evangelist requested all to rise who wanted to go to heaven. All rose but one man. The evangelist then requested all to rise who wanted to go to the bad place, and the man still remained seated. The evangelist then remarked that there seemed to be one man in the audience who didn't want to go to either of the above-named places, and he would like to know where he did want to go—to which the man replied that he didn't want to go anywhere—he wanted to stay right here.

Amid the ruins left by the smoke and dust of Vesuvius more than eighteen hundred years ago has been found the nest of a dove. Trembling in every limb and suffocating from the dreadful fumes of the volcano, there the little bird sat upon her nest, shielding with her very life her birdlings. The cloud fell and buried her, and there her skeleton has ever since remained, a beautiful illustration of loving tenderness and care. Faithful unto death.—*Epworth Herald*.

Presumptive Kinship.—Katie, the romping six year old, came dancing and singing into the parlor. Then, seeing a strange caller, she stopped, abashed. "This is my little daughter," said her

mother. "Katie, that is Mrs. Baggs." "How do you do, Mrs. Baggs," said Katie, anxious to remove any unfavorable impression the visitor might have formed. "I know a little girl at school named Saxe. Is she any relation of yours?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

A teacher in a thriving village on the banks of the Potomac, inquired of her pupils, "How many of you take a bath every day?" Not one hand was raised. "How many take one every week?" Still no answer. "How many take one every year?" Here a bright-eyed little boy held up his hand, and replied serenely, "We take a bath sometimes in summer; but we couldn't in winter, if we wanted to, 'cause the river's froze up."

A strange man driving a sorrel team, and from appearance an oil speculator, left Hundred, W. Va., the other morning after paying a fine of five dollars for disturbing the peace of the community in a novel manner. He will always be known as John Doe, though that name gives no clew to his identity. He was found apparently dead on the sidewalk at three o'clock in the morning by a passer-by. The body was carried to the city hall, where the coroner, Henry Kelly, selected a jury and held an inquest. Two doctors said heart failure, and a verdict was rendered in accordance.

This relic of the times of William the Conqueror consists of the two buttons worn at the back of a morning or frock coat. The buttons are, of course, useless for any practical purpose, and, inasmuch as they are certainly not decorative, you may naturally ask what they are there for. Sartorial historians now tell us that these buttons come down to us from the sword-bearing age, when they were placed at the back of the coat for the purpose of supporting a sword belt, which, together with the sword, has long been discarded, save by milit-

ary men—the sole remaining evidence of its existence being the two buttons. Thus to this day they remain on our coats as mute witnesses of the days that are gone.

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MOTHER AND QUEEN.

It is well known that Queen Victoria used to expect a daily letter from each of those children and grandchildren not likely to be seen by her Majesty during the day. Moreover, she would never tolerate mistakes or censures in any of the letters, no matter how short was the time available to the writer. On one occasion the Duke of Connaught, after a busy and wearying day, had finished his letter, and on reading it over in his usual methodical way, found that he had left out a couple of words. He mentioned this to the Gentleman-in-Waiting, with the remark: "I must write it all over again." "But, sir," said the Equerry, "she is your mother." "True," replied the Duke, reflectively. Then he drew himself up and added, with a touch of pride: "But she is also the Queen." The pen was again taken up, and the Duke rewrote the letter with care.—Selected.

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KISSING AND SMUGGLING.

For a time at least there will be no more kissing and hugging at the foot of the gang plank whenever a steamship arrives at New York from foreign shores. This is a sight that always jars upon the nerves of a customhouse official and of a bystander, particularly if he has no pretty wife, cousin or sweetheart to embrace. Hereafter all kin or friends of arriving passengers will be rigorously excluded from that part of the pier on which the customs inspectors examine baggage.

The customhouse officials are ungallant enough to argue that the kissing and confusion incident to a crowd ren-

ders it difficult for them to detect smuggling. The plan has been tried before, and it did not work, they say.

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WHAT CARLYLE SAID.

In the beautifully illustrated "Pilgrim Magazine" we find, among other good things, a most interesting description of Count Tolstoi, by Ernest H. Crosby, and "What Carlyle said about war," telling how English artisans were enlisted in the army and shipped to the south of Spain to fight French artisans who were forced into the French army. "Straightway the word 'fire' is given, and they blow the souls out of one another, and in place of sixty useful artisans the world has sixty dead carcasses which it must bury. Had these men any quarrel? Not the slightest. They were entire strangers. Their rulers had fallen out, and instead of shooting one another, made these poor fellows do the shooting."

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WROTE SERMONS IN HIS SLEEP.

Narrating Some Remarkable Cases of Double Personality, Dr. R. Osgood Mason cites, in the May Ladies' Home Journal, the case of a young ecclesiastic in the seminary with the Archbishop —, of Bordeaux, France, who was in the habit of getting up at night in a condition of somnambulism, going to his study and composing and writing his sermons in the dark. When he had finished one page he read it over carefully and properly corrected it. A broad piece of cardboard interposed between his eyes and his writing made no difference to him. He wrote, read and corrected just the same as if there had been no obstruction. Having completed his work to his satisfaction he returned to bed, and in the morning he had not the slightest idea of what he had done in the night, and had no knowledge of it until he saw the manuscript in his own handwriting."

❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

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A FANCY SKETCH.

Based on the Parable of the Prodigal Son.

By Rev. Erasmus W. Jones, D. D.

Joel Ben Micah was early instructed in the orthodox theology of the Hebrews, and followed in the worthy footsteps of his godly parents. He was an only son, and at the death of his father became the possessor of the rich inheritance. In early manhood he was wedded to a fair Hebrew maiden. In the course of years they rejoiced in the happy possession of two sons. Amos had reached his fifth year when Ezra made his first appearance. As they advanced in years, it became evident that in natural temperament they greatly differed. The eldest, from his childhood was quiet, reflective and obedient, and in advanced years showed much interest in husbandry, and rendered much assistance to his father in the management of his extensive acres. The youngest, from an early age, although much fairer in his personal appearance, and somewhat brighter in intellect than his brother, was at times passionate, willful and disobedient. As he grew up he took no pleasure in field duties, and they were reluctantly performed. The companions he sought were of the

gay and giddy. This proved a source of sorrow to his parents, and his father often advised him in words of kindness. By spells he would show a decided improvement, but they were not of long duration. Notwithstanding all his faults, the father cherished for Ezra a strong affection. Thus things continued until the young man was of age.

"In the East it has been an immemorial custom for sons to demand and receive their portion of the inheritance during their father's lifetime; and the parent, however, aware of the dissipated inclination of the child, could not legally refuse to comply with the application."—
[Adam Clark.]

* * * * *

"Father," said the young man, "give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. I am sick of this dull tame life. I was born for a nobler purpose. I am old enough to manage my own affairs. I wish to travel and see the world; and so I will take my portion if you please in available funds. I do not wish to be bothered with kine, sheep, goats, horses and mules."

"Well, my son," said the father, "I know you are of age, and that you have a legal right to claim your portion; but I am very unwilling to grant your request. I so well know your temper and disposition. The movement would prove your ruin. You have always found me a kind father, and you have a good home. You are thinking of taking a step that would bring disgrace and shame upon your own head, and pain and sorrow to the hearts of your parents."

"I have had enough of that kind of talk," said the son, "I agree with the saying, 'let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die;' and so I will take my portion without farther preaching or unnecessary delay."

In due time he received his portion, and soon after he was seen leaving his old home and starting for a far country.

For two years and more, he moved onward in his prodigal career without intermission. He plunged into intemperance and all carnal pleasures within his reach, surrounded by a gang of wicked companions that rejoiced in the readiness with which their young friend parted with his money. This of course could not last long. His coins were about all spent, and soon he was deserted by his former friends who even laughed at his calamity. At last we find him without funds, without friends, without decent garments, with his father's house hundreds of miles away, and worse than all in a heathen land of famine while starvation stared him in the face.

One day he asked one of his for-

mer companions in sin, one who had rendered him efficient assistance in spending his money, if he could direct him to some place where he could do some work in exchange for something to eat, to save him from starving.

"Well," was the answer, "there is a kind of a farmer that lives yonder, he keeps a number of hands, he may give you some kind of a job. But you must not let him know that you are Jew, for he holds that nation in perfect contempt."

So the young man directed his footsteps toward the house of the citizen, and in a far more humble tone than that which he asked his father for his portion, he asked this heathen man for some employment in payment for a little food.

The gentile eyed the ragged destitute young man with curiosity for a minute, and then asked,

"And what countryman are you?"

"I-am-a-Jew," was the hesitating answer.

"A Jew, eh? Are you used to hard work?"

"I was brought up in affluence," was the answer.

"Charming," said the pagan, breaking forth into a laugh. "A young Jewish nobleman, I see. Well, from the appearance of your toes and elbows, your princely robe and costly sandals we may conclude that you are telling the truth. And seeing that I am thus honored, I must give you something to amuse yourself with; that will be in harmony with your aristocratic Jewish taste. Young nobleman, do you see those two buildings in yonder

field, where those swine run about?"

"I do," said the young man.

"Well," said the gentile, "you may go there to feed and take care of those swine, and among them you will find enough to keep you alive."

The young prodigal was too hungry to "get mad" as we say. There is nothing that will bring down a man's spirit and courage like hunger; and so with a heavy heart he started toward the swine-pens, and there he remained we know not how long.

By this time the young Jew had come to himself. One day he sat down to weep and think of home. "Three years ago to-day I left the old farm," said he. "I well remember my dear father's last words, his tears and supplications. I remember how I despised his parting address, and here I am overwhelmed with the ruin he predicted. How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger. I will arise and go to my father! I will bow before him in penitence, and ask his forgiveness. I am hungry and ragged to begin with, but the God of Abraham being my helper, I will start!" And so he did, determined to see the end of the journey or perish in the attempt.

Of course his progress was slow, but every mile brought him nearer his old home and that encouraged him. He had to beg his way clear through. At last after a journey of weeks, on a sunny afternoon, about three o'clock, he reached the top of the hill in sight of the old homestead. There was the old barn, with

the old well and the old familiar tree, the kine on the meadow and the sheep on the hill. He sat down and wept. Again he started.

On the same afternoon his father's heart was more than usually sad. The thought of his long absent son caused the tears to flow down his grief-worn cheeks, and in order to give vent to his sorrow in solitude, he wandered off to the brow of a little hill near the house, and there he sat down and thought of his boy.

"At yonder turn of the road," said the old gentleman, "I had the last sight of him. I fear that I shall never see him more! In all probability he has died in a land of strangers without a relative or friend to shed a tear over his grave. Poor Ezra! But yonder comes some one, and from his appearance I should judge that he was an object of pity; and if he calls at our door, he will not be turned away empty handed, for if my son is yet alive, some one may show the like kindness to him. But who can that stranger be?" said the sage, wiping away a tear. There is something in his motion that puts me in mind of my boy. But ah! it cannot be Ezra. O! if he could only return even in rags, how we would welcome him to the family circle? O how my poor stricken heart would rejoice! How these old arms would embrace him! But as my soul liveth, that man does look my son! Why does he hang down his head? If I could only see his —. There! I see his face! My lost son has returned! My Ezra has come home!" And forgetting his rheumatism and old age, he ran down the hill with the nimbleness of a youngster, and soon the penitent son was in the warm embrace of a forgiving father.

WILLIAM COWPER.

By George James Jones, D. D., Providence University, Jackson, O.

William Cowper is one of the sweetest and the saddest poets of the British Isles; modest, learned, melancholy; his name shines brilliantly. Inferior in some essentials, yet he is in the first class of English poets. He had not the genius of Spencer, the learning of Milton, the naturalness of Pope, the incisiveness of Shakespeare, yet, he had the animation of Spencer; the spirituality of Milton, the neat style of Pope, the keen eye of Shakespeare; he stands in their class.

English poetry had degenerated from its high ideal in the time of Spencer and Milton, but Cowper restored it. He was a contemporary of Whitfield and the Wesleys, and proved himself to the great religious awakening of his age what Milton had been to Puritanism in former years. The great reformers preached men to tears; Cowper soothed them with songs. He was a man of many sorrows, baffled and roughly handled; humble, honest, kind, loving, sympathetic, active.

When only six years of age he lost his loving mother by death; he never forgot her or ceased to love her. The boy was sent to a boarding school, which he described as cruel and hard. Suffering with weak eyes he was sent to live at the home of an oculist, and after to Westminster School; he spent some years under the tutelage of the

Latin scholar and poet Vincent Bourne. He became an apt scholar, and almost equalled his learned instructor. When he was eighteen he became a law student simply to please his father. He had no love for the law, but had much of that moral faculty, love, exercised toward his cousins, Theodora and Harriet Cowper, and he spent much time in their company. He entered the Inner Temple, but the law was not for him. He made the acquaintance of men of letters, and wrote often to magazines and periodicals.

No doubting the sincerity of his love for Theodora. Many of his best poems were written to her, addressed to Dalia. Her father forbade their marriage—cruel man. Cowper was truly loved by Theodora, and loved for her long, for she kept his letters to her death in extreme old age. That was in itself a poem.

In his thirtieth year Cowper met the sad, decisive crisis of his life. He lost his mind and attempted suicide many times. For years he had longed for the office of the Clerk of the Journals in the House of Lords, and at that time he would have been appointed were it not for his misfortune. At a private asylum conducted by a Dr. Cotten, Cowper became a Christian, regained possession of his mind and his freedom.

Some claim he became insane on

account of religion. All sorts of misfortune are attributed to religion, yet the world has not seen a single man who has been harmed by religion; it is the want of it that does the mischief. It was his disappointment in love that made him mad. Until he was rejected in love we hear nothing of his weakness, physical or mental. He is also accused of intoxication, but not a hint of fondness for the stuff is made before Theodora was denied him. Many strong men have succumbed to disappointment in love.

On his release from the asylum his brother John vainly tried to find lodgings for him at or near Cambridge, but succeeded at Huntingdon. Here dwelt the Rev. William Unwin, who received students into his family. The son of Mr. Unwin was a pious young man preparing for holy orders. The son became a fast friend of Cowper. The unfortunate was much pleased with all the family, but Mrs. Unwin had special influence over him. When the son had left the parental home, and the father was dead, Mr. Cowper remained at the home of Mrs. Unwin. On moving with her to Olney, Cowper met the Rev. John Newton, a man of extraordinary experience and Christian ardor; this man taught Cowper to pray publicly and to visit the poor. That acquisition gave him a new hold on God, and a new light on his own life, as he himself was fast approaching the state of poverty. His library was sold to satisfy hunger. Newton advised him to write hymns for a book he was compiling, but those hymns

are said to be without special merit.

About this time his only brother died. Cowper again became insane. For sixteen months he was the special care of Mrs. Unwin, as he would suffer no other in his presence. Mr. Newton left Olney, and was succeeded by Dr. Scott, the famous commentator, to whom Cowper was greatly attached. Rev. William Bull was also very kind to him, and he addressed him as Carrisime Taurorum. After his recovery Cowper tried drawing, carpentering, gardening. He also kept tame hares, and fancied that he had reconciled the frisky animal with man and dog. His tame hares are among the canonized pets of literature; they were to his genius what the "Sailor" was to the genius of Byron. Mrs. Unwin advised him to try poetry on a large scale. Inspired by her, at the age of fifty William Cowper had made for himself a name and a place among the immortals of literature. Time had tamed the fire of his imagination, and rather than try to amuse he tries to instruct, to instill into the hearts of men moral principles rather than to lead their minds to the impossible and the unreal. Pity that all who write are not able to appreciate that philosophy.

Mrs. Unwin was most happy in her advice, but surprisingly unfortunate in the suggestion of a subject. The theme was "The Progress of Error," and Cowper's greatest error was the undertaking of the task. He had no qualifications for such a work. Truth, Table Talk, Hope, Charity, &c., &c., soon appeared, and they were unmercifully critic-

ised. Lady Austin suggested another subject, and he wrote "The Task," and it is a most excellent poem; it met universal favor. Country life most friendly to piety and virtue is set forth in chaste diction. Cowper shows himself a keen observer of the mysterious workings of nature; he paints each particular with the energy and vividness of Milton and the minuteness of Homer. Its religious tone opened for it the Christian hearts of the land. It was read with eagerness and pleasure. Cowper at last was understood and appreciated. Strangers even from great distances sought his acquaintance; his old friends pressed closer, while Mrs. Unwin stuck to him as his shadow. "Lines to a Young Lady," "To Mary," are among the brightest gems of English lyrics. He got a pension of three hundred pounds for writing the mortuary verses for "All Saints" at Northampton. He was the recipient of many presents. One was an annuity of fifty pounds. The first payment of the annuity was accompanied with a snuff box ornamented with a picture of the "three hares." That gift brought to his mind the love of his youth; it also proved the love of sweet Theodora undying, for the gift was from her.

Cowper translated the poems of Homer, the Odes and Satires of Horace, and part of the VIII. Book of Virgil; they are highly praised. The letters he wrote are many. Southey declared that they were the best letters in the English language. His style is conversational. One of his letters to Lady Hesketh

is a body of thought covered in beautiful diction, moving with the ease and grace of a fairy, and charming as visions of angels.

In his latter years troubles came fast and thick. Mrs. Unwin lost by death her only son, and her mind began to fail. As she sank so did Cowper. His old malady returned. For six days did he sit almost motionless consenting to take but little food. At length Mrs. Unwin and Cowper were moved to Munsley on the sea shore; the roaring of the sea soothed him somewhat, but did not cure him. They were taken to Durham Lodge, then to Durham, where in two months Mrs. Unwin died. Cowper gazed at the pale form for a few moments only, then a passionate cry of grief escaped his lips, and her name was never again mentioned by him. For two years and a half after this he lived mostly in deep melancholy. Once in a while reason returned, and at that time he wrote some excellent Latin poems. His last English poem was written while he was on the very threshold of eternity, and it is entitled "The Castaway." It is a fine poem. On the 25th of April, 1800, Cowper died. His sweet voice seem to sound its silvery accents in our ears at this distant date. Some may ridicule and criticize him, but we will pity and revere him. He was not the greatest poet. Who is? Future ages may look back upon him as a poet of humble powers, but we would have them remember that with all his infirmity he has breathed hope, courage, joy and peace to many hearts. It is he who wrote:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains," &c.

A VISIT TO WATERLOO.

By Isabella.

Leaving Paris (where Napoleon is very much in evidence, judging from the number of paintings and statutes at Versailles, the Louvre and the Exposition), we reached the above important milestone in the eighteenth century march of European events via Brussels, from which interesting city it is twelve miles distant by rail or coach. Ascending to the summit of the Lion monument, guide book in hand, the momentous events of that memorable day, 18th of June, 1815, were brought vividly to mind. Unlike the hilly surroundings of Gettysburg, the American Waterloo, with its Little and Big Round Tops, Cemetery Ridge, Cemetery Hill and Devil's Den, the field of Waterloo is an undulating plain, and could not have afforded any shelter from the shot and shell which rained for ten hours on that memorable day.

Although Napoleon had carried his victorious soldiers across the Alps, over the north of Italy, throughout Prussia, Austria and Russia, and Wellington, one of Ireland's noblest sons, had defeated many of his favorite generals, yet this was the first time the greatest warriors of modern times, Wellington and Napoleon, had met. History states that the ceremonies attending their introduction were of a warm and cordial nature, Wellington coming off best, thanks to the

aid of his loyal and faithful Blucher, Picton, Vivian, and the allied forces, while Napoleon clinched the last nail in his self-made coffin, prior to his vacation at St. Helena.

It was against Napoleon and not against the French people, that Wellington led his troops, and in a letter dated June 4th, 1815, he said: "France has no enemies as far as I know. I am sure she does not deserve to have any. We are the enemies of one man only, and of his partisans, of him who has misused his influence over the French army to overthrow the throne of the king, in order to subjugate France, and then to bring back to all of us the days of misery which we thought had gone by. Our state then ought not to be called one of war with France, but of war on the part of all Europe, comprising France herself, against Napoleon and against his army, whose bad conduct is the cause of all the evils which are going to happen, and which we all deplore. Lest this view be taken as biased by English opinion, we quote the following address issued by the Municipal Council of Paris, and addressed to the people of France a year prior to the battle of Waterloo: "You owe all the evils which overwhelm you to one man, to him who every year by the conscription decimates your families. Who amongst us has not lost a brother,

a son, relatives, friends? And why have all these brave men fallen? They have been immolated to the mad ambition of leaving behind him the name of the most dreadful oppressor that ever weighed on the human race. It is he that has closed against us the seas of the two worlds. To him we are indebted for the hatred of the people of all na-

mingled bones of Frenchmen, and people with whom we have no disputes. No causes of mutual hatred, who are too distant for us to have any cause of quarrel, but whom he precipitated into all the horrors of war, solely that the earth might be filled with the noise of his name! Why boast of his past victories? What good have those dreadful



The Pyramid, Waterloo.

tions, without having deserved it; for, like them, we have been the unhappy victims, as well as the sad instruments of his madness. What matters it that he has sacrificed but few to his private hatred, if he has sacrificed France? We should not say France only, but all Europe, to his boundless ambition. Look at the vast continent of Europe everywhere strewn with the

triumphs brought us? The hatred of other nations, the tears of our families, our daughters forced to remain unmarried, our matrons plunged into premature widowhood, the despair of fathers and mothers, to whom there remains, out of a numerous progeny, but the hand of an infant to close their eyes; behold! these are the results of all those victories, which have brought

foreign armies within our very walls. In the name of our most sacred duties, we abjure all obedience to the usurper; we return to our legitimate rulers."

Thus we see his aim was universal dominion, to be gained at all cost, and with an eagle's eye and a vulture's appetite did he seek to accomplish his purpose, until his sun

engaged was about the same on both sides, about 75,000, but as some 13,000 of the Netherlanders stampeded in the early part of the day, Wellington's force was until Blucher's arrival some 15,000 less than Napoleon's

To give a detailed account of the battle is out of the question, and we refer the readers to the many his-



Plain of Waterloo.

set forever in the bloody field of Waterlloo. As at Gettysburg, so here, the high water mark of valor on both sides was displayed, and the "Thus far and no farther shalt thou come" point reached. Wellington was on the defensive, and Napoleon's reason for giving battle here was that Blucher and his army were too far away to connect. In this he was mistaken. The number of men

tories that have been written. Of course, where so many deeds of valor were performed, it is hard to make any special selection, but we think the following good illustrations. Colonel Ellis of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, on the morning of the 18th, issued an order that no man was to fall out of the ranks to assist the wounded. Upon the gallant Colonel being

wounded, Captain Brown ordered two men to follow and assist him to the rear, but he heroically refused saying, "There are not too many bayonets in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, return to your post." To the undaunted courage of Sir Thomas Picton, who was born in Pembroke-shire, much of the glory of the results must be attributed, as he was ever among his men, and where death was thickest he led the way, urging his men to stand firm and receive the enemy with a steady front. He kept at the head of the line, stimulating it by his own example, and Wellington said, "He successfully defended one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy in our position." As he looked along his gallant line, waving his sword, a ball struck him in the temple and he fell back and died. Captain Tyler, with the assistance of a soldier, lifted him off his horse, but his noble spirit had fled. The battle's roar went on, and none could despair at such a crisis. His body was placed beneath a tree, When the victory had been won, it was found and removed. Upon looking at his coat, it was noticed that it was torn on one side. An examination revealed the fact that he had been wounded on the sixteenth at the battle of Quatre Bras, and two of his ribs broken, and fearing that another battle was approaching, he kept this wound secret lest he be excused from taking part in it. Such conduct needs no comment.

• The loyalty of Blucher to Wellington was similar to that of Sher-

man to Grant. In response to Wellington's request for aid, Blucher replied, "I shall not come with two corps only, but with my whole army, upon this condition, that should the French not attack us on the 18th, we shall attack them on the 19th." Such loyalty gave no opportunity to call his conduct "reprehensible." and his stock of "sand" was certainly not limited. "His not to reason why, but rather to do and die," if needed, to save the day. He was some twelve miles away, and the continuous rain had made the roads impassable; the ammunition wagons sinking to the axles, and the horses floundered in their mad attempts to extricate their loads. Little wonder that the discouraged soldiers exclaimed, "We cannot go on." "But we must go on," shouted the heroic Blucher. "I have promised Wellington to be up, and up we must get. Surely you will not let me forfeit my word. Exert yourselves a little more, and victory is certain." And so his prophetic words were fulfilled.

Twas now the Chieftain's soul was
mighty proud,

That in the thick of charging hosts un-
moved,

Amid confusion, horror and despair;
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field surveyed;
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where
to rage."

The much discussed question as to whether Wellington could have won the day minus Blucher may be settled about the same time the matter whether Schley needed sand or coal at Cienfuegos; whether the

Brooklyn looped the loop correctly at Santiago, or whether the etiquette of the American navy required Sampson to partake of a 5 o'clock tea with Shafter prior to meeting Cervera. Reports of conversations with Wellington after the battle state that "he never despaired during the day," and as the English had held their ground for eight hours against France's most experienced army and her ablest general, and as the hour was late when Blucher arrived, together with the fact of the exhausted condition of the French army and their country being nearly destroyed, the general impression was and is that a drawn battle would have been the result.

An ounce of what was accom-

plished is better than a ton of "might have been." England and the allied governments have erected a high mound of earth dug from the important parts of the battle ground and surmounted it with a lion, with steps to ascend its summit. A movement was started a few years ago in France to raise \$70,000 to erect a wounded eagle on same spot, but as only \$10,000 have materialized, we may conclude the scheme has fallen into a condition of "innocuous desuetude." Nations do not often erect monuments to commemorate their defeat. Exit Napoleon, the man devoid of principle, whom no treaties could hold, and whose despotic nature disturbed the peace of Europe.

AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

By Sallie A. Lewis.

Now the autumn tints are blending
 Into gold and crimson browned;
 And the sunsets grand are sending
 Gorgeous shadows all around;
 Somehow in the mild September
 Flowers wear a radiant hue,
 While their language seems so tender
 Yet they speak the word, Adieu.
 All the lovely now are dying,
 Withered leaves lie on the way;
 And the air is full of sighing
 For the blooms that will not stay;
 Here and there a robin lingers,
 How we prize the warbler sweet!
 For we know that Winter's fingers
 Soon will spread his snowy sheet.
 When the human bough is broken
 And the spark has left the eye,
 And no word can e'er be spoken—
 It is then the last goodbye;
 When the vine is bruised and shaken
 And the forest glades are bare,
 Gentle Spring will kindly waken
 From the dust our blossoms fair.

THE RELATION BETWEEN TEACHER AND PUPIL.

By Miss Hannah E. Morgan, Picketts, Wis.

Music is the most beautiful of arts, hence, the studying and teaching of it is of the greatest importance. The beauty of all arts lies in the fact that there is always something more to learn. In no other art is demonstration so difficult as in music. Schumann has said, "Science fights with mathematics and logic; poetry wields the golden, decisive, spoken word; other arts have chosen nature, whose form they borrow as their judge; but music is an orphan whose father and mother none can name, and perhaps in the mystery of her origin lies half her charm."

Studying music means hard work, both physically and mentally. Hence, a fine physique and perfect health are indispensable requirements. The most eminent teachers in Berlin now choose from the ranks of those who apply for lessons, those who have the finest physique as well as musical talent, with almost the same care that Uncle Sam chooses recruits for his army. The success of a pupil depends, to a great extent, on the relation which exists between him and his teacher. In considering both the real and the ideal relationships of music teacher and pupil, we may look at them in a two-fold way—the music teacher from the pupil's standpoint, and the music pupil from the teacher's standpoint.

It is to be feared that the pupil looks upon the teacher as a stepping stone by which the brook of music may be crossed, and the opposite bank of culture and accomplishment attained. The teacher is simply a hired servant, whose time and skill is bought, to be used or wasted according to the inclination of the pupil, and is too frequently regarded as a machine to be rented by the hour. Too often, the pupil does not recognize the will and the mind and patience involved on the teacher's part. With so artificial an aim in studying, and so mechanical a view of the teacher, the result will be artificial and mechanical.

Now to look at the other side. Is it not possible that the teacher may, in part, be responsible for the artificial character of the pupil? As one writer has said, "The pupils often figure in the teacher's mind as a progressive row of figures with dollar marks before them, which are to be converted into cash by a process called "lessons" at the expense of the least possible labor." The successful teachers of to-day are those who teach with that love for art, which awakens a similar love, and kindles a similar flame in the pupil's heart. There must be something more than cash interest to give good results.

In order to get splendid musical growth there must be a quick sym-

pathy and an ardent understanding between teacher and pupil, but where this is not the case, and only dry exchanged facts and generalities pass between them, there cannot be good results, for, as Pope has said:

"Like buoys that ne'er sink into the flood,
On learning's surface they but lie and nod."

If at the beginning the pupil places himself under the guidance of a competent teacher, he has taken a wise step. But this is not enough. The teacher's instructions must be followed to the letter. You would not go to a doctor for medicine, pay for it, throw it away, and expect to be benefited. But that would be no more unreasonable than to disregard the instructions of the music teacher, and still hope to attain proficiency in short order.

The teacher can only guide his pupil; he cannot do his work for him. The teacher should be one in whom the pupil has perfect confidence, and should be obeyed as to what to practice, and the methods to be employed. If the pupil would apply the same common sense to his musical study that he would use in other things, he would seldom have cause to feel dissatisfied with his teacher. The greatest mistake a pupil can make is not to put himself unreservedly in the hands of his teacher. Could the sculptor shape his marble if the material rebelled? No more can the teacher do his best, unless aided by docility on the part of the pupil. The pupil should allow himself to be molded

to the best of the teacher's ability. The inflexible pupil is the non-progressive pupil. The docile pupil, adopting every suggestion, following every wish, carrying out every command of the teacher, opens the way for the teacher's best work. Such an attitude, plus talent, means success.

What a pupil wants is a teacher whose mind is a store-house of facts and theories and experiences, who is a good reader of human nature, who can analyze and illustrate, who can interest and enthuse the pupil in his work. The teacher helps his pupil to the right way, but the pupil must direct his own footsteps in his efforts to reach the goal. This goal is not always to the swiftest. The pupil who is content, at times, to work even without being conscious of progress, has as fair grounds for hope of winning success as a more talented companion. Pupils must be made to realize that talents are given them to be cultivated, that they are personally responsible for their endowments. When the pupil feels that his gifts are a personal responsibility, and a command from his God to work, and to work so faithfully that he may be a leader to lift his fellow-men higher, he is then in the right frame of mind, and his friends may rightly expect great things of him. But he will accomplish this only when he has learned to find his pleasure and reward in his work and its musical results, instead of in the applause of friends or the public.

It is worth while for the teacher to take time to establish friendly

relations with his pupils. Make the pupil feel that he is something more than a sort of musical machine wound up to do a certain amount of work in a given time, starting off at the advertised hour like the locomotive attached to a train of cars, and dashing over the prescribed course without stop or turning, except as scheduled. It is better to begin the lesson with a cordial little talk. It matters little what is the nature of it, but it is the spirit of friendliness prompting the words which is of value. An account of one's own difficulties in his beginnings, tends to form a bond of union, and is an encouragement to the pupil. What has been done, can be done, and the knowledge that the teacher has met with the same obstacles, and has conquered them, will prove an incentive to him to persevere. Another advantage in this friendly intercourse is that, while the pupil is beginning to feel at ease, the teacher is learning to know him, and this is most important. Each pupil has his own peculiar temperament and needs, and the more thorough the teacher's knowledge of each individual character, the more successful he will be in dealing with it. Much is gained when the pupil feels free to tell his difficulties frankly to his teacher, for then the teacher has the desired advantage of knowing how to deal with them. But a pupil will not confide in a teacher who shows no human interest in him, and who never descends from his superior attitude to sympathize with failure, or rejoice in success.

This fact was attested in a pupil's experience when studying at the same time under two masters, who well illustrated the two distinct types of teachers alluded to. Each was an eminent musician and master of his subject, but there were no other points of resemblance. The one showed absolutely no interest in his class. The work of his most brilliant pupils never elicited more than a grunt of approval, and outside of the classroom his pupils barely received a nod of recognition. Beyond the conservatory walls even that was not forthcoming. The other professor was a genial man, who seemed to feel a personal interest in every one of his pupils, and this stimulated and encouraged them. They worked with double the zest under this friendly instructor, and naturally accomplished better results than were possible with their more forbidding and indifferent professor.

Of course, things will go wrong at times; reproof must sometimes be administered; and the pupil becomes nervous, sullen or discouraged. But when this happens, the teacher should endeavor to change the current of thought by some kind or amusing comment. No matter how disastrous a lesson has been, the pupil should not be allowed to leave with his last impression an unpleasant one. The parting should be in a friendly mood. The stronger his regard for his teacher; the more keenly he will feel the mortification of having done badly, and the more kindly the teacher's attitude toward him, the

more anxious he will be to please the next time. Truly, all have not the same keen insight into human nature, but, if teachers cultivate a genuine interest in each pupil, and

give their honest efforts to gaining an understanding of him, they can hardly fail to obtain the desired results.

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A TOUR OF WALES.

By E. I. Jones, Cincinnati, Ohio.

(Continued.)

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Monmouthshire is bounded on the north by Herefordshire, on the west by Brecon and Glamorgan, on the south by the estuary of the Severn, on the east by Gloucestershire. It has an area of 578 square miles, and a population of about 220,000. It has 8 market towns, 147 civil parishes, all within the diocese of Llandaff. This county is mountainous in the north and west, and is hilly throughout, except along the estuary of the Severn there is a strip of from one to five miles of level land. This territory was anciently occupied by the powerful tribe of Silures. The capital was Caerwent, not far from Chepstow. When conquered by the Romans, after a contest of nine years, five Roman stations were established, at Caerleon, Caerwent, Usk, Monmouth and Abergaveny. It was included in the province of Britannia Secunda. After the Romans withdrew from the island, the old Britons made Caerleon their capital. For ages the western portion of the county was included in Wales. It was made a county in its present

form, and included in England, during the reign of Henry VIII. At present the eastern part of the county is almost purely English, the western part almost purely Welsh, while the central part is a mixture of Welsh and English. The large towns are mostly English, where but little Welsh can be heard. We shall now visit some of these towns.

Newport is ten miles northeast of Cardiff, on the river Usk, about four miles from its junction with the Severn. It is a busy, thriving port, which transports much of the products of South Wales, its coal and iron. It has a population of about 40,000, and some fine public buildings. The town is comparatively new. The ancient Westgate and some remains of a castle may be seen. The castle was built in the twelfth century by Robert, Earl of Gloucester. As the strong fort had been at Caerleon, nearby, this fort was called by the Welsh Castell Newydd (New Castle). The Tredegar Park, the home of Lord Tredegar, is near Newport; so are a number of beautiful mansions.

Caerleon-on-Usk is about three

miles north of Newport.. It is now a small village, with a population of about 1000. It was the Isca Silurum of the Romans, the gay capital of King Arthur, and the celebrated seat of learning of the ancient Britons. It is now lying in the dust, with a few relics of Roman days, and an enclosure 222 by 192 feet, called "Arthur's Round Table." This may have been a Roman amphitheatre. On opening its sides, ranges of stone seats have been found. It is not so sure that it was ever Arthur's banqueting hall. That Arthur lived, was a brave soldier, and reigned here, cannot be questioned. But the legends concerning Arthur are beyond our understanding. We have seen his Round Table at Caerleon, also at Penrith in the north of England, and Arthur's seat near Edinburgh, Scotland. The romantic glory of King Arthur and Caerleon may be read in the "Idyls of the King," by Lord Tennyson.

Pontypool on the Avon, is eight miles north of Newport. It is a busy manufacturing town, with a population of 6,000 or 8,000, the center of a district containing a large population. Pontypool Park is near. The lofty rugged mountain, Mynydd Maen, is three miles southwest. Tredegar is ten miles northwest of Pontypool, and about eighteen miles northwest of Newport. It is a growing town with a population of about 20,000. Having the Tredegar iron works, and extensive collieries and other works. Rhymney is two miles southwest of Tredegar. It is an industrial mining center.

The urban district has a population of about 10,000.

Abergavenny is ten miles northeast of Tredegar, and eighteen miles north of Newport. It is situated at the junction of the Gaveny river and the river Usk, in an amphitheatre of mountains. The three highest mountains in the county overlooking the town. It was a Roman station called Gobannium. It has the ruins of a castle, built soon after the conquest by Hameline de Bohun. It gives the title of Marquis to the Nevil family, by whom it has been held for 500 years. There are also some traces here of a Priory church of St. Mary. The Usk is spanned at this place by a stone bridge of fifteen arches. The population of the place is about 7,000. Usk is ten miles southeast of Abergavenny. It is a small town on the river of the same name, where salmon abounds. There was a Roman station here called Burrium. There are remains of British and Roman earthworks near. There are also some remains of a castle and priory. Chepstow is ten miles east of Usk, near the junction of the Wye and Severn. It is a river port, and has considerable trade, with some shipbuilding. The Wye is crossed by a costly tubular bridge. There are ruins of a castle overhanging the Wye, which was built by Fitzosborne, who was a relation of William the Conqueror, and was made by him Earl of Hereford, and given vast possessions in this and other counties. It is said that William and Walter, a Norman knight, were playing chess. The

king lost all the money he had, and laid down the board, saying with an oath that he had nothing more to loose. Walter replied, "Sir, here is land." "True," said the king, "and if thou beatest me this time, thine be all the land on this side the bourne or river, which thou canst see, where thou now standest." This said they played once more, and Walter won the game. The king starting up and slapping Walter on the shoulder, said, "Henceforth thou shalt be called Ousebourne." Thus originated it is supposed the name afterward so famous. The castle built by Fitzosbourne covered three acres of ground. In one of its towers Henry Martin, the regicide, was imprisoned for twenty years. He was a member of Parliament from Berkshire, a friend of Cromwell, was present at the trial of King Charles I. After the restoration he was tried and sentenced to death, but his sentence was afterward commuted to imprisonment for life. He died in this tower, and was buried September 9, 1680. The Wyndcliff, a steep cliff 800 feet high, overhanging the windings of the Wye, is near Chepstow, and affords a view of almost unrivaled extent and beauty. The winding Wye is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. It has its origin in the mountain of Plynlimon, in Cardiganshire, about seven miles from Devil's Bridge. It passes from Cardigan to Radnor, and north of Brecon to Hereford. From the city of Hereford it runs almost directly south to the Severn. Its course is said to be about 123 miles, but if

all its windings were computed, it would probably be twice that length. It was anciently regarded in part as the eastern boundary of Wales.

Tintern Abbey is four miles north of Chepstow on the Wye. It is one of the grandest ruins in England. Tintern is said to come from the Welsh words "Din" (fort) and "Teirn" (royal), Royal Fort. It is said to be the hermitage to which Theodoric, King of Glamorgan, retired, after resigning his throne to his son Maurice. The Abbey for Cistercian monks was founded by Walter Fitzrichard de Clare, in 1131, and dedicated to St. Mary. Among the monastic institutions, this was one of the most magnificent, for sumptuous living, and unbounded hospitality. The Abbey church is a cruciform measuring from east to west 228 feet, and from north to south at the transept 150 feet. The east window 64 feet, the west window 42 feet. The original walls enclosed 34 acres. Near the Abbey is a tall rock, called the "Devil's Pulpit," from which we are told the devil used to preach horrible things to the monks. Growing bold by the continuance of interrupted sermons, he attempted to occupy the roodloft, but the monks applied such showers of holy water that he fled away blistered and burning to Llandogo, where in his haste to leap over the river, he left his footprints on a stone, which may be seen to this day. The Abbey was a refuge for Edward II. for a time while fleeing from his queen and barons. The Cistercian monks who occupied this Abbey, had the repu-

tation as a class of being very avaricious. This reputation gives point to a story told of Richard I. Before starting for the holy land, his confessor exhorted him to dismiss his three daughters. "Hypocrite," said Richard, "well thou knowest that I have no daughters." "My liege," rejoined the confessor, "you have three, pride, avarice and luxury." "Aha," exclaimed Richard, why then, the Templars shall have pride, the Cistercian avarice, and as for luxury, let my bishops and clergy share her among them, and then they will be well provided for until my return."

Monmouth is eight miles north of Tintern, at the junction of the river Monnow and the Wye, and the name comes from Monnow-mouth, contracted to Monmouth. It is an ancient place, one of the Roman stations known as Blestium. A British fortress of great strength existed here before the Norman era. In 1257 a larger structure was erected by John Baron of Monmouth, who resigned it to Prince Edward, afterward Edward I. After this it came into the possession of John of Gaunt, father of Henry IV., and it became the birthplace of Henry's heir, Henry V., the hero of Agincourt. In 1646 the castle was taken by the Parliamentary army. It is now dilapidated. Some portions of a tower remain. Geoffrey of Monmouth, the celebrated chronicler, was born and educated at Monmouth in the twelfth century. He did much for literature, and laid the foundation for many poems.

"Around us spread the hills and dales,
Where Geoffrey spun his magic tales,
And called them history."

Monmouth has a free grammar school for 100 boys, and almshouse for 20 poor persons; both endowed by Mr. William Jones, who lived during the reign of James I. Mr. Jones was born in the parish of Newland, near Monmouth. When a poor boy he begged his way to London. By his industry, frugality and skill he amassed a large fortune. When rich he returned to his native parish, disguised as a beggar, but he was not kindly received. He entered Monmouth, and received better treatment. So, before he died, he laid the foundation of the charities mentioned. Monmouth of to-day has a population of about 7,000. Raglan Castle is six miles southwest of Monmouth. The village is small. The place is interesting to the tourist on account of the extensive and picturesque ruins of the old castle. This castle was built by Sir William Ap Thomas and his son, the Earl of Pembroke, about the middle of the fifteenth century. The Earl of Richmond, afterward Henry VII., was detained for a time in this castle, by order of Edward IV. Charles I. found an asylum here after the battle of Naseby, in 1645. It was held for the Crown by the Marquis of Worcester till August, 1646, when it was surrendered to Sir Thomas Fairfax for the Parliament. It now belongs to the house of Beaufort. There is an old legend connected with this place as follows: St. David came here to.

preach to his countrymen. About 3,000 came to hear him. The ground on which he stood was low, so he could not be seen and heard by all. But soon the ground on which the good man stood began to rise. It rose to a mound. St. David planted the cross which he held upon it, and afterward caused a church to be built upon the spot. Many pilgrims resorted here for ages afterward, and worshiped at the cross that St. David erected.

Llanthony Abbey is in the north-western part of the county. "Mongst Hatteril's lofty hills, that with the clouds are crowned." St. David established his hermitage here. Drank of the pure water of the Honthy, lived on leeks and other roots of the field, built a little chapel so shaded by the mountains that the sunshine has never entered. The place became sacred. Many pilgrims visited St. David's hermitage. Five hundred years afterward, in the time of William Rufus, Hugh de Laci, a great Norman baron, came in the chase to the Ewias valley. William, one of his retainers, found St. David's deserted chapel.

He laid aside his belt, and girded himself with a rope, instead of fine linen. He made unto himself a vestment of haircloth. Others joined him. An Abbey was built, equal in beauty to anything of the kind in South Wales. The original name, we are told, was "Llan Dewi Nant Houdda," which means the Church of St. David on the Houthy, afterward corrupted to Llanthony.

There are other important places in this county that we have not visited, such as Ebbw Vale, a flourishing business place, with a population of 15,000 or more; Blaenafon, another business place with a population of over 10,000. There are Nantyglo, Trelech, Caldicot, and other places of less interest.

We have found this county of great historic interest. Here the brave Selures had their seat of government. Here the Romans had five stations; here the great Arthur reigned, and another brave king born. The county has been closely connected with British history for 2000 years.

We shall now retire from this interesting county and visit Hereford.



A PRAYER.

Christine G. Rossetti.

Lord, grant us eyes to see, and ears to hear,
And souls to love, and minds to understand,
Lord, grant us what thou wilt, and what thou wilt
Deny, and fold us in thy peaceful fold:
Not as the world gives, give to us thine own:
Inbuild us where Jerusalem is built
With walls of jasper and with streets of gold,
And thou thyself, Lord Christ, the corner-stone.

THE WELSH BAPTISTS IN THEIR RELATION TO THE BEGINNING OF THE BAPTIST CAUSE AT BALTIMORE, MD.

By the Rev. J. T. Griffiths, Lansford, Pa.

About the year 1709, Mr. Henry Sater of England purchased a tract of land on what was then known as Chestnut Ridge, about nine miles northwest of Baltimore town. He belonged to the General Baptists as distinguished from the Particular or more properly Calvinistic Baptists. He was frequently called upon to entertain strangers. Among the travelers from eastern Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, there was found occasionally a Baptist minister, and such Mr. Sater always invited to his plantation to preach at his dwelling. Encouraged by the number who attended services, he at length determined to provide a more suitable place of worship, and erected a meeting house on his own land at his own expense. He afterwards, November 17, 1742, deeded the house with one acre of land for a meeting house, burying place and all other conveniences, for the church and congregation for ever, to the end of the world. * * *

The first minister whom Mr. Sater obtained to preach in his house was George Eglesfield of Pennsylvania. After him was Paul Palmer, who baptized nine persons. The next was Henry Loveall, who may be regarded as the first pastor. He baptized forty-eight persons, and with nine others organized a church of fifty-seven members. They adopted

their church covenant July 10th, 1742. Mr. Loveall was from New Jersey. He remained with them as pastor four years. The church was originally called "Chestnut Ridge." After Mr. Loveall left it was supplied by Revs. Benjamin Griffith, Peter Van Horn and others. Most of these ministers appear to have been of the Calvinistic order.

A few years after the constitution of the church at Chestnut Ridge, some of the members who preferred the doctrines of the "Particular Baptists," obtained letters and constituted a new church at Winter's Run in Harford County. This was in 1754, and were immediately received into the Philadelphia Association. Revs. Benjamin Griffith and Peter Van Horn were their ministers. They afterward assumed the name of Harford Church. John Davis, a young preacher from Pennepack, Pa. was called and remained pastor until his death in 1809, aged 87. In recording this, the minutes of the old Philadelphia Association contain this comment of praise: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Brother Davis discharged the duties of his office for fifty-three years, the longest pastorate known in this region among the Baptists. He is represented as having been an excellent man. He traveled much, generally on horse-

back, preaching Christ wherever he went. He was a man of a missionary spirit. During the War of the Revolution the members of the Chestnut Ridge Church were scattered, and the church became extinct. After the country was blessed with peace, the scattered fragments were gathered by Mr. Davis, and were reorganized under the name of the "Saters." He and his church at Harford gave rise to First Baltimore, Taneytown, &c. At what precise date a meeting of Baptists was first held in Baltimore is not known; but certainly twelve years before the actual organization of a church. In 1773 Thomas Bailey, executor of William and Ezekiel Towson, conveyed to Benjamin Griffith, Nathaniel Griffith, David Shields, George Presstman, Richard Lemmon, James Cox and Alexander McKim the right and title to a lot of ground in Jones' addition to "Baltimore Town" for the sum of £150, for a house of public worship, and also for a burying place for the service of the congregation or society that was then or thereafter be established or constituted in Baltimore Town, known by the name or appellation of Baptists. This lot was half an acre in extent, suitable to contain a house of worship and a graveyard, and accessible to Jones's Falls for baptism. A house was soon erected 40x60 feet, which remained until 1828, when the Merchant's Shot Tower was erected on its site. A small school house and a dwelling for the pastor were also erected on this lot.

Rev. John Davis, the pastor of

Harford, was then in the habit of gathering a small band of disciples together and preaching to them once a month. Most of them were members of his church. This arrangement continued till 1784, when Rev. Lewis Richards, a Welshman, came to this city from Charleston, S. C. Finding in him a suitable under-shepherd, these disciples withdrew from Harford Church, by regular letters of dismission and with their pastor-elect were constituted an independent body January 15, 1785. The constituent members were Rev. Lewis Richards, pastor; David Shields and wife; George Presstman and wife; Richard Lemmon; Alexander McKim; Thomas Coal and wife; William Hobby and Mrs. Eleanor Thomas. The same day on which the church was constituted their first baptism took place. The church united with the Philadelphia Association. Mr. Lewis Richards was born in Cardiganshire, South Wales, in 1752. He made a public profession of religion at nineteen years of age, and united with the Independents. Soon after this, becoming acquainted with the celebrated Lady Huntingdon, he pursued a course of study in the college endowed by her liberality. Several years later he embarked for America, intending to continue his studies at the famous Orphan House,* founded by Whitfield in Georgia. How long he stayed there is not known. He was baptized by Rev. Richard Furman at the High Hills of Santee, S. C., in 1777, and or-

*See Morgan John Rhys, p. 108, about this institution.

dained at the same year by Rev. Messrs. Oliver Hart and Joseph Cook. He traveled and preached acceptably in different parts of South Carolina and Georgia. In 1780 he moved to Northampton County, Va., and thence to Baltimore in 1784.

He was elected pastor of the First Church, and remained alone in this office thirty years. In 1815 Rev. Edmond J. Reis was elected assistant pastor, and thus continued to cooperate thus for three years, when in 1818 Mr. Richards resigned his pastorship, but continued his connection as a member of the church until he died February, 1832, aged 80 years.

To show their feelings toward the retiring pastor, it was agreed, February, 1818, "that the church make ample provision for our late pastor Brother Lewis Richards during the remainder of his life." It was decided that \$600 per annum should be paid him in quarterly installments as long as he lived. This was a just tribute to a worthy servant of the Lord who had ministered to them for a third of a century.

The above extracts have been made from a "History of Baptist Churches in Maryland," printed and published by J. F. Weishampel, Jr., 36 W. Baltimore Street (1885).

The First Baptist Church of Baltimore has a noble history, but from the above it is seen that its first preachers and pastor were Welshmen in the persons of John Davis and Lewis Richards. Doubtless, the above Mr. Richards is the one re-

ferred to by Morgan John Rhys in his diary when on his way north from the Southern States, as follows: "August 23, 1795, at Baltimore, heard Dr. Richards in the morning. Preached in the afternoon, and received the Lord's Supper. As a traveler, I considered it my duty to commemorate the death of my Savior whenever an opportunity would offer, but if ever I settle I believe I must never go in with slaveholders. Met several people, read a chapter, expounded and prayed in Welsh." Thus we see that there were several Welsh people at Baltimore at that time, and were among the first constituencies of the First Baptist preaching there from 1773 on.

The First Baptist Church of Baltimore was the spiritual mother of the late Rev. B. Griffith, D. D., where he was baptized in November, 1839, by the Rev. Stephen P. Hill, D. D., and after a six years course at Colgate (now) University, N. Y., he was sent by the executive board of the Maryland Baptist Union Association to labor as their missionary at Cumberland, Md., where on July 22, 1847, he organized a church of six members, and on November 1, 1848, put it in possession of a church property valued at nearly as many thousand dollars as there were constituent members of the church. During the same pastorate he organized a church of seventeen members at Eckhart Mines, an out-station of ten miles from Cumberland. April, 1851, he accepted the pastorate of New Market Street Baptist Church, Phila-

delphia, as successor of the Rev. Wm. Shadrach, D. D. May 12, 1857, he entered upon his great life work as Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Publication,

which office he so efficiently and honorably filled until his death, which occurred at his home at Upland, Pa., in October, 1893, where he was buried October 27, 1893.



THE FUTURE OF THE WELSH LANGUAGE.

At the Cymmrodorion section of the National Eisteddfod, held at Merthyr, Mr. Vincent Evans read a paper, prepared by Mr. Alfred T. Davies, cursitor of the County Palatine of Lancaster, entitled "The Welsh Language, and How to Preserve it Out of Wales." The author said that hitherto the Welsh language question had generally, almost exclusively, been considered in its relation to Wales and to the Welsh-speaking portion of the population. Endeavors had largely been directed towards securing a place for the language in the elementary schools in the Principality, and the question had had a tendency to narrow itself down to an effort to secure recognition of the language by the authorities at Whitehall.

The fact that until 1885 the schools of Wales, owing to the unsympathetic attitude of a regime under which they were administered, were not differentiated in education codes from those of England constituted a grave injustice to Wales, and little short of an act of barbarism on the part of the "predominant partner." The paper showed that by slow degrees, and mainly through the instrumentality of the Society for the Utilisation of the Welsh Language, now the Welsh Language Society,

concessions were wrung from the Education Department which had the effect of allowing almost any use of the Welsh language in the elementary schools. He referred to the difficulties of studying the subject in its relation to England—the less favorable character of the material to be worked upon, the lack of means for compulsorily enforcing the learning of the language, and the hostility of the environment—which might well daunt any but the enthusiast in whose heart the fire of nationalism burned very brightly.

It would be easy to draw up a high-sounding scheme for propagating the Welsh language in English towns, which on paper might attract the eye by claiming to achieve everything it was desired to effect, but which put into practice in a town like Liverpool or Birkenhead would be destined to share the fate which had attended but too many of the efforts of "enthusiasts." The writer suggested that the nursery for the acquisition of the language in England must be the home, then the church and Sunday School, pointing out the good Sunday Schools had done, and with improved methods, were yet capable of doing for Wales and her sons.

The Rev. Dr. Clifford, the well-

known London Baptist minister, recently said that he had had a long experience of what might be called continuation classes as part of his church work, and last year they had 644 students. Why, therefore, should not Welsh ministers and Sunday School officers take full advantage of the evening school code, not merely for teaching Welsh, but also for dealing wisely and helpfully with the young people in their congregations and schools during the leisure hours of the evening, which could be done at very little expense. Few things would be more stimulating to the acquisition of the Welsh language in English towns than the formation of a Welsh national home reading union on the lines of the well-known English organization, and he referred to the details of such a scheme, and, passing on, pointed out that the school libraries could be furnished with the best and most wholesome Welsh literature.

Another attractive method of attaining the object in view would be the holding of Welsh reunions, the aim of which should be to encourage Welsh conversation, followed by dramas, charades, &c. It had not been sufficiently recognised, he said, that Welsh now occupied a place as a subject in the local examinations conducted annually by the University of Oxford, and quoted figures showing that in 1896 43 sat, 42 passed, and five gained distinction, but last year only seven sat, six passed, and one gained distinction, the falling off in the number of candidates being, no doubt, attributable

to the local examinations of the Welsh Central Board having displaced those of the English university. He pointed out that help could only be got through the press. In conclusion, he dealt with the growth of the national spirit among the Welsh people, a Welsh society being formed in London composed of young men of the professional and business class with the sole aim of cultivating and developing in its members a definite Welsh national ideal.

Miss Hannah Evans then gave her specimen lesson in teaching Welsh on the direct method, the pupils being twenty scholars at the Abermorlais Girls' School, ten having been selected from English, and ten from Welsh, speaking homes. The lesson was of a most interesting character, and at its close the teacher and the children were loudly applauded.

Mr. Darlington, in proposing a vote of thanks accorded to Miss Evans, pointed out that the Government itself was favorably disposed towards the specific teaching of the Welsh language.

"Walcyn Wyn" proposed the following resolution: "That this meeting warmly commends Mr. A. T. Davies's paper to the attention of all those who are interested in the subject, and expresses the hope that it will be found possible to secure a large circulation for it, especially among Welshmen in English towns, and also the adoption of many of its valuable suggestions." He referred to the need of a simpler method of

teaching Welsh, and simpler Welsh text-books for the use of secondary schools.

The resolution, upon being submitted to the meeting, was carried with acclamation.

"Hwfa Mon" proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman. He said that the Welsh language was deeply rooted, and, although it was now and again buried under the snows

of criticism and opposition, yet it always had life in it, and, given the least opportunity, it would show its resuscitating powers and enlivening influences. Generations yet unborn would be able to swell its blossoms and enjoy its fruits.

"Arlunydd Penygarn" seconded the proposition, and it was supported by M. Jaffrennou, and carried amid applause.



A WELSH PROPHET.

By Lewis Leyshon.

When a mere lad, I used to accompany father to an old retired farmer who lived in our village. Although he owned considerable property and a mysterious pile of money as well, he led a hermit kind of life, hardly ever lighting a candle after dusk. He took no interest in books, and had never been known to have been seen reading one—the probability was that he did not know his letters. He would attend church in the morning on Sunday, and that much religion sufficed him for the whole week. He was a fine honorable, good-natured old man, and was a good narrator of ancient tales, of which he had a fine collection. After dusk on Sunday evenings, my father would take me over to his house, and after groping our way through the Egyptian darkness of his home on winter nights, we would be seated around the fireplace while the old man would entertain with his strange and often weird

tales. I remember the following as one that interested me very much, and although I have seen it referred to since in some Welsh books, I have never seen it chronicled so fully as I would have wished. In the following paragraphs, I shall endeavor to reproduce it as much as possible in substance.

Carmarthen town had been for ages under a dark cloud of prophecy, which predicted that in some way or other, sometime in the future, it would sink for some reason and for some purpose unknown. The prediction had been uttered presumably by Merlin, the great wizard of the Welsh. It seems that he spoke of its destruction in the following couplet,

Y Gaer fawr, ti gel oer fore,

Dafar a'th lwnc, daw dwr l'th le,

which rendered into English signifies that some way the earth would swallow up the town, and that a lake of water would take its place,

some cold morning. This event culminated in great excitement, and a wonderful panic in August, 1727.

It was fair day. From far and wide, the Welsh of all classes had congregated in great numbers on the street of Carmarthen town. The streets were crowded with cattle, sheep, mounted young men and women; stands loaded with different sorts of Welsh-made merchandise, especially woolen texture, farm products, etc., etc. It was gala day in the town of Carmarthen; for a fair day in Wales in those days was a rare holiday, and from morning till night the old and young devoted all its hours to bargaining and enjoyment combined; for they had to concentrate months' enjoyment into that short space of a day. The public houses were crowded all day; the old and young of that ancient time believing that an occasional feast of beer-drinking was their especial privilege. Temperance, in the modern sense, was then unknown and meaningless. Very early in the day might be seen prominent devotees of the bacchanalian worship, staggering under their respective loads of responsibility, trying to the best of their ability to preserve their equilibrium. In another location, a fight would be in progress, where two would be endeavoring to arbitrate a supposed mutual wrong with misdirected fisticuffs; on a corner of the street, a ballad-monger would be singing the horrible story of a recent murder, or a suicide who had cut his throat "from ear to ear," an exciting love-affair, or a frightful "damwain"

(misfortune) of some kind. These poetasters used to do a rattling good business when the ballad was the newspaper, and the itinerant ballad-monger the Associated Press of those ancient times.

The fair was in its bloom when a tall man, with fearfully long hair, awfully flashing eyes, dressed in mysteriously strange garments, appeared in the midst of the people in an unaccountable manner. He had a wonderfully loud voice, which could be heard a mile away. He cried out, "This town will sink to-day at 2 o'clock!" It was then between ten and eleven. The man's appearance was so strange, his loud voice so threatening, his manner so positive and prophetic, that the mission he had undertaken took immediate effect, for a sudden fright seized the miscellaneous crowd which in an incredible short space of time developed into a great panic. The solemn person kept calling aloud that 2 o'clock would see the utter sinking of the town, until the crowd dispersed in all directions, when he disappeared as unaccountably as he came. Some swore that he was swallowed up bodily; while others testified that he was actually seen carried away through the air towards the west.

The people in the fair became utterly panic-stricken; the cattle even caught the fever and started to run in all directions; the horses carried their riders away in spite of bridles and collars; pigs scurried away squeaking with fright; dogs barked and chickens flew over head as if possessed; and the fair was in a brief

ten minutes turned into a perfect pandemonium! There never was seen such excitement before or since in the town of Carmarthen. At first, the saner, more rational and sceptic portion of the crowd hanged around for a while, doubting the credibility of the prediction, waiting for corroborations; but when a half-crazed hat-less crowd rushed through the fair shouting that the town was sinking, that half of Water St. had already sunk, and the houses on Lammis St. were disappearing—in fact dissolving consecutively “like lumps of lard on a frying-pan,” as the old narrator used to word it, they also participated in the scare.

This was the straw that broke the camel's back of their incredulity, and they began to scamper away in all directions; the farmers and their families and farm servants, to their homes in the country, and the town people towards Abergwili, because according to the traditional prophecy that place was to be a Zoar, and to escape destruction. By this time, the exits out of town presented most extraordinary spectacles; every outlet countryward was congested with people carrying and struggling with all kinds of conveyable property; each carrying what he or she reckoned his or her greatest treasure. One could be seen sweating driving a pig with a string to its hind limb; one woman carrying a sick husband; a strong man with a side of bacon on his back; another woman with a featherbed, a wedding present; a little boy with a

pet dog and a mere child of a girl with a pretty kitten peeking out of the corner of her shawl; hundreds rushed away with nothing but their lives; and many were too drunk to take care of their horses; some dropped off their mounts and were trodden to death; while the soberer parties helped their too heavily loaded brethren to places of safety.

But this terrible crisis was not utterly devoid of the ludicrous, for when the commotion was wildest a drunken tavern-keeper called after the panic-stricken people: “Don't be scared, fellows; the town won't sink yet for two hours; there is plenty of time. It would be a great pity for all my good supply of beer to sink—come back and have drinks!” But the people were too otherwise occupied to pay any attention to such untimely treating. The tavern-keeper returned to his house, and was discovered later asleep between two barrels of beer, while several others were occupied with their pipes and pints in a front room and discussing the great prophecy of Merlin and the panic. One of them bore a striking resemblance to the prophetic personage who appeared in the fair.

It was a public whisper for years that the fright was the result of a discussion in that tavern anent the credibility of the story of Jonah, when the man who simulated the prophet undertook to put the argument to a test, which proved that a clever actor can play Jonah successfully, almost in any age.



FIELD OF LETTERS

The next number of "The Cambrian" will see the close of the series of articles entitled "Tour of Wales," which has been appearing for the past twelve months. A tour of Wales, even in a cursory way, furnishes material of considerable interest to a Welshman, whether a native of Wales or of the States. We believe that the articles contributed by Mr. Jones have been enjoyed by a great number of the readers of "The Cambrian," and the author has entertained the thought of having the "Tour" published in book form, provided sufficient support may be gotten to justify his attempting it. Mr. Jones would like to hear from such patrons and friends as would support the enterprise. Address E. I. Jones, Station C, Cincinnati, O.

In the August number of "Trysorfa y Plant" appear a fine portrait and sketch of the Rev. James Hughes of London, a noted name among the Calvinistic Methodists in Wales and outside of Wales. In his time he was reckoned a good preacher and a poet of note; but he is best known for his celebrated Commentary which in many a home in Wales was considered almost infallible. In Biblical questions he was court of appeal. It became a proverb, "What does James Hughes say in the matter?" He was born in Neuadd Ddu, at the foot of Trichrug Hill, in the parish of Cil-lau Aeron, Cardiganshire. He spent his youth on the farm. In 1800, when in his 21st year, he went to London. He worked in the navy yard, at Deptford, until he was 45. He was converted under the influence of John Elias in 1806, and commenced to preach in 1810, and was ordained at Llangeltho in 1816. He died in 1844, having preached

for 28 years, and was buried in that famous churchyard, Bumhill Fields. He was an interesting writer, a popular preacher, an excellent expositor, a good poet and a fine theologian. He wrote a Commentary on the New Testament, and the greatest portion of the Old, which became uncommonly popular among the Welsh. He was a personal friend of the renowned Dr. W. Owen Pughe. He wrote much poetry, in the form of religious songs, carols, hymns, etc.

In his "Religious Notes" in the "Cronicle," Eynon reviews some movements in the religious and political world. He becomes a little irritable and cross over "Closing the gates of Porth," where the Welsh Baptists decided to adhere to their old church policy. Efforts are made to have them join the Free Church Union, but baptism proves a stumbling block. Towards the close of the "Notes" he directs his attention to the Tories attributing the imminent fall of Britain to the war with the Boers and the destruction of the Board School. Once and again Eynon gets pessimistic.

—In "Events of the Month" Keinion takes a moderating view of the question of changing the king's oath expressing the advisability of putting it in such an inoffensive form as to secure the throne on a firm Protestant basis for ever without reflections on any other religion whatever.

No. 62 in the gallery of musicians in the "Cerdor" is Mr. William Davies (Mynorydd) of London. Mr. Davies was born in Merthyr Tydvil, S. W., in the year 1828. He is a sculptor by trade, but throughout his long life has

been deeply interested in music. His daughter, Mrs. Mary Davies, is exceedingly well-known in music circles in Britain. When a boy Mr. Davies had a splendid alto voice, and his father had intended him for a musical career, but he was subsequently apprenticed to a sculptor, where he has distinguished himself. Mr. Davies has done considerable literary work, and is deeply interested in all movements pertaining to the Welsh people.

—Under the caption "Pictures in Hymns," David Jenkins suggests that Welsh artists could well discover rare subjects for paintings or drawings in some of the inspired Welsh hymns. He instances several wherein great things are suggested to imaginative minds. "The Pilgrim," described by Williams of Pantycelyn would furnish a fine subject for an imaginative painter. He quotes a hymn of Charles of Carmarthen, wherein is touched a thought which Ruskin in one of his works has elaborately wrought out. Others are also mentioned which would suggest fine ideas to the true artist. He commends this new field of thought to our rising Welsh artists. There is certainly inspiration in these Welsh hymns to the Welsh mind.

The leading article in "Cwrs y Byd" for August is "Praising the Soldier." "Cwrs" ridicules the modern idea of immense armies and navies for mutual protection. To his mind, it is unmix'd nonsense. "The army and navy," he says, "are good for nothing excepting to hold the people quiet while they are robbed by the classes. Militarism is a bunch of contradictions and inconsistencies. The invention of military means and instruments are also laughed at with scorn. One invents a powder; and then a bullet. One studies how to mutilate and cut; while doctors are equally busy with means to heal. "Cwrs" accompanied two soldiers when going to the front some time ago, and both were drunk and missed the train. "Cwrs" has a very small opinion of the

soldier. He may be all right seemingly, but there is something wrong with his occupation.

—Then comes "Becoming Conduct in Church." Among the many illustrations of misconduct in places of worship are the following: Many go to a place of worship to sleep; others go to talk and gossip and paying no attention to the service; others go to read or amuse themselves by looking around. But the most abominable is chewing tobacco in church. Some smoke up to the door, then they put some tobacco in their mouths to be chewed during the service, and then relight the pipe or cigar as soon as the church is through. There is no doubt that the majority of the children of Adam are frivolous and vain.

In the August "Trysorfa" the Rev. J. J. Roberts, Portmadog, gives a brief history of the evolution and the manifold influence of the Calvinistic denomination in Wales. This power was inaugurated by the Revs. Daniel Rowland, of Llangeitho, and Howell Harris of Trevecca. The writer recognizes the fact of the existence of Nonconformist bodies at the time of the dawn of the M. C. revival, but he states that they had sunk into a condition of spiritual indifference and inefficiency. These were Churchmen, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Moravians, Baptists, Quakers, Unitarians and Congregationalists. All they did was to keep religion among the people in a perfunctory state. Very little live religion of a spiritual character existed among them. Daniel Rowland and Howell Harris following Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror, were the two who roused the people of Wales from their spiritual and moral stupor, and made them conscious of spiritual things. The writer is convinced that the Calvinistic body was the power that turned Wales from darkness and corruption into the light of the gospel. Very soon, the other denominations took part in the movement, but the honors of the revival and rena-

cence of Wales in a religious sense belong to the Calvinistic Methodists. An idea of this great and thorough change may be gotten from the report of the Land Commission which states that "in 1730 the Welsh-speaking people were probably as a whole, the least religious and most intellectually backward in South Britain. By 1830, the Welsh-speaking people had become, speaking collectively, the most earnest and religious people in the whole kingdom. It was Howell Harris and Rowland of Llangelitho who carried this movement to a triumphant success." Considerable effort has been made of late to deny this truth, but it is so patent that it is mere sophistry that is used to controvert it.

—In his "Monthly Notes," the editor regrets to find the hopeless state the Welsh Colony in Patagonia is. Already a good number is anxious to depart from the settlement and emigrate into some British territory. The settlement has proved unfortunate. The territory was chosen without hardly any consideration and forethought. Great and important facts were left unnoticed. Now everything (when too late) dawns on the minds of the settlers. In a brief space of time the whole colony will be Spanish in tongue and spirit, and its religion Papistic; and this brave people will be utterly lost to their countrymen.

The August number of "Young Wales" is excellent. "Wales in Westminster" gives an interesting sketch of Welsh Parliamentary life in Westminster, Studies in Iberic-Hebraic Eschatology," wherein the Celtic philosophy, the sense of the future and the destiny of the race and the supernatural are discussed; "The Mill in the Vale," is a picturesque description of an iron works in Wales in pre-trades-union and pre-trust days; "Weights and Measures of the Eisteddfod" furnishes some corrective remarks on the failings and serious moral defects of a popular institution among the Welsh. The writer does not

think highly of the morals of the Eisteddfod. "The Maid of Cymru" is continued, and "Interviews with Welsh Leaders, V.—Chancellor Silvan Evans, B. D., D. Litt," reveals stirring facts regarding the life sacrifice of the great lexicographer. On the banks of the Dovey, one of the greatest literary heroes of Wales is working to complete his great dictionary of the Welsh language, in his 83rd year. As the writer says. "It is almost incredible that what Dr. Murray and his staff are doing for the English language with the aid of a small army of readers throughout the country, Chancellor Evans is doing for the Welsh language with the help of one solitary assistant, his own son." The Chancellor conscientiously writes all the copy for the press in his own hand. "No definite estimate has been formed of the time it will take to complete the dictionary, but both agree that it will be a matter of years." Four volumes are already out and Volume V. is ready, with considerable portions of the rest of the stupendous work in formation. It has been a labor of love with the Chancellor but when completed, it will be his grandest monument, more lasting than marble.

The July number of the "Geninen" has a good number of articles and papers largely biographical or reminiscent as usual. The number opens with a sketch of the life and labors of Llew Llwyfo, a public man of national popularity years ago. Of late, he had almost disappeared from view, closing his eventful career in obscurity. Llew was able and versatile. He was orator, poet, singer, public entertainer and a writer of power. Years ago he was about the most popular public man in Wales and among the Welsh. He was born in Llanwenllwyfo, Anglesey, 1831, and died March 23, 1901. His name was Lewis W. Lewis, but was more widely known by his bardic title. The other papers are the following: The Oratorical Art of the New Century;

John Chrysostom; Why I Am a Quaker; Recollections of the late Nathan Dyfed; Griffith Owen, Llangybi, the celebrated Wesleyan Minister; Welsh Literature of the 16th Century; Charles Ashton; Characteristics of the Age; Tudno as a Poet; Recollections of Youth; the Rev. B. Evans (Telynfab); Is the Welsh Language Dying?" "Half a Century of Eisteddfodism and Literature; A Page in the Story of Myfyr Emlyn's Life; What They Eat in Lleyn; Miscellany of Poems, Correspondence, &c.

—In the paper "Is the Welsh Language Dying?" R. C. Owen controverts Ap Dewi Mon's disparaging paper in a previous number, wherein he tried to inculcate the doctrine that the Welsh language has been and is an obstruction to civilization in Wales. R. C. Owen states that higher education among the Welsh will strengthen the vernacular and advance its best interests.

—"Why I am a Quaker?" by J. E. Southall of Newport, Mon., is a paper of practical good sense and teaching on the spiritual side of religion. The different churches may well give this discussion their most serious consideration, for the simple reason that a superficial and ritualistic religion is mere vanity apart from the spiritual and moral life. Through the ages it has been the delight of religious sects to contend about the rites and creeds of Christianity; very little attention has been directed to the substantial carrying out of the living principles of the religion of Christ. "Why I am a Quaker" is a valuable contribution to the literature of "Y Geninen."

The contents of "Cymru" for July are truly valuable. The frontispiece is "An Imaginary View in the History of Glamorgan" previous to the formation of the coal beds; the other illustrations are Brynllwarch, Lower Maesteg, an Historical Barn, Cilbeudy, Samuel Jones's

Monument, Penar and Primroses: "The History of Wales" (VII.) by the Editor gives a sketch of Dafydd ap Gwilym's conflict with the Friars of his time. Dafydd represented the instinctive Protestantism of the Welsh nature, for he resented the interference of the church and the Brothers in the natural independence of man. Dafydd loved nature, loved liberty, loved independence, ergo, he hated the Friars and made them the butt of his lively wit. They even desired to suppress Dafydd's awen, but he retorts in his smart way that he had as much right to rhyme as they had to rant; that he had as much right to go around as a strolling minstrel to amuse and instruct the people as they had to go around begging; that the poet's vocation was a higher one than the Friar's, because few could rhyme, while everybody knew his paternoster. Then pious comrade, quit thy hate, To rhyme is not a sin so great.

—"Man and Animal" is entertaining and instructive, and takes a line of thought which is quite new to the Welsh. Every Welshman should read the story of Samuel Jones, or Brynllwarch, one of the pioneers of Welsh civilization and education. He was a man of whom Wales should be proud. He was a hero in the highest sense of the word. He was a conscientious lover of his country and its people, and devoted his years to their highest interests. "The Formation of the Coal Fields" by the Rev. D. Lloyd Jones, including the previous chapters, are a valuable contribution. "The Conquest of the Silurians," a "Trip Through the Woods," are papers of interest and instruction. "The Eisteddfodau of the Century" is a table wherein is furnished a list of the Eisteddfodau from the one held at Carmarthen in 1818, to the last held at Liverpool (1900). Their respective chief literary subjects in competition are given, with the respective names of the adjudicators and winners.

SCIENTIFIC

The German people are showing their thrift by a new patented process of converting sawdust into charcoal and other products.

In 1900 in the Punjab, a section of India, where about one half a million persons die annually, only 893 were killed by snake bites. Their bite is more often inflicted in houses than either in the fields or in the jungle. During the year in question 1,374 wild animals were slaughtered, including 11 tigers, 186 bears, 184 leopards, and 99 wolves; 13,272 snakes were killed.

If criminals are dead to the influences which control the actions of ordinary men, if neither the fear of punishment nor the infliction of it can avail to restrain them, then all punishment is barbarous and law-breakers should be treated as lunatics.

We all hear of our rights till we forget our duties; and even theology is beginning to concern itself more with what man has a right to expect of his Creator than what the Creator has a right to expect of man.—Mrs. Stowe.

"It is in Pennsylvania," says M. Edmond do Nevers, "where the Irish predominated, that, we observe the first symptoms of that tendency to exaggeration, and all those monstrous and extravagant methods which are now counted among the chief characteristics of the American people."

The world-old mistake is to seek happiness from without. And you can create conditions of good cheer if you have means and leisure. Keep up the conditions and all goes fairly well; when they change or you change the test comes. The tragic story of men is all so simple, all so same. The race for

pleasure that is so large a part of the tiresome life of men is not altogether a failure until a man fails to know himself. At last the historic fate overtakes even our kings of revel and the truth flashes home: "Your Majesty is no longer amusable!"—Evangelist.

There can be no doubt that the ordinary plebeian nose, with its somewhat low bridge, concave profile and wide nostrils, is above all others, the nose which is proper to mankind. Even now the whole human species, of whatever race, possesses it in early infancy and it is almost invariably found among savages of a primitive type.

The basis of good cheer in this life is a "candle of the Lord" in every son of man. When God lights it, it goeth not out like the "candle of the wicked." The Christian ideal is a soul aglow and alight from within; true gladness is soul light—a quenchless lamp—the pillar of fire in the dark, the Shekinah light when we pray.

Why should not the professor lecture on home-chemistry, devoting the first lecture to bread-making? and why might not a batch of bread be made and baked and exhibited to the class, together with specimen of morbid anatomy in the bread line—the sour cotton bread of the baker; the rough, big-holed bread; the heavy, fossil bread; the bitter bread of too much yeast; and the causes of their defects pointed out? In short, it would be easy to trace out a course of lectures on common things to occupy a whole year, and for which the pupils, whenever they come to have homes of their own, will thank the lecturer to the last day of their life.—Mrs. Stowe.

Look over the countries where people are most sedulously amused by their

rulers and governors. Are they not the countries where the people are most oppressed, most unhappy in their circumstances, and therefore in greatest need of amusement? It is the slave that dances and sings, and why? Because he owns nothing, and can own nothing, and may as well dance and forget the fact. But give the slave a farm of his own, a wife of his own, and children of his own, with a school-house, and a vote, and ten to one he dances no more. He needs no "amusement," because he is "happy."

Ernest Renan, writing in the midst of a movement in which he took so important a part, expressed its character as "the substitution of the category of 'evolution' for the category of 'being,' of the conception of the relative for the conception of the absolute; of movement for immobility." "Formerly," he adds, "everything was considered as 'being;' people spoke of law, of religion, of politics, of poetry, in an absolute fashion. Now everything is considered as a process of formation, not that formerly evolution and development were not, as they are to-day, general laws. But people had no perception of them."

A PRACTICAL SUN MOTOR.

In Western America within the past twenty years it has been found that there are regions where it is especially desirable to obtain a motor which can be run practically without fuel. Such a region is the California desert, where vast mining interests have sprung up, and in arid sections where irrigation is necessary, and even in the richest portions of fertile California in connection with the question of irrigation. On the desert the sun shines almost continuously, and in Southern California the percentage of sunshine to cloud is remarkable. These conditions have called attention to the possibility of a practical sun motor, and it is interesting to note that in South Pasadena, California, such

a machine has been set up and is successfully accomplishing the work for which it was made—an automatic engine running by the heat of the sun.

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THE POSSIBILITIES OF WOOD.

By means of improved machinery and new chemical processes wood pulp can be drawn out into the thinnest imaginable sheets. In this spinning and squeezing the paper does not lose its toughness. Thus thin paper napkins and table cloths are produced and printed with fancy borders and patterns. Some of these articles are almost as tough as linen in resisting the attempt to tear them. Of course, they will not stand wetting, and soon lose their toughness when moistened. But otherwise they make serviceable substitutes for table linen. Likewise the paper vests and paper underclothing and lining of winter suits are prepared for practical use, and they accomplish nearly all that is claimed for them. The paper vests and lining are made so thin that their weight is practically nothing, and yet they keep out the wind and cold. They are chemically treated, so that they will last a long time. They are also manufactured so that they do not make the rustling sound usually characteristic of paper, and they are pliable enough not to stand out or buge the cloth in any way.

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AERONAUTICS.

Under the present conditions of aeronautics it must be admitted that, although the effort of inventors is at present almost entirely directed to the balloon airship, the true solution of the problem would seem to lie where nature suggests that it does lie; namely, in the direction of the aeroplane, a type of airship whose principles are identically the same as those which underlie the flights of birds. What are experimentalists in this most scientific and promising field doing in these days? We hear but little of them. It is pos-

sible that they have been discouraged by the extreme risks which attend all aeroplane experiments that are carried out on a large scale. The death of Lillenthal and other martyrs to a fascinating and dangerous science has not, however, proved that aeroplane navigation is impossible; quite the contrary. What it has proved is that the aeroplane only awaits the invention of some automatic means of balancing to render it one of the most successful inventions of the twentieth century.—Scientific American.

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TRAVELING BEEHIVES.

California is an ideal home for apiculturists, and one of the most progressive bee-keepers, noticing that the activity of the insects depended upon the coming of spring flowers, conceived the idea of assisting them to set out earlier on their yearly campaigns. The orchards of the Sacramento and San Joachin valleys burst into bloom some months before the southern sage brush, and to them Mr. Graham drove a wagon-load of bee colonies late in January, 1896, says the New York "Tribune," to which we are indebted for our information. The journey was an easy one, as the bees had not really aroused themselves. In February the fragrance of the trees stimulated them, and they set to work. As the blossoms faded in April, Mr. Graham turned southward again. He traveled by night only, and reached home with practically full colonies, a honey crop of one hundred pounds to each hive, and the sage brush was still open before him. The following two years he moved two wagon-loads of colonies, and he was able to obtain three distinct crops of honey, keeping the bees active during nine months of the year. Since 1899 Mr. Graham has shipped the bees by car-loads from one feeding ground to another.—Scientific American.

WHAT DESTRUCTION OF BIRD LIFE MEANS.

If it be admitted that birds do consume a certain proportion of grain, and that in so far they rob the farmer, it is also certain that their work in destroying noxious insects far outbalances any debt they owe to mankind. Numerous cases are reported in which districts have suffered severely through the uncalled-for and senseless destruction of birds and their nests. Recently, M. Louis Adrien Levat, a French writer, has demonstrated the loss to France entailed by bird destruction. Some of the facts and figures are startling enough. Thus he tells us that in one province of France 1,500 nests were despoiled in one season, and then follows the calculation that probably 6,000 birds were thus destroyed. Now, assuming a fair basis of reckoning, these 6,000 birds would have destroyed 6,000,000 of insects, and by this much, therefore, the injurious insect population must have been allowed to work its own sweet will on the farmers' and winegrowers' products. M. Levat says that some birds will destroy 200,000 insects in one season, and others will eat at the rate of 600 daily. One bird species, feeding on insects, will save 3,200 grains, and probably over 1,000 grapes daily. There is a district in France, Herault, in which insect-eating birds have been devastated. Their absence, it is added, has cost the department 100,000 hectolitres of wine every year. A hectolitre is about 22 gallons English. In France, of course, the shooting of small birds is not regarded as a feat beneath the notice of the sportsman, hence everything that flies is shot at and destroyed. The French Government has never been slack in its application of scientific principles to commercial matters, and it is high time that it should issue an edict, backed up by zoological opinion, on the senselessness and ruinous nature of the practice of destroying the birds that limit the spread of insects injurious to crops.



The National Eisteddfod of 1901 was opened at Merthyr Tuesday, August 6, and ended August 9.

Merthyr had the distinction of welcoming the first National Eisteddfod in the new reign and the new century alike.

Promptly at 8:30 the bards assembled at the Town Hall, and with them a large muster of representatives of local public bodies friendly societies, Eisteddfod committees, and soon an imposing procession was formed to march to the Gorsedd circle on the Thomastown Tips, in a place called "Cwmpencoedcae," which Morien translates into the "valley above the field of the wood," but which modern English interprets as the "recreation ground," where the Gorsedd ceremonies were held.

At the Eisteddfod were approximately 250 prizes, aggregating £2,000. The recorded attendance on the first day, when the chief choral competition took place, was 18,500. Monday brought a great access of visitors, when the Art Exhibition connected with the Eisteddfod was opened. Tuesday, the opening day, proved a record day for visitors, the streets being thronged with the crowds all day.

The Honorable Society of Cymmrodorion commenced to hold its meetings on Monday, in connection with the Eisteddfod. There was a large and representative attendance, and the audience included visitors from afar. Colonel Lewis, who in the absence of Mr. T. Marchant Williams, stipendary magistrate, presided, welcomed the Celtic

brethren from Brittany, M. Jaffrenou and Leon Le Bere, who were attired in their national dress. M. Jaffrenou acknowledged the reception in a Welsh speech that was heartily applauded. Mr. Isaac Shone read a paper on "National Health." Dr. Emrys Jones, M. D., of Manchester's paper, "The Sanitation of Wales" was read by the secretary Vincent Evans. Questions of national education were also discussed.

During the Gorsedd ceremony on the last day, the Hon. Mrs. Buckley-Owen, came forward, and made a graceful offering of a floral tribute to the Archdruid, and Mrs. E. Griffiths, of Chicago, had the honor of presenting the handsome hirlas horn. Still a further share of the privileges of the Gorsedd was accorded the ladies, Gwyneth Vaughan being called upon for an address. This was characteristic of the lady who delivered it—full of earnestness and enthusiasm. "Gwyneth" deplored the fact that the Welsh language was not being spoken idiomatically in these days, most people giving expression to their thoughts as translated from English. Another feature of the national life, the decline of which she lamented, was that of young ladies who were given to novel reading being more familiar with the works of Marie Corelli than Morgan Llwyd, while the "Llyfr y Tri Aderyn" was practically a dead letter. There was even a third complaint—the children of Wales had got into the habit of refusing to answer their parents in Welsh when addressed in that language.

Gwill, the crowned bard of the Merthyr Royal National Eisteddfod of 1901, is known among mortals outside

the bardic circles as Mr. Jno. Jenkins, classical master at the Gwynfryn School, Amanford—that school of the prophets which Watcyn Wyn has presided over for the past 21 years. He is a native of Pontardulais, Carmarthenshire, having been born on the banks of the pellucid stream Gwill, which empties below his birthplace into the Dulais. He is only 28 years of age, and was educated at the Pontardulais Board School, and, like many a young Welshman of genius, found the means to continue his studies by being apprenticed as a pupil teacher at that school. He entered the Gwynfryn Academy under the tuition of the oft-chaired bard, Watcyn Wyn, in whom he naturally found a sympathetic guide and counsellor, not only in his classical, literary, and mathematical studies, but also in his aspiration for poetic fame. After two years' study he obtained admission to the Bangor Baptist College, and availed himself of a course of study in classics at the Bangor University, and after finishing his course here, he continued his services for some time at the University College of South Wales at Cardiff.

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CHIEF CHORAL CONTEST.

The first day, excitement became intense among the audience, which literally packed the pavilion, when the time approached for the chief choral competition. "Mabon," to overcome somewhat the tedium of waiting, led the audience in singing, to the tune of "Crugybar," the favorite Welsh hymn, "O Frynllau Caersalem Ceir Gweled." The orchestra and members of the first choir—Treherbert—had taken their places in readiness for a start shortly after 2 o'clock, and although immediately prior to this time evidence of slight disorder manifested itself in various parts of the pavilion, where the crush was greatest, Gurnos and Mabon succeeded in obtaining quietness as the conductor of the competing choir confronted his party. There was a departure introduced into

the competition likely to provoke considerable misgiving amongst those contesting for the handsome prize of £200, inasmuch as it was specified that the whole work of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" should be prepared, the adjudicators to make a selection of two or three choruses on the day of the Elsteddfod. A gold mounted baton was also given by Messrs. Thompson and Shackell, in addition to the prize, to the conductor of the successful choir. The adjudicators were Dr. Parry, Dr. Coward, Mr. D. Jenkins, Mr. C. Francis Lloyd, and Mr. Daniel Price.

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The choirs sang in the following order:

- 1.—Treherbert United Choir (Mr. M. O. Jones).
- 2.—Pontypridd United Choir (Mr. William Thompson).
- 3.—North Staffordshire Choral Society (Mr. J. Whewall).
- 4.—Newport Choral Society (Mr. Fred Jones).
- 5.—Rhymney and Pontlottyn United Choir (Mr. John Price).
- 6.—Holyhead Harmonic Society (Mr. W. S. Owen).
- 7.—The Rhondda Philharmonic Society (Mr. D. T. Prosser).
- 8.—Mountain Ash Choral Union (Mr. T. Glyndwr Richards).
- 9.—Mid-Rhondda United Choir (Mr. Ted Hughes).
- 10.—Swansea Ebenezer Choral Society (Mr. J. D. Thomas).

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The North Staffordshire Choir, among the others, received a very enthusiastic welcome on making their appearance for their attempt to "beard the lion in his den," as Mabon tersely described the pavilion. The contest was prolonged over four hours, it being fully six o'clock when the last choir quitted the platform. The adjudicators not being at once ready with their award, Madame Williams Penn led the huge concourse in an inspiring rendering of "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau," the chorus being repeated with much hwyl. Mab-

on also rendered the solo of the "March of the Men of Harlech," and soon the welkin rang with the martial strains of the famous war march. The hon. member happened to be in very good voice, and in response to loud cries for encore he gave "Ar Hyd y Nos," and conducted his mighty choir of 12,000 in the rendering of the catchy refrain.

The first prize thus went to North Staffordshire, while Mountain Ash and Swansea closely followed and tied for second place. Mr. J. Whewall, the conductor of the winning choir, is no stranger to Welsh Eisteddfodic gatherings, for he conducted the Talke Choir when it won at Cardiff two years ago, while last year at Liverpool his choir divided with Blackpool the first honors in the second chief choral contest. The result was fully anticipated, and the successful conductor on his appearance on the platform was the recipient of hearty congratulations. A few minutes afterwards the members of the North Staffordshire Choir appeared in the streets sporting in their hats and caps printed cards proclaiming them the winners of the coveted prize. These cards, they admitted, had been printed in readiness before they had left their homes!

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THE GREAT BARDIC CONTEST.

By one o'clock, on Friday, everything was in readiness for the ceremony of chairing the bard. The Gorsedd banner—a work of art designed by Professor Herkomer—was brought on the platform, the bards slipped themselves into their robes, the carved oak chair was placed well in front on the stage, and bards of both sexes formed a crescent, with the Archdruid in the centre. The great sword of the Gorsedd was near at hand, and every detail in the entire

regalia was in its proper place. In answer to the "corn gwlad" the adjudicators, "Dafydd Morganwg" and the Rev. J. T. Job, came to the front. The third adjudicator, "Berw," was not present. "Dafydd Morganwg," by virtue of seniority, delivered the adjudication, prefacing his detailed criticism of each of the dozen contributions with the remark that he was proud of the honor of holding the position he did at that moment at a National Eisteddfod held in his native town. The subject of the ode was "Y Diwygiwr" ("The Reformer"), and the prize was £21 and the carved oak chair. While the adjudication was being given, Mrs. E. Griffiths of Chicago, the American lady whose name is given above again held the Stars and Stripes banner in her hand among the bards. Incensed by the disorder at the back of the pavilion, "Dafydd Morganwg" threatened that he would stop short if silence was not immediately restored. This had the desired effect, and the adjudicator, coming to a conclusion, said that the three adjudicators were perfectly unanimous as to which of the twelve odes was the best. "Melancthon" was announced to be the assumed name of the successful bard. "Elifonydd," the Gorsedd recorder, called out the name, and some 30 or 40 seconds elapsed before the familiar figure of "Dyfed" was seen standing far back on the left side of the pavilion. Two bards immediately stepped down, and, amid a tremendous outburst of applause, the greatest of all living Welsh bards was escorted to his chair. No victory could have been more popular, and the scene in the pavilion as the Archdruid, assisted by his satellites, held the sword over "Dyfed's" head and proclaimed him the chaired bard was a memorable one. "Dyfed," I might say, has won five National chairs, including that of the Chicago Eisteddfod. In fact, he has won the chair every time he has competed for it. He has proved himself

invincible, or, to quote the words of the Archdruid, "a conqueror of the conquerors." "Dyfed," I might also say, would not have competed this year but for the attack made upon him at Liverpool last year.

The Rev. Evan Rees, better known by his bardic name "Dyfed," lost his father when very young, and was compelled to seek a living under ground in his eighth year, to assist support a widowed mother and a family of small children, where he continued to labor for nearly fifteen years. During these years he devoted his leisure hours to home study, being fond of poetry and Welsh literature; and like many young men of literary tastes, participating in the literary contests of local *Eisteddfodau*. All the education he had was at the Sunday School. Being a faithful and devout member of Bethania Church, at Aberdare, he fell under the influence of such men as the Rev. John Roberts (*Ieuan Gwyllt*), Dr. Saunders, William Morgan and others, who left a lasting impression on his mind, which gave him a real start in his literary career. During 1875, during the lock out, he moved to Cardiff, where he worked on the docks, and subsequently in the service of the T. V. R. R. He became a member of Pembroke Terrace Church, and soon was induced to preach. Since, he has attained a wonderful success in *eisteddfodic* contests, this victory at Merthyr being his sixth national. His previous prize Odes are "Conscience" "Spring-time," "The Sinking of the Northfleet," "Light," "Love," "Hiraethog," "The Tower of London," "Refuge," "The Welsh Bible," "Jesus of Nazareth" at Chicago in 1893, and the "Reformer" at Merthyr. Dyfed is a successful preacher a popular lecturer, and a most skillful maker of alliterative Welsh poetry. He is self-educated and self-made, in the best sense.

THE GORSEDD CEREMONY.

Arrived at the Gorsedd the proceedings were conducted in an admirable manner, and were commendably brief. Hwfa Mon, the venerable Archdruid, took his place on the Logan stone, Ap Caledfryn standing by as the sword bearer of the Gorsedd; Arlunydd Penygarn as the *arwydd fardd*, Eos Dar as the penillion singer with the harp, Mr. Fred Jones, R.A.M., as harpist, Gwynedd as the treasurer of the Gorsedd, and Eifionydd as the recorder. Dyfed too stood at the side of the venerable Archdruid, Cadfan himself being on this auspicious occasion with peace running as a river between them. The various bards took their positions at the stone, and after Hwfa had called for a blast from the horn, announced that owing to the immense crowd around the Gorsedd he would address his remarks to east and west, to north and south, and especially to the gallery—referring to the thousands who stood on the highest point of the Thomastown tips overlooking the Gorsedd. Dyfed then offered the *Eisteddfod* prayer.

Hwfa said they were now about to open the Gorsedd of the Bards of the British Isles in accordance with the ancient ceremony—a ceremony so old that no one knew how old it was. Ceremonies, like men, when they became old often became weak, but the Gorsedd ceremonies gained strength from year to year and from age to age (loud applause). The bards laid their hands on the bardic sword, and the Archdruid, in stentorian tones, cried out "Gwaedd uwch adwaedd," "Llais uwch adlais," "A oes heddwch?" (Is there peace?), and the cry of "Heddwch" (Peace) resounded until the hills re-echoed. This ceremony being thrice repeated, the sword was returned to its sheath, and the Gorsedd of Merthyr Tydfil declared opened.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

MISS JENNIE WATKINS, GOMER, O.

"Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy truth."

We are slow in recognizing true worth, and often not until the object is taken from us are we made sensible of our failing. That the subject of this sketch filled a place in our social and religious life larger, perhaps, than we were wont to notice all who knew her will admit. Some characters, to a greater degree than others, continue to exert an influence long after the body has become silent. So with Miss Watkins. A year has elapsed since she passed away, yet the memory of her kindly deeds and quiet unassuming life abides fragrant as the breath of flowers.

Jennie was the daughter of Joseph and Mary Watkins of Gomer, O. One of a large family and brought up on a farm she early learned to be industrious and helpful—traits that characterized her whole life. Naturally of a quick, alert mind, and under the guidance of a good mother, she became, when quite young, so proficient in the details of house-keeping that her assistance was often in demand by the neighbors. Outside her home interests never was she happier than when doing for others. Although in circumstances requiring no such sacrifice, yet the needs of humanity appealed to her sympathetic nature so strongly that she counted not her own ease dear, nor even life itself if thereby she might be of help and comfort. If these homely virtues which she so finely exemplified of devotion to parents and home affairs, of helpfulness to others, of creating an atmosphere of cheer and good will wherever she was were to permeate the lives of all young

women of our days methinks it would be a great help in ushering in an era of better conditions, social and domestic. The advice of Ian Maclaren, "Be pitiful, for every man is fighting a hard battle," seemed incorporated into her very being.

She united with the Congregational church of Gomer when about twelve years of age under the pastorate of Dr. D. Jones, now of Granville, O., and to the time of her death walked worthy of her profession. Distrusting her powers she tremblingly took hold of any religious work publicly, but once undertaken it was done with her might. As member of the choir, as teacher in Sunday School, as officer and member of the Ladies Aid Society where her deft fingers were always busy, as a cheerful sufferer; at home or elsewhere, the Christian graces shone out with unmistakable luster. With the exception of two periods, one in California, where she had accompanied a brother, who later died there, and whose remains she brought home, and another in Wales in search of health, her whole life from the day of birth, November 20, 1861, to the end was spent at Gomer. The community may well take pride in her career, for what legacy is so valuable as a good life?

Several years ago the parents retired from farming, moving into their pleasant new home in the village, where Jennie continued to be the joy and comfort of their lives. That she might be spared to minister to them in their declining years was her chief desire. But the happy home was again to be saddened, the parents were made, nay rather shall I say, privileged to give back to God the eighth child out of the ten. To a family so sorely bereft, this last sorrow, the giving up of the

last daughter, was most poignant. On the afternoon of September 4, 1900, just before the end came, the deceased stretched out her arms in glad surprise, bringing them back again as if embracing some unseen friend. Undoubtedly, she found herself

* * by hands familiar beckoned
Unto her fitting place.

The funeral which took place the following Thursday from the church was largely attended, the Revs. J. P. Williams, Gomer, O., J. G. Thomas, Lima, O., and G. B. Gardner, Lafayette O., officiating. May the spirit of her useful, unselfish life be prolonged and perpetuated molding the thoughts and feelings not only of her beloved parents and two remaining brothers, but of all who knew her.

O friend! if thought and sense avail not
To know thee henceforth as thou art
That all is well with thee forever
I trust the instincts of my heart.—A.

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MISS HANNAH E. MORGAN, OF
PICKETTS, WIS.

It is with much pleasure that "The Cambrian" introduces to its readers one of the talented daughters of our nation, Miss Hannah E. Morgan of Picketts, Wis. We deem it a privilege to recognize the ability and culture of our young Welsh-Americans, and we trust that our sketches and cuts of the same will be an effective factor in the work of building up a national thought and opinion strong enough to count with. Many of our talented boys and girls are much too modest. To be very modest in this country is to keep ourselves in back seats. "The Cambrian" takes pride in pushing the worthy to the front. There are hundreds of young Cambrians in this broad land who are talented, scholarly, and of such usefulness on artistic and educational lines. The subject of our present sketch is one of them.

Miss Hannah E. Morgan was born in

1878 at Llwyn Derw, the homestead of the Morgan family near Pickett, Wis. Mr. Owen Morgan, her father, is a native of Llangefni, or near by, Anglesea, and her mother's birthplace is Nantglyn, Denbighshire—two counties noted for their talent. The poetic atmosphere of Nantglyn entered largely into the soul of Mrs. Morgan, and it is but seldom that one finds a livelier and kinder Cymro than Mr. Owen Morgan. Miss Morgan grew up in a musical home, her brother Moses, precentor of Peniel Church, her sister and relatives forming an exceptional musical circle.

Our subject was a scholar at the Hawley District School, near Llwyn Derw, until she was 14 years of age. She entered Ripon College in 1893, and graduated from its Preparatory Course. In 1897 Miss Morgan began the study of music in the Ripon Conservatory under the direction of the zealous and scholarly Professor Frederick Lane, practicing at home and driving nine miles to Ripon and back once a week for her lessons in piano-work, harmony and music-history. In 1901 Miss Morgan was encouraged so worthily by her parents, that she was enabled to go and stay at Ripon in order to devote her whole time to her favorite studies. This course proved to be a wise one; because she made such substantial progress, that she was asked to prepare an essay to be read at her graduation exercises, June 11, in addition to her piano solo-work. The following was the program she read and performed with success, winning special praise from her critical teacher: Essay, "The Relation Between the Teacher and Pupil;" Beethoven Sonata, Op. 14, No. 2; Field, Nocturne; Wagner-Spindler, Spinning Song; Godard, Berger et Bergeres; Goldner, Polonaise, Op. 47, No. 3.

We are pleased to insert the above essay in the present number—it shows the literary talent of Miss Morgan, a fact that will add greatly to the effectiveness of her teaching and performances.

An excellent critical synopsis of this cultured and dignified young lady appeared in a recent number of our magazine, which stated that Miss Morgan excelled in three important senses, viz., as a ready reader, instrumentally and

MISS LIZZIE DAVIES.

July 23, 1901, occurred the death of Miss Lizzie Davies at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Thos. J. Davies, residing in the town of Nekimi, Wis.



Miss Hannah E. Morgan.

vocally, as a pianist of much technical skill and interpretative ability, and as an accompanist who could be trusted in severe ordeals. She also possesses a mezzo-soprano voice, sonorous, and of much promise. She hopes to have opportunities to develop the same in the near future.

Three weeks to the time of her death she was taken with a severe illness that proved fatal in preying upon her physical system. The hard stroke of the disease fell so heavy upon the house of clay, earthly tabernacle, that the bodily frame gave way, and the spirit took its flight for the realms above to

be with Jesus evermore. And as it is a painful experience for our feeling to part with loved ones, there are hearts made lonely by the departure of this one from our midst that was so dearly beloved by all. Also to have her taken away in a youthful stage of life when only 21 years of age, makes it harder to bear, and the blow of grief more keenly felt. It seems to us too bad to have a young person so promising in a career of usefulness as our departed sister was, to pass out of her earthly existence in the bloom of youth. But we are frequently disappointed in not having things come the way we would have them. And yet this is for our highest good and greatest advantage if we could only see it.

"O blindness to the future, kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by
heaven."

It is a comforting thought for us to know that we are in the hands of an infinite Being, and loving Father, and not left unto cruel fate to be tossed about without a place of resortment. Let us therefore bow with reverence before God in submission unto his will who is doing all things well. Lizzie was born and reared in this immediate vicinity, being the only child of her parents, and she is now greatly missed by them in their loneliness, for she always had a pleasant smile and a kind word, which are like radiant beams to brighten the home. And the grief-stricken father and mother are not the only ones shedding tears of sorrow, but a host of relatives and a large circle of friends join with them in weeping. In fact, all the people of this entire community mourn the loss of parting with this young sister, who was greatly admired for the good qualities of her true character.

Tokens of the esteem in which she was held were expressed at the funeral by beautiful wreaths of flowers, and emblems of the peaceful rest her soul had found in reclining on the Savior's bosom of infinite love. She was a faith-

ful and active member of the Congregational Church at Zoar, Rosendale.—A Friend.

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In an interesting paragraph the "Daily Telegraph" says that "Mr. O. M. Edwards has made the first attempt at writing a continuous, popular history of Wales. The volume, which is about to appear in the Story of the Nations Series, is published in the United Kingdom by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, and in America by Messrs. Putnam. In the first half of it the author sketches the rise and fall of the princely caste, and in the latter portion he describes the growth of a self-educated, self-governing peasantry. Mr. Edwards, who is the lecturer on Modern History at Lincoln College, Oxford, had difficulties as to the manner in which the proper names should be printed—whether in Welsh or English. He has decided to give in the text the Anglicised form, whilst in brackets in the index he has had printed the Welsh spelling. There is a probability, by the way, that an edition of the history will be published in Welsh."

Rarely, if ever, in Wales, has been recorded the success in pianoforte playing at two public examinations of a child under seven years of age; yet this is what a Pontypridd little girl has accomplished. Last November Enid, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis, of Tophill, passed the preparatory grade examination of Trinity College, London gaining a percentage of 82 marks, and recently were held the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music (School) examinations, at which she gained the distinction certificate in the elementary division, the minimum marks required for this being 84 out of a possible 99.

Mr. William Archer, as a critic, is more in sympathy with the Celtic renaissance than his brother critic, Mr. Andrew Lang. But in his capacity of a

critic he feels compelled to remonstrate with a certain class of Neo-Celts. "If the Kelts throughout the world can become a bilingual race, so much the better for them—provided always that they do not make their ancestral speech a means of accentuating and perpetuating race prejudices and rancours. I cannot but deprecate the racial arrogance of the renascent Kelt. Because he happens to have a 'Mac' or an 'O' or an 'Ap' to his name, does he think that he can claim a monopoly in Kelticism or keep his renaissance all to himself? The Keltic renaissance is not essentially a matter of 'blood-brotherhood,' but rather a literary or, let us say, a spiritual tendency, determined in most cases by accidents of environment."

The splendid vocal powers of Welsh people are, of course, largely due to the magnificent lungs they possess. The bracing air gives to a dweller in the mountains a chest which Kilsby Jones was wont to describe as "like a bellows built for a blacksmith for some special occasion." Yet a writer in the current number of "Pearson's Weekly," in writing upon "Holidays that Hurt," cheerfully knocks his head against ten thousand facts in the following complacent style: "Those who suffer from weak chests should avoid spending their holidays in Wales, the air of almost every part of which during summer is calculated to aggravate chest complaints." He is sensible enough, however, to add: "People suffering from mild forms of indigestion will generally derive real benefit from a sojourn in Wales, particularly North Wales."

Welshmen are found in remote corners of the world. Mr. Foster Fraser, in his "Round the World on a Wheel," gives an interesting description of a Welshman, an hotel keeper, who is quite a character at Cawnpore. "We were dusty and tired when we arrived," the writer says, "and in the middle of our ablutions he burst upon us, 'Gentlemen, your

hands. I am Joe Lee.' He was a tall man, white-headed, broad-backed old fellow. You've heard of me, gentlemen, of course you have. Seventy-two years old next birthday, fifty-six inches round the chest. A soldier! I just think I am a soldier. I was right through the mutiny, sir; got a sword cut across the arm and two bullets in the leg. Two hours and ten minutes after those devils had massacred the women I was there. I was in the first relief party to Lucknow. My father was one hundred and eleven years and nine days old when he died. My mother was one hundred and three, and they had twenty children. I am a Welshman, of Manafon, in Montgomeryshire. I didn't know a word of English when I ran away from the plough and 'listed. Never wrote home—never! I went home after forty years and found only two sisters alive. But I visited the graves of my father and mother, and all my brothers and sisters, and then I came back to India."

We are happy to congratulate Miss Winifred L. Jones's success as a scholar and teacher. She is a graduate of the Albany Normal College, and was a teacher at Lima, O., for the last two years. She has been appointed to a position on the staff of the Camden, N. J., High School. Miss Jones is the daughter of the Rev. Erasmus W. Jones, Utica, who, although born in 1817, is one of the youngest old men in the State of New York.

The exact date of the establishment of the bishoprics in Wales seems to be a doubtful matter. St. David (sixth century) is supposed to have founded St. David's, but the life and doings of St. David are wrapt in a good deal of mystery. Llandaff was founded, it is said, by Dyvrig (Dubricius) in the fifth century, the founder of St. Asaph was Kentigern, who died in the beginning of the seventh century; and the first Bishop of Bangor was Deiniol Wyn (sixth century).

Original and Selected Miscellany:

Poverty is no crime, but, nevertheless, it is punishable by hard labor for life.

Woman first tempted man to eat; he took to drinking of his own accord.—
Four Hundred Laughs.

Friend: What, Pat, not learned to ride that bicycle yet?

Pat (who has been practicing for a week): "Sorra a bit, sorr. Shure Oi can't aven balance mesilf standin' still, let alone roidin'!"

Don't be ashame o' yoh ign'unce, sonny," said Uncle Eben, "as long as you is doin' yoh bes' to git over it. Ef dar wasn' some fings you didn' know, dar wouldn' be no mo' use in libbin'."

"Dickie," when you divided those five caramels with little sister, did you give her three?" "No, ma. I guessed they wouldn't come out even, so I et one fore I began to divide."

Our little friend Phoebe (nearly 5) is left-handed, states the Presbyterian. Her father said one day: "Phoebe, I do wish you would use your right hand." "Well, papa, I would," was the quick reply, "if it was on the other side."

Ted says the stars are fire-files, lost
As far, far up they flew;
Roy calls them little silver nails,
To hold the floor of blue;
May calls them gimlet-holes in heaven
To let the glory through.

—Selected.

An Irishman was painting his barn, and was hurrying the work with all his strength and speed. "What are you in such a hurry for, Murary?" asked a spec-

tator. "Sure, I want to get through before me paint runs out," was the reply.

The following contains all the Welsh alphabet:

Ar ben Calfaria fryn
Bu farw Iesu cu;
Agorodd ffynon yllch yn wyn
Ein dyfnion felau ni.
Gorphenodd yno'i waith,
Mewn lludded, ing, a phoen;
'Trigollion pena'r ddaear faith
Lanhell trwy waed yr Oen.

Sarcasm doesn't generally pay unless it be of the pleasant kind used by an Irishman to his employer, a coal dealer who proposed to discharge him "because he couldn't learn anything." "Well, Oi've learnt one thing since Oi've been wid ye," said Pat. "What's that?" "That eighteen hundredweight make a ton in your business," came the sly answer, and Pat was retained.

A cousin of the late Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Delight Beecher Upson, has celebrated her hundredth birthday at Burlington, Connecticut. She prides herself on never having had toothache or a decayed tooth, or need of a dentist. "When a child," she says, "I heard that if a person bit a snake from head to tail, he or she would always have sound teeth. I got my brother to catch a snake, and hold it by the head and tail while I sank my teeth into the reptile." The result—one hundred years of cheerful chewing and an unblemished reputation for veracity, even in a snake story."

Paris is said to have been deeply stirred by the action of the ex-Empress Eugenie in recently presenting

to the municipality the cradle of the Prince Imperial, who was killed in the Zulu war. The cradle is a beautiful work of art, and even the extreme republican can smile at the little imperial crown over the white satin pillow. The widow of Napoleon III. is now in her seventy-sixth year. Since the fall of the Empire, she has made her home in England.

The following advertisement was inserted in a Chicago evening paper of June 6:

"Wanted—Girl for general housework; union or non-union; any old kind; family of three adults and three children, with nurse, and occupy small house at Sheridan Park, two blocks from the N. W. Elevated; nice, large, airy room, with southwest breeze, for girl; no washing nor much of anything else to do; our girl quit yesterday, because we invited some relatives to help us celebrate the Fourth; next Fourth, if girl demands it, we will disown our relatives and renounce our country; wages, \$5. Address L., 197, Daily News."

The following are specimen stanzas of the penillion sung by Eos Dar to the accompaniment of Fred Jones, R.A.M.:
Dyma gylch newydd yn yr hen le,
Lle mae yr hen awen yn gwneyd ei
thre',—

Lle mae y llenor, y cerddor, a chan
Yn byw wedi diffodd y gweithiau tan.
Cadwch y meini yn eu lle o hyd,
Cadwch y Gymraeg hyd ddiwedd y byd.
A gelwch y Parc sydd o gylch y meini
gian
Byth yn Barc yr Orsedd er mwyn y gan.
Cofia di, Ferthyr, yr enwog wyr,
Yn feirdd a cherddorion, fu'gynt ar dy
fur;
A chofia di gadw iaith hen Gymru Wen
Tra tir dan dy draed a nef uwch dy ben.
—Watcyn Wyn.

Cyn bydd Merthyr heb ei chan,
A'r beirdd heb dan yr Awen,—
Cyn bo'i phlant yn sefyll draw
O gyraedd llaw Ceridwen,

Fe fydd defnydd coesau whips
Yn tyfu ar Dips Pendarren.
Cyn colli cledd o'r Orsedd hen,
A'r Awen sy' mor hoew,—
Cyn bo'r Gymraeg heb ddarnau gwyh
Athrylith ar ei helw,
Fe fydd dedwyddyd byd ar ben,
A Morien wedi marw.

—Brynfab.

The result of the odd fishing experiment employed recently at White River, Elwood, Ind., is vouched for by a number of reputable citizens who witnessed it. A party in which was Carl Leiderstrom camped at the river and a Swedish method of fishing, known as the Pilka, was introduced by that gentleman. A glass fruit jar was filled partly full of water and a dozen live minnows imprisoned and a perforated sheepskin placed across the top. The jar was lowered in the water and Leiderstrom played a number of selections on an accordion claiming that the water was a good conductor of sound and would attract the fish, which would remain, attempting to get the minnows. An hour after the jar was lowered lines were brought into use and the party landed 207 fish, principally carp, suckers and catfish.

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WHICH FOOT WALKS THE FASTER?

You may think this a very silly question to ask, but is it? There is no catch about it. It is a simple demonstrable fact, which you can prove to your own satisfaction in a very few minutes.

If you will take any pavement that is clear of other pedestrians, so that there shall be no interference, and walk briskly in the centre, you will find that before you have gone a hundred yards you will have veered very much to one side. You must not make any conscious effort, of course, to keep to the centre, or you may do it; but if you will think of something, and endeavor to walk naturally, it is a hundred to one you cannot keep a direct line.

The explanation of this lies in the peculiarity of one foot to walk faster than the other. Or, to be more correct, perhaps it should be said that one leg takes a longer stride than the other, and this, combined with the quicker movement, causes one to walk more to one side than the other.

It is well known, for instance, that if one is lost in the woods, the tendency is to walk in a circle and eventually to return to about the starting point. This demonstrates the fact also that one foot walks faster than the other.

You can try an interesting experiment in this way if you will place two stakes in the lawn about eight feet apart, and then stand off about sixty feet, allow yourself to be blindfolded, and endeavor to walk between them. You will find it an almost impossible task, because one foot will go a bit faster than the other, either to the right or left. Now, which one of your feet walks faster than the other?—Pearson's Weekly.

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AN ALLROUND CRITIC.

The musical critic was unable to attend the pianoforte recital, but the handy man on the paper allowed that he could do the thing easy enough. And this is how he did it:

"Herr Diapason's recitals last evening at Acoustic hall was the most recherche event of the musical season. Herr Diapason is a master of cantilever, and both in his automobilia and in his tour de force he wrought wonders of tonic stimulation. He was especially potent in his dolce far niente passages, and in his diminuendo crescendo appoggiature he displayed technological skill that was simply wonderful.

"There was also a marvelous musically abandon in the mute bars, the instrument in these parts of the score being forcefully impressive in silent fortissimo. But it was perhaps in andante capriccioso that he excelled himself. Here he discovered a coloratura, a bravura and an ensemble that fairly electrified his audience.

"Herr Diapason, it is true, occasionally erred in an overponderosity or rutabaga, and again in a too lambent lustspiel; but these lapses were hardly noticeable in his rendering of cantabillous intermezzo. The recital, upon the whole, was a marvelous exhibition of poca hontas instrumentation and incandescent cavatina."

Slug four, who takes lessons, said there was something wrong about it, although he couldn't say exactly what, and the managing editor, upon looking the critique over, was free to admit that it was all Greek to him, still he said that it seemed to read all right, so far as he could discover to the contrary, and it was quite in the line of the regular critic's composition—more luminous indeed—and he didn't see why it shouldn't be printed. It was lucky, he said, that they had so able an all-round writer on the staff.—"Boston Transcript."

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THE IRISHMAN'S PISTOL.

What the pistol was to the squire, the blackthorn shillelagh was to the gossoon at a later day. It was the arbiter in personal quarrels, family feuds, disputes about trespass, right of way, boundaries, and local contentions between baronies or parishes. Donnybrook Fair, which, in the early part of the century, was held near Dublin, was the popular theater for the exhibition of faction fights. "People came from all parts of the country, many to buy or sell; but many more, 'feeilin' blue mouldily intirely for want or a batin,' tripped to the fair with the sole object of participating in 'the discussion with sticks.'"—Mr. MacDonagh.

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JOSH BILLINGS' THEOLOGY.

We do not know to what church Josh Billings belonged, but his theology was correct in some particulars at least.

"Menny people," he says, "spend their time trieling to find the hole whar sin got into the world. If two men brake through the ice into a mill pond, they

had better hunt for some good hole tew get out rather than get into a long argument about the hole they cum to fall in.

"There is a great deal of religion in this world that is like a life preserver—only put on at the moment of extreme danger and then half the time put on hind side before.

"Sin in the soul iz like a silver in the flesh. Mortifikashun iz the natral way tew git rid of it."—Exchange.

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BROTHER WILLIAMS ON
"TROUBLE."

Ef dis worl' is a worl' er trouble, I notice dat mighty few people is willin' ter sell out.

De end er de righteous is peace; but he ain't in a hurry ter fin' peace ef he get ter leave dis worl' without fust sendin' fer de doctor.

De rich man got ter go ter heaven thoo' de eye er a needle; but de po' man hez ter git in wharever he kin fin' a crack in de fence.

"I hearn tell," said the colored deacon, "dat la's night Br'er Johnson lef' dis worl' fer de nex' one; but sence he didn't sen' for me ter wait on him fo' he lef', I can't say fer sartin des whar en how he landed."—"Atlanta Constitution."

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YOUNG WOMEN'S LEGS DIDN'T
WAVE.

A feature of a recent meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society of the First Presbyterian Church at Montclair, N. J., was a "reversible social." The furniture and pictures in the room were reversed and all were obliged to enter the room backward. The President of the society, William J. Harris, announced the programme with his back to the company and with his coat on wrong side out. Six young women wearing sunbonnets stood with their backs to the audience and sang college songs.

While the chorus was being sung they disappeared behind a curtain, over the top of which they showed their hands dressed in shoes and stockings, giving the effect of standing on their heads.

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AUNT KRUGER.

[Mrs. Kruger was familiarly known to her people as Tante (Aunt).]

Who was a true and loyal wife?

Who loved Oom Paul throughout her life,

And held her hands apart from strife?

Aunt Kruger.

Whom at the seat of war left he.

With just a text as legacy,

Eloping with his £ s. d.?

Aunt Kruger.

Who got to love our Tommy there,

Made coffee rich for him to share,

And played the "mother" fair and square?

Aunt Kruger.

We're sorry for Oom Paul to-day,

But ne'er forget he ran away,

Whilst on your "stoep" she vowed to stay.

Aunt Kruger.

O'er her long home our flag doth wave,

Whoe'er they be we love the grave.

May foes clasp hands about her grave.

Aunt Kruger.

IDRIS.

—o:o—

A SHARP RETORT.

The "Sheffield Telegraph" is responsible for the following story: A Welshman, walking through a fashionable thoroughfare in London, noticed on a door a bell. At the side of the bell were these words, "Please ring the bell." Taffy went and rang the bell. In a second a powdered little footman appeared and asked him what he wanted. "Nothing," said the Welshman, "but I rang the bell because it says so." "Oh," observed the footman with a smile, "I see,

you come from the country where nany-goats grow on gooseberry bushes." "Yes," replied the Welshman, "but in London there are more wonderful sights. You have only to ring a bell and a monkey pops out."

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HIS RIGHT NAME.

An Irish laborer at Santiago, relates an exchange, slipped out between the lines, expecting to steal in again, but during his absence the sentinel had been changed and his approach was heard.

"Who goes there?" demanded the sentinel.

"It's me," said Pat.

"And who's me?"

"Gineral Shafter!" declared Pat.

"Howld on, now," said the sentinel,

"I want your roight name."

"I'm Gineral Shafter," was the reply.

"I'll give you wan mbre chance. Till me your roight name, or 'tis over the head you'll be hit wid this gun!" Still Pat repeated the name of the famous commander, and he was taken to the hospital. The next day a friend came to see him and asked: "Pat, why didn't you give your right name?"

"My roight name is it?" said Pat. "Will ol guess not! Faith, if he'd do this to Gineral Shafter, what wouldn't he have done to Pat Murphy?"

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TRADING LEGS.

"Trading legs?" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that a wooden leg is an article of barter and exchange?"

"Waal, some do an' some don't. I'm one of the kind that does," went on the driver, drily. "It's only human natur' to be dickerin' an' tradin' round if a fellow's got anything to trade with. an' when I run acrost a chap who's got a pegleg that looks as if it might fit me a leetle mite better than the one I'm wearin' at the time, I gener'ly stump

him fer a trade before I let him git away.

"Sometimes we make a swap of it, an' sometimes we don't. Depends on whether the other feller's got any game in him or not. It's a sorter resky business, tradin' legs, same as swoppin' hosses, an' some folks ain't got the rekisite sand to do it. I'll never forgit the first trade I made. Feller I swopped with was one of these travellin' exhorters—a shoutin' Methodist or a Second Adventist, or suthin' in that line—an' b'gosh, I don't keer a durn whether you b'lieve me or not, but I hadn't bin wearin' that wooden leg of his a week before I quit swearin' at the hosses an' raisin' Sam Hill when anything didn't go right, same as I allers uster do, an' commenced exhortin' the passengers an' p'intin' out the error of their ways to them in any case where I seen it was necessary.

"Waal, it wa'n't very long before complaints begun to come in ag'inst me. You see, to begin with, I couldn't make time over the road without rippin' out at the hosses wunst in a while. The plagued critters noticed the difference in me right off, an' they took advantage of it to lazy along an' do jest about as they pleased. An' then, besides complainin' of me fer bein' behind time, the passengers said I was preachin' at them an' mixin' in affairs that was none of my special bizness; an' by gravy, it begun to look as if I was goin' to lose my job, when that air shoutin' Methodist, or whatever he was, come along back ag'in an' kicked up a rumpus because that leg of mine had jest about ruined his business; said it had bin traveling straight t'rd's the bottomless pit with him ever sence he owned it, an' now he'd got so he was jest as liable as not to swear right out in the pulpit without thinkin', an' he allowed that unless I traded back with him he'd sue me fer damages."—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

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WILLIAM McKINLEY.

By George James Jones, D. D.

(Written after delivery at C. M. Church, Oak Hill, O., September 19, 1901, the day of the President's funeral.)

The assassination of any man is a public calamity. The assassination of a President is more so, because, not only has an honored individual lost his life, but because also any man who may be elevated to the same high office may be treated in a similar manner; enmity exists toward the government, and the heart of the government is sought in the President. The assassination of William McKinley was more than the assassination of a President. We have had other Presidents, grand men too, who filled their office to the full, but they came much short of McKinley.

To McKinley was given the extraordinary grand work of projecting American thought and life into the policies of the world. America is understood better to-day than ever before, and McKinley is more honored. With some the President was more than the man, but with him the man was more than the President. With every new duty and responsibility a new trait of glory was seen in his character. As

a boy at home, a student at college, a soldier in the battlefield, a representative in Congress, as Governor of his State, and as President of the United States, he was so true to sterling manhood that his popularity like the rising of the sun rose higher and higher. When he had been shot, the people mad with sorrow and rage, handling roughly the villain, he made what seems a miracle, a step which brought him into touch with the cross of Christ, and uttered words which have echoed and re-echoed throughout the world, "Do not let them injure him." The spirit of the martyrs, the spirit of conquerors, the spirit of Christ, breathes in those startling words. Few men rise to that elevation, none beyond.

He is the third martyred American President. To gain a place along-side of Lincoln and Garfield is of itself a great honor. Here are three men, Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, without superiors in the annals of time. They shine in the firmament of human history with an

intensity of lustre that is not surpassed. Men of lofty thought and pure emotions bow at such a shrine and worship the invisible. But as they differ in glory so also do they differ in the incidents leading to their death and coronation.

Mr. Lincoln was murdered because of the emancipation of the slaves and the crushing of the rebellion; his life was given as a ransom for the black race. Mr. Garfield was slain because a man crazed with a blind ambition failed in securing the political recognition he thought for reasons satisfactorily to himself he merited. May be that the bitter opposition of unsafe and insincere leaders of his own party had an indirect influence on that crazed mind. Mr. Lincoln was murdered for what he had done; Mr. Garfield was murdered for what he was, for standing up so bravely against men in his own party who sought to rule and to reign over him. With Mr. McKinley these things were absent. He had freed the millions in the isles of the south seas and in the isles of the orient, and had the unbounded support, not only of his own party but of the patriotic and the true throughout the land, yea, throughout the world. He was murdered because he represented law and order and love. The blow he received struck the heart of the nation. For that reason his death is mourned throughout the world.

The assassin is guilty as Judas. He voluntarily chose himself for the cruel and terrible deed, and will

suffer for it. Above him and above all events is God. Mr. Garfield at the death of Lincoln said, "The Lord reigneth and the government at Washington still lives," and as true as that God reigneth he uses this calamity to the elevation and the building up of his kingdom. As Cowper said:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face."

Moses was called to die while for his age he was still a young man, at least, he was full of vigor mental and physical. To all human reasoning he was the very man to complete the work he had began and so successfully conducted so far but God said, no, "Moses come up with me to the mountain and die, Joshua is now the man to do this work." Is there not a beautiful parallel here? William McKinley did a great work—greater perhaps than any other since Lincoln—and to the eye of man no other could carry on and develop that work, but God said, "William come up, the man to carry on the work is at your right hand, come up and make room for him." Envy long ago marked Roosevelt for political slaughter. It said that he should not become President, and to make that doubly sure, he was made Vice President, and now to break over his environments he had all the machinations of the politicians, and that almost unsurmountable thing called American tradition to overcome. While in those circumstances his political

opponents smiled with serene satisfaction and supposed security, but God said, "Gentlemen, this man is to become President," and he has. The plans of men are shattered, the plans of God are in force. Mr. McKinley is dead, Mr. Roosevelt is at the head of the nation. And we have abundant reason for placing in him profoundest confidence. He is the worthy successor of the noblest of men.

He will, as he has said, follow the path marked out for him by his illustrious predecessor, but other providential incidents, doubtless, will turn up, and in a large sense the path is not yet marked out for him, and the difference between McKinley and Roosevelt may be as great as the difference between Moses and Joshua, and Joshua followed the path as marked out for him only in principles of actions; not in detail of operations. Principles are eter-

nal, policies of methods of statesmanship are changeable. The policies of one man may not meet the demands of another; what may be just the thing to do in a given case may be illogical or unreasonable in another. We should not insist that this man of God shall lose his individuality in the greatness and the success of another. There are specific tasks for him to accomplish, and he will accomplish them only as he is led and strengthened of the God of Joshua. America by the logic of its environments is called of God to enlighten, to lead, to Christianize vast millions, to shed a new glory, to preach the old gospel in the garb of a new rhetoric, and God knows the man to do this vast work. We mourn the death and loss to us of McKinley, but thank God for the providence which gave us Roosevelt.

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AUTUMN.

By Rusticus.

How Autumn speaks of life's decay,
As mellowed summer dies away!
How splendid like a setting sun
Is Autumn on its downward run!
With varied hues the trees are tinted
So reddened, orange, yellowed, pinked!
If this be death, 'tis shown to us
Death may be grandly glorious,
When duty's done and work is blest
With a divine-appointed rest!
No solemn trappings here engloom
The dying with a threat'ning doom,
But with a pageant's joy and cheer
Is led the fast descending year.

MEETING OF THE CELTS.

 By W. H. Brayden.

We of Dublin have been interested of late in the proceedings of "the Pan-Celtic Congress." It is a new evidence of the Celtic revival.

The Gaelic movement has become so successful that the fashionable world is attracted; and the Pan-Celtic association provides an avenue of entrance for the genteel. To be a member of the Gaelic league has certain inconveniences. It implies either a good knowledge of the Irish language or hard study to acquire the knowledge. But the intellectual who is too lazy to undertake the study but yet professes sympathy, and who is prepared to explain in English the philosophy of the Gaelic avatar; the Irish landlord who wants to be a patriot in everything except rent reduction and the nationalization of the government; and the social butterfly in search of a new sensation, are all anxious to patronize the Gaelic movement and share in its popularity. The Pan-Celtic association has afforded them the opportunity. Its purpose is to bring together representatives of the Celtic people—"the five nations"—among whom still linger the remnants of the old Celtic language. Brittany sent a poet, an archæologist and a philologist; the highlands a contingent of banjoists and musicians; Wales, a hierarchy of druids, bards and singers; the Isle

of Man, the speaker of the house of keys—"the only Celtic parliament," as he boasted; but the Gaelic leaguers in Ireland held suspiciously aloof. The workers evidently thought the proceedings likely to be dangerously fantastic, and calculated to invoke ridicule upon projects that have achieved a really important measure of success. The Breton poet, M. Lebray, asked recently what the Gaelic league thought in reference to "Pan-Celticism." The reply given by a worthy woman of the league was that the Gaelic league has to think about education, emigration, intoxication and leather. It has not time just now for ornamentation.

So the representation of Ireland at the congress was left to the peers and the poets of the Ang'o-Irish school. Lord Castletown was the president. Lord Castletown boasts when at home of being the head of the Fitzpatrick clan and the lineal representative of the princes of Orsory. He made himself famous in the financial reform movement by threatening England with another Boston tea party if she didn't give in; but the only tea party that he achieved was a perfunctory speech in the House of Lords, where he was chaffed mercilessly for his Cork peroration, and explained that it was purely metaphorical. As he

has just returned from South Africa, where he has been performing as a yeoman, his presence in the chair excited not unnatural antagonism from the strenuous Gaelic politicians. Lord Castletown was supported by another chieftain peer in the person of Lord Inchiquin, the head of the house of O'Brien. It was Lord Inchiquin's first appearance on any platform except that of the landlords' convention; and his contribution to the proceedings suggested that the representative of Brian Boru has a good deal to learn about the language of the victor of Clontarf and the history of the country he ruled. Another budding peer present was the Hon. William Gibson, son of the Irish lord chancellor. The Gaelic pedigree of the Gibsons, a Cromwellian family from County Tipperary, has yet to be fabricated. But the Hon. William is very much interested in clothes, and his metier is that of modiste to the new Celts. He appeared in a saffron costume imitated from old sixteenth-century prints. His was not the only display of millinery. The Welsh contingent appeared in their ceremonial robes, the Scots in their kilts and plaids, and the Bretons in their national costume. The Dublin Lord Mayor and town council, who marched in the procession from the Mansion House to the Congress, looked quite drab in the rear of this display of color. There was a good deal of mummerly introduced in the proceedings by the Welsh contingent, whose archdruid and chief bard had much hoary

ceremonial to get through. This feature of the proceedings excited not a little fun among the Dublin crowd; and the wide audience of the press joined in the laughter over the serious discussion on the subject of a national costume. The ordinary Gaelic leaguer is content to work in the trousers that prevail from San Francisco to Athens, but the Anglo-Irish Pan-Celt needs a crimson cloak and a saffron waistcoat to make up for his little skill in Gaelic.

Notwithstanding these excesses, a good deal of sound work was done by the Congress. Such scholars as Zimmer, Kuno Meyer and Prof. Rhys had much to say upon the present position of Celtic studies. William Yeats, the poet, spoke a few pregnant words upon the development of Celtic art, while the musical festivals associated with the Congress were really excellent illustrations of the value of the work that is being done in gathering together and restoring the relics of Celtic folk music. The only breeze that threatened the harmony of the proceedings was created by a highlander, who read a paper on the subject of "Land and Language," his contention being that the land question and the language question were inseparably connected and that the establishment of the Celtic language meant the establishment of Saxon landlordism. This was bringing the business home to the bosom of Lord Castletown, who evidently dreaded the tendency of the argument. It was agreed to forego politics. But the Hon. Stuart

Erskine told a story of a Gaelic meeting in Scotland where a speaker was telling the people to keep their language and their customs, and was interrupted by an ancient Gael with the exclamation: "We have the language but we want the land."

The Congress adjourned for four years. By that time if the Pan-Celtic association is to become an influence in Gaelic Ireland it must purge itself of its excrescences. There was so much that was merely ridiculous introduced by the Welsh contingent that it was calculated to kill the whole movement in laughter. Fortunately the really valuable contributions of Brittany and Scotland to the elucidation of Celtic studies, and the splendid success of the musical festival, where the Welsh choirs were easily ahead, saved the Congress from being merely farcical. The desire of the people who dearly love a lord to have a peer for their patron also involved the Congress in difficulties. If these mistakes were to be corrected and the Irish Gael joined hands with the association it might become really im-

portant as a means of co-ordinating Celtic studies and securing that co-operation which is so essential to success.

Meantime the English press is puzzled. Its efforts to appreciate the Congress are highly amusing. The writers do not know whether Celticism is quite loyal or whether an Irish-speaking peasant may not prove as dangerous a customer as a Boer speaking the Taal. Just now the colonial office is busy suppressing Italian in Malta and Dutch in South Africa, and here are five other units of the empire refusing to be Anglo-Saxon; for Cornwall has appealed to be admitted to the Congress as a sixth "nation." The Cornishmen have been told that if they learn to speak Cornish before the next Congress their appeal will be considered. This by some Englishmen is thought to be rank treason to the Anglo-Saxon race. But others console themselves with the thought that Milton's mother was a Welsh-woman, and that Shakespeare came from the march country, where Celt and Saxon mixed.



AN AUTUMN DAY.

Softly the wind through the branches is stealing,
 Singing a lullaby, tender and low;
 Bare is the field that was gayly revealing
 Its riot of tints where the wild flowers grow.
 The morning of Maytime was blushing with beauty,
 And the noontide of June was resplendently bright,
 But time will not linger for love or for duty,
 The year grows a-weary and murmurs "good night."

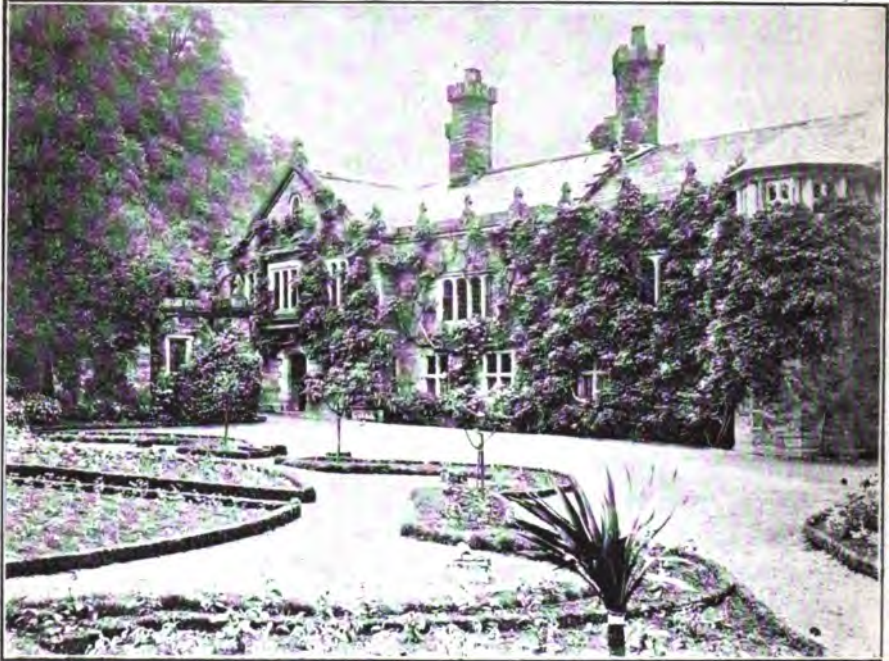
GWIDIR AND GWIDIR CASTLE.

Gwidir Ucha was once a summer residence of the Gwidir family, and close to it is an Episcopal Chapel, where service is yet performed in English on Sunday afternoon for such as do not mind a climb to worship. The arrangements of the building are curious, and the interior seems more suitable to the requirements of a Masonic Lodge than of Anglican worship. From the front the view is magnificent, looking down the valley towards Conway. The steps below us lead into the high road, where we find, close at hand, Gwidir Castle, one of the seats of Lady Willoughby D'Eresby. This is quite a show place during the season. Most of the existing building was erected early in the present century, although traces of the sixteenth remain. Some of the rooms contain carved work of the time of Elizabeth and the first James, and a screen is shown said to have been worked by Mary, Queen of Scots. The place abounds in curiosities, and some of the tapestry, and Spanish leather covering the walls, are well worth examining. There are not many portraits in the house; those that are there include Mary Wynn, duchess of Ancaster, Peregrine Bertie, Duke of Ancaster, Kesteven, son of Duke Robert, and his wife, and a portrait of one of the dukes, by Lely.

Sir John Wynn of Gwidir, the first of the baronets, was a celebrity in his day, and has left behind him valuable contributions to Welsh literature. His "History of the Gwidir Family," is curious and interesting. As a man his character has been praised and blamed. He was M. P. for the County of Carnarvon in 1596, one of the Council of the Marches of Wales, and created a baronet in 1611. Being "shrewd and successful in his dealings," people were led to believe he oppressed them, and, says Yorke, "it is the superstition of the place (Llanrwst) to this day, that the spirit of the old gentleman lies under the great waterfall Rhaiadr-y-Wennol (better known as the Swallow Falls), there to be punished, purged, spouted upon, and purified from the foul deeds done in his days of nature." Then it is recorded that in 1615 Sir John, having incurred the displeasure of the Council of the Marches, Lord Ellesmere, the Chancellor was appealed to, but "the shrewd" baronet made his peace in the surest manner, by paying a bribe of £250. He was a man, evidently, who tried to make the best of both worlds, for after squaring the court with his bribe and managing to keep his name on the Commission for Carnarvonshire, where an effort had been made to displace it, Sir John had time to turn his atten-

tion to other matters, and, doubtless, satisfied his conscience by founding a hospital and endowing a school at Llanrwst, and giving up sundry tithes to support these charities.] He died in 1626, at the age of seventy-three. A portrait of Sir John, and an ancient picture of

and carried out the work. Others say that it was built at the expense of the county, and there is nothing in its design to raise one's opinion of the powers of the Welsh architect. People do say the whole structure will shake if you bump your back against one of the sides,



The Flower Garden, Gwdir Castle.

Gwdir, are reproduced in the new edition of the "History" to which we have referred.

Leaving the castle, we find ourselves at the corner where the road runs to Llanrwst. The bridge we cross, half a mile from Gwdir, before we enter the town, is called by some the Gwdir bridge, and it is said Sir John's son, Sir Richard, and his friend Inigo Jones, designed

and some guide books tell us that a man is generally on the spot to do the shaking for the gratification of the public and his own emolument. We have crossed the bridge scores of times, and have never seen the man, and as we have never attempted the task for ourselves, we will take the shaking for granted. The bridge passed, the old church (there is also a new one) is the next

object of interest, and adjoining it there is the mausoleum of the Gwidir family, in the form of a chapel. This was from a design by Inigo Jones, and is well worth visiting. The monuments to the Wynns, in the form of brasses and marbles are curious and beautiful, and there are

is a row of alms-houses (the "hospital" referred to), erected one would suppose for the manufacture of lunatics; for a more depressing row of residences we never beheld. And yet lively old ladies, with loquacious tongues, have lived there, if we may believe the testimony of



State Room in which Queen Elizabeth slept.

some older monuments on the floor, removed to the place for protection, including the stone coffin of Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, Prince of Wales from 1194 to 1240. The beautifully carved roodloft and screen, said to have been brought from Maenan Abbey, is one of the most notable features of the church.

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THE HEIGHTS.

(A Brief Sketch of Christian Civilization in Wales.)

By David Davies.

Pastor Peters used to visit our church once every month; and it was my duty one Saturday in each month for a few years to go down to the station to meet him and carry his hand bag and accompany the reverend gentleman up to the house. Pastor Peters belonged to the old school of preachers; he was largely a selfmade man; an enthusiastic student of the Bible and the old-fashioned theology; a man of severe morals, yet goodhearted, genial, and liberal towards his fellowmen. He was remarkably free of can't, and was extremely jolly and friendly towards us children. I always deemed it a joyful duty to go and meet him on his monthly visit, and I always enjoyed his kind and instructive talk, during his stay. Saturday night, especially, after supper he used to relate entertaining anecdotes of his precatatorial life, repeat quaint saws and sayings of notable Welsh preachers, and repeat portions of their sermons, mimicking their voice, gestures and peculiarities. In character he was above reproach; he was very loyal to his Master and his teaching as treasured in the Word of God; and, in every way, he was a truly honorable servant of Christ. Nobody ever during his long life (he died in his 90th year) had occa-

sion or cause to be ashamed of his beautiful ministry; and how well I remember the day of his funeral, how every one entertained the deepest respect for his memory and seemed not to mourn for him at all, but to have met to see him off to his glorious inheritance in heaven. The old people there, even now, delight to talk of the sacred work performed by the Rev. Jonah Peters.

One Saturday evening he entertained us family with the story of his first pastoral care. It was in 1830 that he first preached on the Heights by request from the only church member that resided in the vicinity. There was no church service within two miles of the Heights, which in a moral sense, was a veritable wilderness. The parish Church of England was $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant, but within two miles in the valley there was a small chapel in charge of a curate who was very averse to any effort to evangelize the people, except voluntarily on their part. He would under no inconvenience, far less, difficulty, tell any one of Christ. The dissenting church in the village had far more of the missionary spirit, and very soon that communion, after some deliberation, resolved to establish a Sunday School on the Heights and the Rev. Jonah

Peters was ordained minister. We, in Wales, cannot speak too highly and warmly of the benefit of the Sunday School. It was a veritable God-send in many respects. Before its establishment, although the parish church had existed and vegetated for ages without being a particular moral or educating force, the common people remained in utter darkness, ignorant and carnal, spending their Sundays, even, like barbarians in foolish games and foolisher talk. They usually spent the Lord's Day throwing quoits, playing cat and dog, "bando," football, hand ball, against the gable end of the saloon, having occasional dog fights and cock fights, hunting, and all manner of absolutely secular amusements. It is not an over statement to say that none of them ever gave a minute's thought to religion and spiritual matters. The great majority of the people had never been to a church or a chapel, except by attendance at a funeral. Very often, many would walk up to the church door, and turn into the graveyard, as if suspicious of some harm or a mishap if they entered the sanctuary. In truth, some of them knew not what to do or how to comport themselves inside a church or a chapel. They would squat round a story-teller at the foot of a garden wall or in front of the saloon enjoying the veriest nonsense or listening to the silliest tales.

The young and old made great preparations for such holidays as Easter and Christmas, for months saving their surplus pennies and

shillings for a prospective good time during those holidays, which often lasted a week or two, during which period they spent their time drinking, carousing, fighting and disturbing the peace. The people would congregate in bodies from different villages round saloons in the market town armed with sticks and clubs, others would have iron tips to their shoes, and everybody would be itching for a fight, and a mere cross word, a wink, a curl of the lip, the slightest occasion would bring the factions together like contending armies, and the result would be cracked heads, bruised bodies and broken shanks. The coal and iron ore banks would be suspended during these celebrations, and operations being resumed during the second week, for several weeks, smoking spells (called "whiffs") and dinner hours would be engrossed to narrate the wonderful pranks and feats of the "boys" during these feasts of fools. Very soon after the institution of the Dissenting Cause in the town and vicinity, an effort was made to denounce these follies and render them unpopular; and before long this effort was crowned by considerable success. Sunday Schools were established and volunteers undertook to go among this rowdy class, especially on Sundays, by which means many were persuaded to attend school and chapel service. Some of their leaders were won over, who subsequently became worthy pillars of the Cause. The conversion of these characters and their subse-

quent moral and devout life, showed what treasures are hidden in the human heart and brain once they are developed by proper civilizing agencies.

The old minister was always enthusiastic in his praises of the Sunday School, because through its work the common people among the Welsh were first taught to read, and this long before the government undertook to establish national schools. A great majority of the ignorant and illiterate Welsh were taught to read; and it is a significant fact that almost every Welshman to-day that reads the vernacular was taught in a Sunday School. No other school taught Welsh. The Rev. Jonah Peters, as soon as he was installed on the Heights, the very first Sunday afternoon, opened a Sunday School, and its membership increased rapidly. Considerable difficulty was experienced in getting some of the older people to confess their utter ignorance of their letters. A certain kind of foolish pride prevented some of them from attending school at first; and their common excuse when invited to school was "that they couldn't read." "Well," Pastor Peters would say, "you are just the very people to attend school." To meet the case of this ignorant class so loth to confess their ignorance, Pastor Peters undertook to teach them to know their letters out of the Testament, which plan changed their position, solved the

difficulty, and gave them extreme satisfaction.

A teacher should possess the power to create interest in his scholars. Pastor Peters had this qualification to a high degree; and he was continually springing surprises on his church and Sunday School to make them happy and ambitious. He had what is called personal magnetism, but he always called it the spirit of Christ. His idea and aim were to make the personality and the moral and spiritual authority of Christ a reality in the little community, and in a short period, the morals of the people were greatly changed, and their bad habits thrust more and more out of the public sight into hidden corners and remote nooks. Even the incorrigibles recognized the new regime. The youth who hitherto had been reared like wild colts became regular attendants at the Christian service and Sunday School. Within the period of ten years a remarkable change had passed over the whole neighborhood in the matter of education and morals. Very soon the temperance question was broached, and a total-abstinence society was started, and a "Band of Hope" among the young people. In a locality, where the saloon had helped to degrade and brutalize the people, this movement achieved wonders in the way of purifying the vicinity and increasing its comforts. The activity of this truly Christian minister, and

the several branch societies which grew out of the little church, proved beyond doubt, that "life" is everything, and that mere "formality" is nothing. A church or a Christian establishment that does not go out and reach out to educate and cultivate the people is unworthy of its name. This shows also that religious controversy has done nothing in the world; and whatever we may think of this infallibility and that inerrancy everything is vain unless we become in touch with the "life" which is in Christianity.

Pastor Peters always loved to talk of the Sunday School at the time of its inception, and for years after, as being a very interesting period of his ministry on the Heights. The Hall where the church meetings and the School sessions were held was formerly a "long room" pertaining to the public tavern (saloon) and all the classes of all ages were held therein; small children and grey-headed pilgrims struggling with their lessons, audibly, which kept a continuous murmur in the room. Every member was expected to learn verses by rote, which led to a competition in each class, the learner and reciter of the highest number of verses being entitled to a small check with figures on from 1 to 9, inclusive. The owner of check or ticket 9 was entitled to a book as prize. The secretary would visit every class to take down the number of verses recited by each member, the sum total of each class, and the sum total of all the verses in the school.

Some scholars would recite whole chapters, and a few several chapters or Psalms. This was called the "work" (llafur) of the School. This custom of treasuring God's Word in "the heart and in the soul" has fallen into desuetude, which may account for the indefiniteness and superficiality of our religion.

Another institution which helped to fill the young and old people's minds and hearts with bright Christianizing thoughts and ideals was the Singing School (Yr Ysgol Gan). The Old church never taught the people to sing moral and spiritual songs. The songs of "the good old times" among the Welsh were love-songs and ballads magnifying and commemorating the feats or the defeats of love; the departing soldier, the heart-breaking maiden; a horrible murder or a great misfortune. A ballad giving in rhyme the horrifying details of a murder or a description of a public hanging would attract the whole neighborhood, and some of these common rhymes would remain popular for twenty or thirty years, treasured in the people's memory as master-pieces of itinerant bards. These were the delight of the common classes for generations, and the Church made very little effort to supply them with anything better and more Christian. With the inauguration of the Singing School, moral and spiritual songs were substituted in the people's mouths and minds, and inspiring poetical and prose gospel ideas commenced to wean the corrupt social mind away from pagan

and utterly worldly rhymes and music. Evangelistic songs helped to cast out the old spirit of servitude to the devil and his darkness. The Welsh being of musical temperament the "Ysgol Gan" became instantly popular and every Welsh religious community had of necessity an evening devoted to sacred singing.

Another institution which helped to enlighten the people on the Heights and create a wonderful interest in Biblical literature was catechism in the Welsh form of "Holi Pwnc." This was different to the mere formality of learning by rote a number of responses to a set of questions. The Welsh form added an element of discussion which made the exercise very attractive to the Welsh people. The "Pwnc" would take in a wide field of inquiry, and deep questions of theology would often be introduced. Great preparations would be made to meet the emergencies of debate, and the minister who was the catechiser would be taxed to the utmost, and some of the shrewdest would make especial efforts to corner him. The "Pwnc" would draw two or three Sunday Schools and chapels together for a united discussion of religious subjects and theological questions. These meetings were instrumental in making the Bible and its contents very familiar to chapel members and Sunday School scholars. "Pwnes" were also in vogue among the children with a text book called "A Mother's Gift" (Rhodd Mam).

Many incidents attending this catechizing of children during the first season were truly pathetic and amusing. Although "Mother's Gift" contains merely the rudiments of Biblical history and theology, some of the questions were striking and searching in a community where the people were sunk in ignorance. The simple and naive manner in which the little ones would answer the questions was interesting, and the older often participated in the catechism with interpolations of strange and original approvals. We will enclose within brackets the remarks which would often be heard by older members of the Sunday School interested in the discussion.

Q. Is God good?

A. Yes, God is good to all.

(How true, I a great sinner am here that shows it, that proves it!)

Q. Ought we to hallow the Sabbath day?

A. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.

(Remember? yes, indeed! We have forgotten hundreds of times. The Lord forgive us for desecrating His beautiful day. He has given us six days, and we should honor His one!) This new idea of hallowing the Sabbath in itself wrought a great change in the life of the community, all of whom had hitherto abused the Sabbath to their own degradation.

Q. What is the work of the church?

A. Enlightening and saving the world.

(God speed her! She could not undertake a better work).

Q. Are there any that work against the Church?

A. Yes. Satan and his devils.

(Yes, and a bad crowd they are!

But she is on a rock and the Lord is more than a match for them).



A TOUR OF WALES.

By E. I. Jones, Cincinnati, Ohio.

(Continued.)

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Herefordshire is bounded on the north by Salop, on the west by Radnor, on the south by Monmouth, on the east by Worcestershire. The county has an area of 832 square miles, a population of a little over 121,000, an average of 145 to the square mile. The general structure of the county is that of a slightly elevated plateau, rising steadily to the northwest. The surface is usually hilly, and there is no extensive level tract. The minerals are of no great importance, limestone, marble and building stone being chief. Upward of ninety per cent. of the land is productive. Grass, grain vegetables, hops, apples and other fruit are produced. The cattle and sheep are in good demand in the market. This territory was occupied in ancient times by the Silures. Under the Romans it became part of Britannia Secunda. Traces of Roman occupancy are still found. After the Romans retired, the old Britons occupied the territory for ages. The Saxons occupied this county about the close of the sixth century. In the seventh

century Penda, king of Mercia, held a synod at Hereford. Offa erected his earthen barrier, called Offa's Dyke, from the Wye to the Dee, about the close of the eighth century. While Hereford became a part of England at an early day, it was included in the debatable ground of the Marches, and the scene of many conflicts. The old Welsh names, and much of the blood of the old inhabitants still remain. As we enter Hereford from the south, we first come to Ross, on the Wye.

Ross is eight miles north of Monmouth and stands on a hill overlooking the river; is an agricultural center with a population of about 4,000. The ruins of Wilton Castle are on the opposite banks of the river. The castle was built during the reign of Stephen, about 1141. There are a number of fine mansions near Ross. Hereford is ten miles north of Ross, on the Wye. It is the county seat, and a cathedral city. It has a population of over 20,000. Is much the largest town in the county. The ancient British name was "Caerffawydd,"

which means the camp of the beaches. The present name is supposed to come from the Welsh "Henffordd" which means Oldway. There was a bishop of Hereford in 542, and a synod was held here in 680. After the murder of King Ethelbert at Sutton, four miles from Hereford, his remains were brought to Hereford, and Offa, his cruel murderer, built a cathedral church over his grave, to atone for his horrid crime. We are told the grave is under the present cathedral, but the exact spot is not known. The present cathedral was commenced in 1080, and finished about 1300. It is a fine building. Garrick, the actor, was born in this city in 1716. The county college is close to the city. The White Cross stands one mile from the city, built by Dr. Lewis Charlton, afterward Bishop of Hereford, to commemorate the market held here in time of the plague in 1345. A treaty was signed at Hereford in the tenth century by Howel the Good and Athelstan.

Ledbury, on Dog Hill, is southeast of Hereford. It is an ancient town of about 5,000 inhabitants. Kington is fifteen miles northwest of Hereford, on the Arrow, at the foot of Hergest ridge, has about 2,000 inhabitants. The scenery of the valley is rich and picturesque. It is a popular summer resort. Traces of Offa's Dyke are near, so are Lyonshall Castle and Titley Court. Pembridge is seven miles northeast of Kington, an agricultural center on the Arrow. There was formerly a castle here. The

civil parish has a population of about 1,500. Leominster is five miles east of Pembridge, on the river Lug, at the foot of Canon Hill. It is in the midst of a rich district, covered with orchards, hop gardens, rich pastures and corn fields. A monastery was founded here in 658. The town received a charter from Queen Mary. It has a population of about 7,000. We have now visited the principal places in this county, which contained the seat of government, for the kingdom of Mercia for ages, and has contained the seat of Episcopal authority for over 1,200 years. We shall now journey northward to Salop or Shropshire.

SHROPSHIRE.

Salop is bounded on the north by Chester and Flint, on the west by Denbigh, Montgomery and Radnor, on the south by Hereford and Worcester, on the east by Staffordshire. The county contains an area of 1,319 square miles, with a population of over 250,000. It is a very interesting county, with rugged mountains, barren moorlands, fertile plains, beautiful river scenery, old towns, and many ruined castles, extensive coal and iron fields, and some good agricultural districts. The river Severn has its course of about 50 miles through this county, not reckoning all its windings. The Romans had their stations in this county, Uriconium was larger, we are told, than Pompeii.

After the Romans retired, the old Britons continued to occupy the

land, and Pengwern, now Shrewsbury, was the capital of the kingdom of Powis, or West Wales. In 577, after the Saxon victory at Deorham, in Gloucestershire, they pressed up the Severn, defeated Cynddylan the Fair, Prince of Powis, and burnt the town of Uriconium. During the following century the kingdom of Mercia was established. We shall now visit some of the towns in this county. As we journey north from Hereford, Ludlow is ten miles from Leominster, on the river Teme. It is the chief town in the south part of the county, with a population of about 6,000. It has the extensive ruins of a castle, built by Roger de Montgomery, Lord of the Marches, in 1130. It was afterward enlarged and embellished as the residence of Arthur, Prince of Wales, son of Henry VII. It was the seat of the jurisdiction of the Council of the Marches established by Henry VIII. It was taken by Cromwell, and dismantled in the time of George II. Near this town there are a number of beautiful mansions and estates.

Bridgeport is twenty miles northeast of Ludlow, on the banks of the Severn. The portion on the west bank stands 180 feet above the stream. This town, we are told, was founded by Ethelfleda, the daughter of Alfred the Great. A great castle was built here by Robert de Belesme, Earl of Shrewsbury, soon after the Norman conquest. The borough contains a population of about 7,000. Broseley is five miles

north of Bridgenorth. It is near the Severn, and is noted for its iron mines. It has a population of about 5,000. Is a manufacturing center. Wellington is ten miles north of Broseley on the Tern. This is also a manufacturing center, with a population of about 7,000.

Shrewsbury is ten miles west of Wellington. It is situated on a peninsula, almost surrounded by the Severn. As we have seen, it was anciently called Pengwern, and was the capital of the kingdom of Powis. It was taken by Offa, in 778, and the Welsh removed the capital of Powis to Mathrafael in Montgomeryshire. The castle was built after the conquest by Robert de Montgomery. It was held for the empress Maud against Stephen. Was for a time the royal residence of Edward I. Parliament was held here under Edward I. Taken from the royalists, by the army of Parliament in 1644. Shrewsbury has a population of about 30,000. Charles Darwin was born in this town. Bishop Butler who died in 1839, had been master of the Grammar School for 38 years. Wern is ten miles north of Shrewsbury. Hawkstone Park with its lake, gardens, ruins of Red Castle and Roman camp is near. The civil parish has a population of about 4,000.

Oswestry is fourteen miles west of Wern. It is an ancient town, standing on high ground. Here Oswald of Northumbria was defeated and slain by Penda, King of Mercia, in 642. Hence the name Oswald's tree, or Oswestry. The

town was burned by Henry III., rebuilt by Edward I., who annexed it to England. It has a population of about 9,000. There are vestiges of a castle here. Ellesmere is seven miles northeast of Oswestry. It is on the shore of the lake. The urban district has a population of 2,000. Whittington Castle is near. This estate came into the hands of the Myttons during the reign of Henry VIII. General Mytton, Cromwell's famous soldier, was born here. John Mytton, the last of the name, squandered an immense fortune, and died in dishonor in 1834. Whitchurch is ten miles northeast of Ellesmere, near the northern border of the county. It is well situated on high ground, near several small lakes, in a fertile district. The urban district contains a population of about 4,000.

We have now visited some of the principal towns in Salop. While most of the county anciently belonged to Wales; for more than twelve hundred years it has been under British control. For more than a thousand years the county was the scene of conflict. *Caer Caradoc* in this county, is said by some to be the field where the brave *Caractacus* fought his last battle. Near *Shrewsbury* in 1403 the allies of *Owen Glyndwr* were defeated. *Percy* was slain, and the rebellion headed by *Owen* was virtually broken. Since that time arts of peace have generally prevailed, and

the county has given the world some great men. We are now on the borders of *Chester County*, and within twenty miles of the famous old city of *Chester*, where we began our tour. So our tour of *Wales* is now ended. We have seen and heard much to cause reflection; much to praise and some things to condemn; much to give pleasure, and some things to give pain. We have been pleased with the beautiful scenery of *Wales*; the bravery, poetry, music and religion of its people. We have been impressed, as we have witnessed the ground occupied by *Caractacus*, *Arthur*, *Llywelyn*, *Owen Glyndwr*, and other brave leaders. We have been charmed with the poetry, music and devotion of the people, as we have met in their churches and chapels. *Justin McCarthy* has said, "The Irish are intensely religious." The same may be said of the Welsh; but religion is not piety, yet there is earnest piety in *Wales*.

We shall now return to *Liverpool*, take ship for the *United States of America*, the greatest and best country, we believe, on the face of the earth. The land "of magnificent distances," of towering mountains, of broad rich valleys, great lakes and rivers, a land loaded with minerals, with free schools and churches, where all are regarded equal before the law. "The land of the free, and the home of the brave."

(The End.)

THE QUADRIMILLENNIAL EISTEDDFOD OF THE CYMRIC NATIONS.

Daniel Phillips, M. A.

A native of Wales had been absent from the Principality nearly half a century, and on his return surrounded and traversed the sacred soil from east to west, and from north to south, brooding over and ruminating upon the visions of his country and his people, which forced themselves upon him at every step wherever he went. On the mountains and in the valleys, in the woods and by the rivers, in the interior and along the coast, the ghosts of the past made their appearance. Forty centuries of great events and mighty people passed before him. The panorama of western Asia, the whole of Europe, and the Isles of Britain together with other portions of the globe, moved along by years, decades, centuries, and thousands, till four thousand years came to view and struck him with awe. Such mighty hosts, such valiant people, and such efficient power in the world's progress so many centuries and so many thousand years without an Eisteddfod or Congress to celebrate their fame, their worth, and their glory! It was a great neglect, a sad mistake, a burning shame. His cheeks burned with indignation, his heart kindled to fury. A century without a centennial! A thousand years without a millennial! Two thou-

sand years without a bimillennial! Three thousand years without a trimillennial! And four thousand years almost completed without a quadrimillennial to recognize their place and importance among the nations of the earth! And shall they be fully completed and recede into the past without the recognition and celebration?

Such were his thoughts when he visited the eastern home and native place of his people, as he stood on the summit of Ararat, where the ark rested, and where the eight souls that escaped the wreck of the old world disembarked to inhabit the new; as he listened to their account of their passage across the billows, and their establishment anew on the earth: as he witnessed their dispersion, father and sons, in so many directions and into so many countries, and in particular as he allowed the steps and the fortunes of the eldest son of the eldest son of the patriarch Noah, who built the ark, who commanded it across the deep, and who in the name of his Majesty, the King of Kings, took possession of the whole earth; as he watched this Gomer ab Japheth ab Noah, the heir-in-chief of the earth by the law of primogeniture, grow into manhood and become husband and father: as he

beheld him take his wife and children with all he had, and with a brave heart and an energetic spirit leaves the home of his youth and early manhood in the east and force his way toward the west for greater scope and greater influence; and as he accompanied him on his journey and noticed him establish himself and his children in their new homes.

Such were his thoughts when he visited the second settlement and new home of his people in Western Asia, and on both sides of the Black Sea, as he saw the vast and rich country they occupied and cultivated, so well watered and so well situated, around the sea of Azof, the Crimean peninsula north and south, east and west of the Black Sea, holding the key of Europe and Asia; as the few became millions, and the feeble mighty nations, whose presence, fame and prowess filled the earth; as he saw their growth, stability, permanence and antiquity, hoary with age and renown, even in the days of Homer, a thousand years before Christ; as he saw Gomer become among the Hebrews Gomerites, among the Assyrians Gimiri, among the Greeks Kimmerioi, and among the Romans Cimmerii; and as he saw history strain her eyes in deciphering their records in the archives of nations, and science exhaust her energies in discovering their fame on fields of battle. Such were his thoughts when he visited the third and permanent home of his people in Europe; as he saw the vastness of their country, from the Caucasian moun-

tains to the British Channel, from the Black Sea to the Baltic and the North Sea, and from the Bosphorus to the Mediterranean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean; as he beheld the extent of the fields, the beauties of the valleys, the grandeur of the mountains, and the fertility of the soil, watered by sea and river, brook and rivulet, in every direction; as he saw the hosts march up the Danubé, across the Alps, and down the Rhine, as well as in a more northerly direction toward the Baltic Sea and the Cimbric Chersonesus; as he watched them spread in all directions over the continent, and multiply everywhere into powerful nations under different names, like the Belgae, the Celtae, the Aquitani, and the Celtiberi, while the mother-nation bears the name of Cimbri at Chersonesus and elsewhere; and as he glanced at the Cimbri and Teutons join their armies and their fortunes to oppose the aggression and oppression of the Grecian Republic and Roman Empire.

And such were his thoughts when he visited the fourth settlement and the island home of his people in Britain, as he knew the gulf stream surrounded the island and tempered the climate, making it salubrious and productive; as he observed them cross the channel from the continent, take the island, and possess the whole at an early date, before other nations set foot on its sacred soil; as he saw them defend themselves, their homes, their country, and their liberty against all

aggressors and all adventurers from without and from within; as he recognised them under different names and with different characteristics form the under strata the bulk and the inspiration of the population in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales; as he read their history, recounted their fortunes, and admired their valor in the conflicts of ages on the arena of events; as he looked down the vista of time and east the vista of space he saw them marching up, and west through vistas of time and space by the centuries and by the countries, by the thousand years and by the million people, till they had reached four thousand years, and the Isles of Britain on their onward march toward the milliennial glory of the Christian era and the glorious west of civilization—the zenith splendor of humanity.

And such were his thoughts in particular when he visited Wales and the Welsh, as he heard Wales called *Cymru*, and the Welsh *Cymry*, the land of his nativity, and the people of his kin, renowned country and renowned people from remote antiquity and among remote nations, the first family of nations in Europe bearing the name, inhabiting the country, and speaking the language of the mother nation; as he stood on *Cefn Bryn* and sat on *Arthur's stone*, at which the ancient Druids performed sacrifices and worshipped their gods, commanding a fine view of the country and of the ocean, and scanning the land of the *Cymry* beyond the chan-

nel, and the land of the *Cymry* toward the north, east and west, and in every direction the land and people of the past pressing upon him and demanding his attention; as he stood on *Cadair Idris* and sat in the prophet's seat, with *Snowdon* and its dependencies in full view on the north, *Plinlimmon* on the east, *St. George's Channel* on the West, and the southern part of the *Principality* in the distance surrounded by the ocean, scanning the horizon in every direction, and looking down on *Cadair Lake*, a thousand feet below, in which *Idris* used to bathe his feet, and seeing in the lake and in the air the spirits of the past filling the place and the country; as he stood on the summit of *Snowdon*, the highest and most precipitous peak in England or Wales, and sat in front of the "*Tip Top House*," scanning the horizon, admiring the grandeur and sublimity of the view, and penetrating as far as the eye could see the mountain fastnesses of the *Principality*, where his brave ancestors protected themselves, sallied forth to the conflict, and fought the battles of their country fifteen hundred years.

Warm with the difficulty of the ascent, exhilarated by the rarity of the atmosphere inspired by the sublimity of the scene, and aglow with the history of his country and his people, we see him wipe the perspiration from his face and hear him speak to himself with the impetuosity of an orator aflame with his subject. "I have climbed the sides of the *Himalayas*. I have

stood on the summit of the Ararat. I have scaled the heights of the Caucasus. I have straddled the back of the Taurus, and I have crossed the icy ridges of the Alps, and I have been thrilled with awe and devotion at their grandeur and sublimity, but I have never been so moved and awed as by the sight before me and the chasms at my feet. A step apart to either side would be a step below 2000 feet. From this summit I see beauty, grandeur and sublimity blend together; I see summer and winter embrace each other; I see height and depth on the same line; and I see life and death with only a step between them; and I see more, I see forty centuries of my ancestors march from the summit of Ararat, across Western Asia, spread over Europe, and finally establish themselves in the British Islands, where they have lived, and fought, and died; and especially in the Principality of Wales where their name, their language, and their descendants still remain; and where are the monuments raised to their memory? Where are the celebrations of their fame and influence in the progress of civilization and humanity? Where are the Eisteddfodau held in their honor?"

While he was in the midst of his soliloquy, with his heart aglow and his eyes on fire at the neglect of his country and his people, his guide came from behind him and said, "The mountains before you are Plinlimmon and Cadair Idris with their dependencies, with the Cardi-

gan Bay and St. George's Channel on your right, and with the eastern counties of Wales and the western counties of England on your left, and behind you are Penmaenmawr, Great Orme's Head, and the Irish Sea, while the immediate regions round about you were once the retreat of the British patriots who fought to the death for life, liberty, and independence; afterwards they became the British National Park; and now they are the 'Wonderland of the Tourist,' who finds in them more compactness than in Scotland, more uniqueness than in Switzerland, more variety than in Italy, and more salubrity than in France, an epitome of all countries and all climates." "You speak well of the Principality and its people," observed the traveller. "And I am glad to hear it. It is refreshing to hear you. The candor is usually on the other side."

"How can I speak otherwise?" asked the guide. "Wales is my country, and the Welsh are my people. And besides, both country and people are worthy of honor and immortality. The country has been and still is the area of the grandest civilization the world has ever seen; and the people have led and still lead the van of the grandest progress the world has ever known. The Greeks were conspicuous for their education and learning, and the Romans for their government and civilization, while the Cymry for their freedom and independence. The Republic of Greece was a Re-

public of the intellect, and the empire of Rome was the empire of the will, while the democracy of Crimea, Gaul and Britain was the democracy of conscience. Under the fairest periods of the Greek Republic most of its inhabitants were slaves, and under the fairest periods of the Roman Empire most of its inhabitants were slaves, while under the fairest periods of the Cymric democracy all its inhabitants were free and independent."

"Am delighted to see you stand up for your country and your people," remarked the traveller, "especially for such a country and such

a people. They deserve to be honored and made immortal."

"They are honored and made immortal," interrupted the guide with some heat. "Truth and right and impartiality have crowned them with both." "No doubt they have in the sight of God and angels," ventured the traveller, "but have they in the sight of men? And would you be willing to do all within your power to make them as honorable in the sight of men as in the sight of God and angels?" "I would with all my heart do all within my power," answered the guide. "But what can I do?"



MUSIC NOTES.

By William ApMadoc, Chicago.

Never before, and probably, never again, will Chicago witness and hear such a scene as was enacted in the early morning hour of Saturday, September 14, 1901, when the telegraph flashed the awful news "The President is Dead," and that the last murmur of his lips ere they closed in death was—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee."

when some one, God bless him, started to sing the glorious hymn, and instantly the thousands upon thousands of heart-stricken men, women and children standing before the "Tribune" office joined in a great inspiring chorus that rever-

berated through a great part of the city. Women wept, strong men were shedding tears, and some prayed aloud and broken-heartedly, while the tremendous tempest of sacred song arose higher and higher, until it spent its strength, because hearts and voices could do no more. Such is the power and inspiration of Christian song. It was a most fitting tribute to the gentle, courageous, manly, and most lovable Chief Magistrate given to the American nation. The following stanzas from the late Thomas William Parson's "Dirge" can be applied to the illustrious dead President:

Sunshine in his heart, the rain would
 come full often,
 Out of those tender eyes which ever-
 more did soften:
 He never could look cold till we saw
 him in his coffin.

Make his mound with sunshine on it,
 Plant the lordly pine upon it,
 Where the moon may stream upon it,
 And memory shall dream upon it.

"Captain or Colonel," whatever invo-
 cation,
 Suit our hymn the best, no matter for
 thy station,—
 On thy grave the rain shall fall from
 the eyes of a mighty nation!

Long as the sun doth shine upon it,
 Shall glow the goodly pine upon it,
 Long as the stars do gleam upon it
 Shall memory come and dream upon it.

Thomas Tapper, in the "Musical Record and Review," writes of the Bach Festival at Bethlehem, Pa., as an object lesson of more value, musically, to the United States than we realize. He shows how little towns exhibit music capabilities, and that when we take pride in little town music "we are on the way to become a musical nation." He emphasizes the importance of having a man of ability to develop the "little town chorus." Such a man "is abroad in the land, or here and there he has shown his handywork." Mr. Tapper says that almost all little towns could make up an orchestra. For such a combination as a clarionet, violin, and piano, four hands, there is much tolerable music possible. He further remarks that for centuries Europe has been learning music in this way, and that

the gain, by the way, comes from taking part.

These remarks lead us to ponder over the disadvantages of choruses in Welsh little towns, especially where there existed, in days gone by, enough prejudice and bigotry concerning musical instruments on the part of many ministers most of the deacons, and others, to strife to death every effort to cultivate the art. Welsh choirs had to do the best they could without the aid of a piano or organ—mention not the harp, for that was the "instrument of the devil!" It is greatly to the credit of Welsh choirs that they held on in their good work, in spite of much ignorance and bigotry on the part of those who should know better, and in spite of conductors who had no advantages whatever to cultivate their talents. But in these days of every advantage for musical culture, there is no excuse for making but a fair choral exhibition on the platforms of American and British Eisteddfodau. The result of the choral contests for the main prizes at the last two National Eisteddfodau of Liverpool and Merthyr, where the same English choir under the same conductor, has won, seems to show that there is something wrong in the organization of Welsh choirs, and also, something the matter with the conductors of the same. Mr. J. Whewall, the accomplished leader of the North Staffordshire Choral Society—first prize winners—is an insurance agent, and the majority of his singers are pot-

ters and miners. This shows that the material of the English choir, like Welsh choirs, is drawn from the artisan class.

In answer to the question where-in lie the defects of Welsh choirs, the remarks of C. F. Lloyd (one of the judges at Liverpool and Merthyr) printed on page 323 in "The Cambrian" of last July, fits the case exactly, and these remarks are in keeping with those made scores of time from Eisteddfodic platforms on both sides of the Atlantic. The case is important enough to quote the remarks here, and the faults mentioned can be corrected by a very little amount of studious and intelligent application. Mr. Lloyd says:

"The Welsh choirs sang well, as they generally do, but in the matter of refinement they were surpassed by the English choirs. In connection with the Welsh choirs sufficient attention had not been paid to the selection of voices and voice production. One unsympathetic or badly produced voice will affect incalculable harm in a choir. In pianissimo parts especially great attention should be paid to the production of the voice. Care should be taken that the chest registers are not forced up, and in delicate passages each voice should be tried individually, to be certain of securing the wished-for effect. Especially among contraltos and tenors is there a tendency to force the chest voices, which invariably results in faulty intonation. The deft is very

easily remedied with a little care and patience." In these remarks there are mentioned ten choral essentials—ten important lessons.

It is said that Rubinstein died a broken-hearted man, because the world at large failed to recognize and appreciate the dramatic element he supposed could be easily felt in his operas and oratorios. Some one wrote of him that "he has been called the greatest pianist among the composers, and the greatest composer among the pianists, yet he has hardly received his just due." Good critics believe that his day of just recognition will surely come. All musicians hope so. He was a thinker in music who escaped Russian and German domination, and, as Huneker says, "slipped between the stools of race and religion. Born a Jew, raised a Christian, and of Polish origin, he played the piano like a god, and his compositions are never quite German, never quite Russian."

"The utterance of Life is a song—the symphony of Nature"—this famous line in letters of gold is seen in the centre of the frescoed arch over the Chicago Auditorium stage. How true, suggestive, poetic and soulful they become when the immortal strains of the Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert and Brahms symphonies cause the thousands of listeners to look up toward them, and ponder over them, in the concerts of the Chicago Orchestra! Again, and for the eleventh year beginning October 25, we are to be blest with

another series of twenty-six orchestral concerts under the direction of Theodore Thomas. Let us praise all efforts in all cities that tend to create and cultivate musical taste among the people, but here we have a symphonic orchestra whose perfection of execution, whose one hundred members are swayed by one thought, one intent, one love and a poetic sweep of music divine, that words become poor indeed in the feeble attempt of describing the

same. Earth's clamor in the cares of life shrinks into oblivion in the presence of God's great orchestral harmonies. This is the one combination of instruments capable of revealing ideal harmony.

"God is its author, and not man; he
laid

The keynote of all harmonies; he
planned

All perfect combinations, and he made
Us so that we might hear and understand."



THE WELSH AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES CONTRASTED.

By Rev. W. R. Evans.

There is an impression among the English speaking race, that the orthography and pronunciation of the Welsh language is extremely difficult. This probably arises from the uncouth appearance of the Welsh language on paper. The number of consonants and double letters, such as ll, ch, ff, dd, ng, gives it this appearance, especially to those ignorant of the language. But it should be borne in mind that the double letters represent only one sound.

In the Bardic Alphabet, called Coelbren y Beirdd, these sounds were represented by appropriate characters. The reasons that these double letters are made use of is to represent a single sound, is that the Roman Alphabet has no character to represent many of the vocal

sounds of the Welsh. The same is true of the English, but these sounds are not represented at all in the English alphabet. There are sounds in the word English itself that are not represented by any character in the alphabet: viz., ng and sh, nearly all the sounds represented by the Welsh. So double letters are found also in the English. The Welsh th is the same as the English th in theology. The dd has the same sound as th, in they; ng, the same as ng in song; ch the same as gh in McCloughlin; Ll, is the only sound not found in the English. The English has a number of sounds besides those above mentioned, not found or represented at all in the alphabet; hence the difficulty to learn English language correctly. Now would it not be much

easier for a child to learn the sounds of th in the words that, thimble, if the sounds were designated by different character as Welsh dd and th?

Again take the letters ough. How under heaven is a child to learn what sound they represent? He spells h-i-c c-o-u-g-h, and is made to pronounce hiccup. Is it any wonder that when he spells c-a-t he hesitates to pronounce cat? If ough is pronounced up, why not pronounce c-a-t dog? But if ough invariably gave the sound of up, there would be some hopes to get over the incondite difficulty. But the lack of analogy in the English tongue increases the difficulty a hundred fold. The next time the child comes to ough, it will have to be pronounced quite different. Sometime the ough has the sound of up, sometime uff, sometime oo, sometime o, sometime the Welsh aw, and sometimes—nobody knows what.

For illustration take the following couplet:

"Though the tough cough and hiccough
plough me through
O'er life dark lough my course I still
pursue."

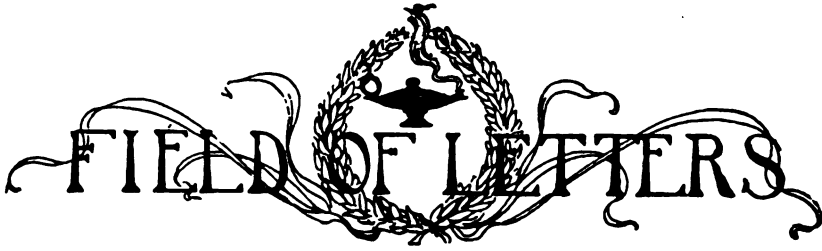
Undoubtedly the Welsh on paper appears uncouth to English scholars; but this arises, principally, from want of familiarity with the language. The words chwech, chwithau, thithau, nghefn, anhygyrch, &c., do not present an uglier appearance than the words phthisic, diphthong, phlegm, psychic, cierge, through spriggy, &c. I assert, from personal knowledge and experience, without fear of refutation, that the orthography and pronunciation of the English language is much more difficult than the Welsh. We send our children to English schools for a number of years, and yet not one in a hundred can spell nor read the English with any degree of accuracy, while Welshmen can be counted by the scores that have had no opportunity to learn their native language, save that offered by the Sunday Schools, who can read pure Welsh with ease and accuracy of pronunciation.

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TRUTH.

Phillips Brooks.

Truth keeps no secret pensioners; whoe'er
Eats of her bread must wear her livery too.
Her temple must be built where men can see;
And when the worshipper comes up to it,
It must be in broad moonlight, singing psalms
And bearing offerings that the world may know
Whose votaries they are and whom they praise.



FIELD OF LETTERS

OWEN GLYNDWR AND THE LAST STRUGGLE FOR THE WELSH INDEPENDENCE, with a brief sketch of Welsh History, by Arthur Granville Bradley, Author of *Highways and Byways in North Wales*, etc., etc.: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 West 23rd St., New York and London. Price \$1.50 and \$1.75.

In this fine volume of 357 pages, the author gives all there is of the authentic life of Owen Glyndwr, the last and most celebrated among the soldier-patriots of Wales. While numbers of well-informed Englishmen, the author writes, are inclined to regard him as a semi-mythical hero under obligations to Shakespeare, it is quite certain that for the first few years of the 15th century, Owen was in very truth a sufficiently real personality. Although there was temptation to write of the Welsh hero from the standpoint of the novelist or the poet, the author undertook to deal with facts or to record legends and traditions for what they are worth, as illustrating the men and the time.

The opening Chapter is valuable as an introductory sketch of Welsh history, from the Saxon conquest to the rising of Glyndwr. This sketch is necessarily cursory and brief, but yet it helps greatly to throw light on the age in which Glyndwr flourished. This sketch refers to all the most important incidents in Welsh history. This enlightens the reader as to the causes which led up to the condition of things in Wales in the time of our hero; especially the closing paragraphs which reveal the weaknesses of Welsh national life and the inevitable collapse of its independence. He writes with

fairness and with respect, yet he takes the only rational view of the outcome of the long struggle of Wales for national independence. In Chapter II. he gives the birth and early life of Owen Glyndwr, and continues through the remaining ten chapters to entertain the reader with a story which has all the interest of a novel. Although he adheres to historical facts as far as it is possible, the narration possesses the charm of an inspiring tale. In Chapter XI. is described the last years of Owen's life (1410-1416), when his cause became hopelessly lost, and he himself had ceased to be dangerous. Wales lay again conquered, sick and wasted by a protracted struggle against great odds. Owen and his followers had shown patriotism and prowess in many fights, but to no purpose. As the author says pathetically, thousands, it is to be feared, heartily cursed Glyndwr as they looked upon the havoc which the war of independence had wrought. The Welsh under their great leader had fought a good fight, but providence and the eternal order of things were against them. They were unknowingly struggling against the will of God, who had predestinated that Wales and England should be one, to the immense benefit of both, as well as to the benefit of common civilization. Wales never enjoyed such peace and such blessings as under the protection of the British throne. The book is sympathetic and charitable towards both sides of the conflict. We congratulate this story of a hero dear to the Welsh heart, and heartily commend it to the attention of our readers. The volume is beautifully illustrated with over 30 cuts.

THE INTERMEDIATE GEOGRAPHY OF WALES, by F. L. Lowther, B. A., B. Sc.: John E. Southall, Newport, Mon., and W. H. Roberts, Charing Court, London.

The Preface says that "the aim of this Text Book is to supply a much needed want in Intermediate Schools. The Central Welsh Board lay great stress on a thorough knowledge of the Geography and History of the Principality, and this book is the outcome of the author's experience as a teacher of the Geography of Wales, during the last four years." This little volume is much superior to any previous books published in English about Wales in the matter of accuracy. The Welsh used is correct, and the knowledge of Wales is reliable. We gladly recommend this little volume to our readers. It contains much general information about the Principality. Particular facts also of great interest are found in its pages. "Comrades" is not a good translation of "Cymry," although felicitous in some sense.

WELSH POETS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY, Translated by Rev. Edmund O. Jones: Llanidloes, John Ellis, Caxton Works.

This is a second series of translations by the author of Welsh Lyrics of the XIX. Century. The reception which the preceding volume enjoyed has encouraged him to persevere in translating Welsh poems into the English language. Mr. Jones is preparing to publish a complete Anthology of Welsh Poets. In these already published little volumes, he has succeeded to accomplish excellent renderings of our Welsh poets.

"Y Traethodydd" in the September number, furnishes a list of the preaching licenses granted by Charles II. in 1672. The list was taken out of State papers by J. H. Davies, Cwrtmawr.

Then follow "The Mills Family of Llanidloes," a very interesting paper. The paper on "Libraries" by E. Parry is timely and sensible. He furnishes valuable suggestions regarding the establishing of libraries among the Welsh people, especially connected with Sunday Schools. "Canon Gore and the Lord's Supper" is an article wherein the writer discusses the several views regarding the real presence, transubstantiation, etc., which have disturbed and puzzled the religious mind since the age of Christ. The writer reviews the tendency among Calvinistic Methodists in Wales of late to lapse from the creed of their Confession of Faith into something slightly Papistic. Some of these have of late complained that the old Welsh idea is too thin, or too void of mysticism, and an attempt has been made to revive the old mediaeval view. This is accounted for by ascribing these views to the fashion in vogue among C. M. ministers of reading works of High Church Anglican theologians. The Oxford movement seems to have reached as far as Welsh theologian conservatism among the mountains of Wales. J. T. Richards gives a short sketch of the philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer; W. Glynn investigates the meaning of repentance in the Old Testament; and Evan Jones of Carnarvon, reviews the political parties of Great Britain. The number closes with a poem "Eternity," highly figurative but not illustrative of the vague idea of awe which eternity suggests.

Contents of "Young Wales" for September are "Bilingual Teaching in School;" "The Disillusions of John Probert" (a story); "Trial by Jury in Wales;" "A Maid of Cymru" (Part III.); "Great Welshmen of the XIX. Century;" "Music in Wales;" Wales; Month by Month. The illustrations are Dyfed, Robert Owen of Newtown, Cad-er Idris and the Grave of Robert Owen.

—T. R. Davies in his paper "Bi-lingual Teaching" writes: "In most bilingual countries, just as in Flanders, the inhabitants become expert linguists. Thus the Russians who are well exercised in French and Russian; the Danes, Poles and the Finns excel as linguists. Lord Rosebery has referred to British ignorance of modern languages as almost a commercial disaster; and Lord Salisbury even affirms that pupils destined for a commercial career should learn French and German, before they think of Latin and Greek. Now, we in Wales, have an excellent opportunity with our two languages, Welsh and English, of training ourselves as linguists while we are young.

—In "Trial by Jury in Wales," is given a "no exaggerated picture" of the jury system in Wales. The jury qualification is mere property, knowledge of English not being necessary. The jurors are selected indiscriminately without regard to their ability to comprehend the proceedings. Some even cannot read the jury summons printed in English. They are sworn in a tongue but slightly known to them, and even unknown to some who are expected to give verdict according to the evidence. The speeches of the counsel and judge might just as well be delivered in Italian or Spanish. It may seem preposterous that property, instead of intelligence, should be required as qualification; but through the ages, property was of much more importance than knowledge.

In "Y Cronicle," Eynon provides the readers with some amusement at the expense of the Church of England Temperance Society, viz., the ludicrous element of the Society, its "honorary membership." The honorary members are those who feel like helping the cause of temperance, although they continue to imbibe within the bounds of moderation. But Eynon can see no compatibility between temperance and

the smallest indulgence in intoxicants. These honorary members are those who run with the fox and hunt with the hounds. At a meeting of the Society at Bangor, the Bishop presiding, the Bishop even invited saloon-keepers present to come on the platform to talk on the temperance question. He expressed the remark that saloon-keepers could give considerable help in procuring temperance legislation. They certainly could do good by shutting up shop and hurrying out of the business. The church has a warm corner for the saloon.

—In an article on "The Pulpit in Wales," the writer gives a brief sketch of the evolution of preaching among the Welsh. In the early years of the last century, preaching was largely an awful awakening of the Welsh mind in the presence of judgment and hell, the most stupid hearers being often frightened into a realization of the horrible evil of sin and unbelief. Unbelief was even worse than sin. Old preaching was metaphorically a holding of the sinner over the burning pool! But, as the writer states, Mount Sinai nowadays smokes but little. Those days of awful preaching are passed, and a finer rhetoric, a more classical expression and more educating and enlightening ideas are enunciated. Every thing is more quiet, persuasive and edifying. Awe has given place to education. Old-fashioned preachers are beginning to wonder why they become so unpopular. They rant and shout and thump without any appreciable effect. The conditions which made old-timed preaching acceptable and effective have passed away almost entirely.

"Y Dysgedydd" for September is almost entirely theological and religious. The only exception is "The Events of the Month," which provides a little secular information. It would improve Welsh magazines greatly to have more papers in them on secular matters. In

Welsh denominational magazines, there is too much religion and too little instruction in the secular affairs of the world. This exclusive attention to religion among the Welsh people has created in them a distaste for commercial and political affairs. Had they paid more attention to social and political matters, the condition of Wales would have been different to what it is. It is never too late to mend.

—In North Wales we find an object lesson of the power of the aristocracy and money even in England. The military was called out by one or two without the slightest need, to preserve the peace, ostensibly. It is also a mystery how it is that these labor troubles do not draw the attention of governments to some means of settlement. The live question between the Penrhyn owner and the workmen is not a matter of wages, but a matter of interference on the part of Lord Penrhyn in the private affairs of the men's organizations. This might have been arranged without any trouble whatever by a grain of common sense and Christian righteousness. As the "Dysgedydd" suggests, those who have submitted to the tyranny of the Lord could be more effectively treated by utterly ignoring them than by intimidation which exposes the strikers to legal prosecution.

"Cwrs y Byd" intends giving a series of papers on the "Leading Religions of the World," the first being "Judaism," appearing in the September number. This is a theoretical view of Judaism. It is hard to give a real view of what Jewish life was in the old times. There is certainly a great difference between the ideal and real in religion. As an ideal, Christianity is beautiful, but life in Christian communities is often and as a general fact, has been something totally different. The teachings of Judaism have been of a high order, and

it has produced the best human traits.

—"Boers and Britons" continues to drag its heavy load along, the present paper being the sixteenth of the series. There is room to fear that this discussion of the question will outlive even the pitiable war itself. The last Parliamentary session also comes under unfavorable discussion, and "Cwrs" states without circumlocution that the Liberal Party is not worth its salt. It is torn up into shreds, and is hopelessly fragmentary. Its members cannot agree about any of the great Liberal questions. The party during the last Session was like one in a dream. "Cwrs" furnishes a platform for the next Parliament session, and insists that the Liberals work on it, or be reckoned worthless.

In his desultory remarks on the events of the day, "Cwrs" expresses his views with amusing frankness. He believes that things look darker now than 50 years ago. Disestablishment appeared more hopeful in 1837 than now; and Home Rule in 1880 than in 1901. Everything went into smash with Mr. Gladstone, and "Cwrs" sees no leaders in view. Moses trained Joshua to take his place, but Gladstone took his leadership with him. He left his army in confusion.

—"Cwrs" was dissatisfied with the proceedings of the National Eisteddfod. It was some kind of success. A few new faces were seen around the Gorsedd. It has been run on a circular plan; the adjudicators of this year, the successful competitors in the next, and vice versa, until the Eisteddfod sank into a kind of stagnant pool, or a slough of Despondency to every man outside the corporation. "Cwrs" is sorry to find the Welsh choirs unsuccessful; and the "barbarous" Saxons who know not a word of Kymraeg, winners! Had the Anglicized adjudicators something to do with awarding the prize to the English? asks "Cwrs."

—"Cwrs" naturally takes sides with W. O. Jones, recently expelled from the Methodist Calvinistic Communion in North Wales. "Cwrs" instinctively sides with the under dog. This is, in some way, a humane trait. "Cwrs" never stops to think that the upper canine may be right. We agree with him as to the case of the Penrhyn quarrymen who are now on strike, and who are even arrested by the authorities for mere bovine boos uttered when the non-union men are passing. He suggests that the soldiers could not have been called out to the vicinity of the quarries for any other purpose than to give them a good opportunity to hear inspiring Welsh hymn singing. Those quarrymen can produce some fine singing as well as fine slates.

In the "Cerddor" we find the usual quota of articles, notes, reviews, etc., which are interesting reading to Welsh lovers of muse and music information. Emllyn Evans, one of the adjudicators at the Merthyr National Eisteddfod, furnishes the adjudication on the "Cantata" in competition. It differs in its effect from the impression left by the general remarks delivered by Mr. F. Lloyd. Mr. Evans's remarks are highly complimentary to Mr. John Hayden Morris's "Story of the Cross." Mr. Evans gives precedence to this, not on a technicality but for merit. As a whole, Mr. Morris's Cantata, according to Mr. Evans's remarks, "is a pleasure." Some numbers will undoubtedly become immediately popular.

—Then follow "David Bispham on Song-Singing," by D. Jenkins; "A Welsh Drama;" Notes; No. 63 of the Musicians Gallery is Robert Griffiths, formerly Secretary of the Tonic Solfa College of London; "A List of the competitions at the Merthyr Eisteddfod;" "Corwen and Bwlchgwyn Eisteddfod," etc.

—Robert Griffiths was born in Car-

marthen in 1824. The family moved to Bristol when he was a mere child; but they used to keep the Welsh language green by singing hymns in their English home. They were a family of music-lovers. A brother was military bandmaster in India for many years. He died when nearing the shores of England to spend the remaining years of life. After the death of his father, Robert moved to London. Becoming greatly interested in the New Notation system of singing, he was appointed the first secretary of the Association, and later secretary to Mr. Curwen for ten years, and afterwards secretary to the Tonic Solfa College. Mr. Griffiths has been of great service to the New Notation in England and Wales.

"Yr Haul" for September is full of interesting reading. It opens with the question of the right of founding churches; the Church's Foreign Mission Work; Skeletons of Sermons; the Music and Musical Instruments of the Welsh; Daniel Rowland (a defence); the Ministry and its Candidates; A Discussion of the Questions of the Day in Conversational Form. The Late Bishop of Durham; A Defence of the Church in Wales; General Notes; Reviews, etc.

—In "General Notes" is given the Editor an opportunity to express his views on the questions of the day. Among these, in the September number, are the Census, The Liberal Party, The War, The Penrhyn Strike, False Equality, The Babilon of Disestablishment, The King's Title, The Education Bill; Dr. Evans's Dictionary. Under these several captions 'Yr Haul' is furnished with considerable material for enjoyable criticism. "False Equality" places our friends, the Baptists, in a peculiarly unpleasant condition.

"Y Drysorfa" for September contains the following papers and articles: A

Preparation for the Partaking of the Lord Supper; the Methodist Fathers; the Rev. Joseph Thomas, Carno; A Meditation on Faith; The Rev. B. D. Thomas, Llandilo; Thanksgiving Hymns; Sunday School Lessons; The Croesoswallt Association (a report); Reviews, Obituaries, &c., &c.

—The paper entitled "The Methodist Fathers" is very enjoyable. Methodist in Wales means Calvinistic not Wesleyan. The paper furnishes an interesting sketch of the religious revival in the western portion of Carnarvonshire. The great change in the religious atmosphere of the district is attributed to the strenuous preaching of that prince of revivalists, Howell Harris of Trevecca. The first time he visited the benighted district, he bore wounds which he had received at Bala. Howell Harris was a true soldier of Christ. There is no other Welshman that fought a greater fight for the uplifting of Wales from apathy and darkness. He aroused the whole population to a realization of their pitiable spiritual condition. To him the writer of this paper ascribes the moral awakening of Lleyn. Subsequently, the land became productive of ministers and religious workers. He sowed the seed of a new life there. Some of the best men and finest and strongest preachers Wales has ever seen and heard were either born in this portion of Carnarvon or born again there. Christmas Evans was inspired in this district when listening to a native of Lleyn. It was here also that the inspiration fired the life of Richard Owen. The land has been alive ever since Howell Harris preached. He picked up the whole community and "shooked the people over their lost condition" as the old phrase goes, and showed hell with open jaws under them. Argument and logic could not have done the work; Howell Harris, the giant evangelist, alone could accomplish the task.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for September gives a sketch with portrait of the young heir of Llandinam, the son of Edward Davies, and grandson of David Davies, the railroad magnate and coal-owner. Lately he reached his majority, when a most liberal feast was provided for the thousands of miners employed by the Ocean Collieries. About 10,000 workmen were fed and entertained. There were two miles of tables at the celebration in the Rhondda Valley, and three miles of stuff was ordered for covering. At home, in Llandinam, his 21st birthday was observed also on a grand scale. David Davies was born May 11, 1880, and was educated at home until his 12th year, when he entered Edinburg in 1899, and later, King's College, Cambridge. Mr. Davies is a promising young man, sociable, scholarly, generous, fond of outdoor life and pursuits, and very popular. He also takes great interest in the welfare of farmers and agricultural laborers as well as the thousands of miners employed by the company. He is very considerate and kind to those who live on his estate, as well as his neighbors. Wales congratulates him, and expects much service from him.

A good deal of light will be thrown upon the origin of many of the Welsh families when the old parish registers of Hereford County are available. Some of them go back to a very early date, and, as there is hardly a family of any eminence in Wales which has not intermarried with Hereford families or had members settle in the western part of that county, a lot of what is at present obscure will be made clear by the aid of the registers. The Sysilt, or Cecil, Scudamore, Morgans (of Tredegar), Vaughans, Lewis, Gwyn, and other local families are all connected with Hereford. We understand that it requires but fifty half-guinea subscribers to have the Hereford registers printed.

SCIENTIFIC

An exposition dealing with the prevention of sea-sickness is held at Ostend, Belgium, and a large variety of appliances, remedies, etc., are exhibited.

Chamberlain and Roux proved in 1883 that the mere keeping of bacteria in an antiseptic substance will totally modify them. A new species will be created, which will differ both in form and physiological function from its ancestor—a species which will propagate, retaining its new characteristics.

Rats offer a great opportunity to some one who has knowledge and business ability to raise them. They breed easily and rapidly, and will live on garbage and offal. Their skins make a leather tougher than kid and grace the hand of many a woman who would scream at the thought of a rat about her.—“The Forum.”

Electric light and power plants are run by heat derived from the burning of garbage, and certain electrolytic chemical processes could also be run, if desired, and used to purify drinking-water as well as for other purposes. From ashes a cement is made. In fact, a well managed community ought to make its garbage and refuse pay for its removal and for some other things as well.

Variability is a law of nature. Just as there are not two men exactly alike, so there are not two plants or two animals which would not differ from each other in many respects. It appears, however, that variability, even if it be quite accidental and hap-hazard has its laws. The number of small

variations is very great, while larger ones are relatively few—number decreasing (roughly speaking) in proportion to the square of the of the variation.—Krapotkin.

“School” or “schole” means exemption from work, the perpetuation of the primeval paradise created by the struggle for existence began stands for the prolongation of infancy, and the no whit less important prolongation of adolescence. sacred to health, growth and here a pound of which is worth a ton of instruction. The guardians of the should strive first of all to keep of nature’s way. They should be convinced that there is nothing else worthy of love, reverence and sacrifice as the body and soul of a growing

The rising generation is knocking the door, decrying the competition of their elders. So let us destroy our fathers have builded, and exculpate ourselves that we have exemption from the vandalism. Let sacrifice the form and manner of that we may cram one other of ambitions into our span of years. some may remain who still respect leisurely, well-ordered practice their forefathers. “In an imperfect work,” said Thoreau, ‘time is a gradient, but into a perfect work does not enter.’—“Blackwood Magazine.”

All who have watched birds can have seen them teach the young to food, to bathe, to follow, to shun fear danger, and other things. brought up from the nest by

never learn some of these lessons. For example, birds so reared are not afraid of the human race. I could give many authenticated instances of this. Then they do not know their native tongue nor understand the calls of their own mother, and do not sing their father's song. A chewink or towhee bunting reared in a house sang the song of an ortolon confined in the next cage and refused to learn the song of his family when placed next a singing chewink. A captive young robin learned the song of a mocking bird, and a young blue-jay did the same.—Olive Thorne Miller.

Edison's statement that he has discovered a process of making a Portland cement, adapted to the building of homes, from cottages to palaces, which can be poured around iron or steel frames, and made at a cost far cheaper than brick or stone, while being practically fire-proof, has already awakened an almost world-wide interest. The houses will be poured into wooden shells temporarily put up around a skeleton framework. When the first story has been thus poured, the next will be treated in the same manner. The pouring will require no special skill on the part of laborers. The building will occupy a few days.—"The Arena."

It was reserved for the nineteenth century to contribute, in the person of Charles Lamb, the most brilliant exemplar of the essay, the prince of this especial literary mood—not primarily a thinker, a knowledge-bringer, a critic; but just a unique personality expressing his ego in his own fascinating way, make the past pay rich toll, yet always himself; and finding the essay accommodative to his whimsical vagaries; his delicious inconsistencies, his deep-toned, lovable nature. And that incomparable manner of his! 'Tis at once richly complex and tremulously simple, an instrument of wide range

from out whose keys a soul vibrant to the full meaning of humanity might call spirits of earth and heaven in exquisite evocations and cadences at times almost too piercing-sweet.—Richard Burton.

The strangeness of the transformations of matter is not always realized by those not familiar with chemistry. Matter is continually passing through its endless cycle. An overcoat may have in it the remains of ball-dresses and prison shirts. It may have lain on luxurious beds or in the gutters. When our shoes wear out, they are made into fertilizers and produce grass and grain, with which are raised cows, and out of cow's skin we make leather again. So we have the shoe back again, less that portion of it that has been consumed as milk and beef. Nothing is really lost in nature. Give the ground it returns us the flower. Matter is in eternal circulation. "Give to me the sewage of New York City," says Dr. Long, "and I will return you yearly the superior milk of 100,000 cows."—The "Forum."

THE PASSING OF THE OLD.

Those who have been so fortunate as to have been reared in a true Christian faith can have no sufficient idea of the torture to which the minds of men were subjected by the old-fashioned discourses on the punishments that after death assail all save the few chosen ones.

The human fancy has ranged far, but nowhere else has it gathered such a harvest as in the sulphurous realms. Cruelty is a natural motive in men; it came with the vast store of good and bad that was sent to us from the lower stages of life. All the better influences of society worked against it. The teachings of Christ should have banished it from the earth, but for nearly two

thousand years these teachings have been made in appearance to justify the endless picturings of torments upon the immortal bodies of those he sought to save. For centuries a host of able men have been at work perpetuating these brutal ideas throughout the civilized world. The physical hell, the personal devil, hisimps of all degrees, the fiery furnaces, and all the other agents of torments are passing away from the imaginations of men. There is probably not an educated clergyman who believes in them.—"The Individual: A Study of Life and Death."

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IMPROVEMENTS IN THE HOLY
LAND.

It has often been stated that if one of the prophets had returned to the field of his labors, he would have had little difficulty in recognizing the old scenes, but now matters are decidedly changed. The railway from Joppa to Jerusalem is now on a paying basis, and other lines which will connect it with points of interest up and down the valley of the Jordan have been projected or are actually in course of building. In Jerusalem there are electric lights, telephones, phonographs, modern stores and sanitary plumbing; in fact, all the comforts of civilized life can now be obtained. Trolley lines are projected to connect Jerusalem with Bethany, Bethlehem, the Lake of Galilee, Samaria, Jericho, Nazareth and other places. Recently an American salesman went to Jerusalem and Beirut and sold modern merchandise to the amount of \$3,800. It is thought that in a few years the Holy Land will be a good consumer of flour. More than two hundred phonographs were recently sent to Jerusalem, Damascus and nearby places, the Moslems buying them largely for their harems. There

seems to be a considerable opening for windmills and irrigating machinery in the East. The Sultan appears to be favorably disposed toward the modernizing of this part of his dominions.

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WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Considering its revolutionary character, the success of wireless telegraphy has been unusually rapid, for it was only as recently as the summer of 1896 that Marconi, then but twenty-two years of age, landed in England in the hope of interesting the government in his invention and having an opportunity to demonstrate on a large scale its practical value. Thanks to the instant appreciation and encouragement of some of the leading electrical experts of that country, Marconi was able to make the necessary experiments on a large scale, and in the year 1898 he succeeded in dispatching a message over a distance of 34 miles between two points in England. It was not until March of the following year, when Marconi established communication across the English Channel, that the new system attracted the attention of the world at large and demonstrated its great commercial possibilities. Subsequent developments have included the successful transmission of messages between warships at sea and between merchant vessels and the shore; while the range of the system has grown so rapidly that in June of this year messages were exchanged between two stations in England which were 223 miles apart. Although Marconi has always been extremely conservative in his estimate of the range to which his system may be extended in the future, the rapid increase in distance covered which has taken place in the past twelve months gives hope that the limit is far from having been approached.



The only distinctively Welsh benefit society is the True Ivorites, which was originated at Wrexham in 1836.

Pontypool claims the distinction of being the place where the Baptist cause was first started in Wales.

The London Welshmen of a hundred years ago were mostly in the printing and publishing trade. Who has not heard of Griffiths, the publisher of the monthly magazine and Evans, whose collection of old ballads saved many a fine specimen which was not included in the Percy collection?

It is claimed for the Bretons (observes the "Athenaeum") that football originated with them. It would certainly appear that they and the Cornish have engaged in a form of football from very early times, tempting us to the belief that the Britons were playing it at the time of the Roman invasion.

English choirs now make it a point to take away the chief choral prizes at the Welsh National Eisteddfod. Two years running they have succeeded in beating the great Welsh combinations on the latter's own ground—literally their own ground. Is the time coming when the chaired bard will be an Englishman, and the crown will be won by—say an Italian?

Mr. W. Griffiths, the Canadian agent at Cardiff, and Mr. W. J. Rees, of

Swansea, are gone to Patagonia for the purpose of organising a systematic transfer of the Welsh Colony at Chupat to Canadian territory. It is probable that a large proportion of the population will seek new homes under the British flag.

Favorable opinions of the Welsh Hospital were very general in Pretoria a year ago. The Coldstream Guards were stationed there at the time, and whenever a man "went sick" he declared his nationality to be Welsh in order to get into the Welsh Hospital. But the hospital made no distinction in the nationality of the patients. It was more cosmopolitan than its name.

There is a wealth of humor in the Ordnance maps. A Welsh writer tramped some miles in order to identify a curious place-name in one of these maps—"Nant y Ffosp." He asked the farmer who farms the land where the brook was. He did not know of it. The brook was pointed out to him. "Oh," he said, "that is Nant Ffos vr Hwch" (the Brook of the Cow's Ditch), and some call it Nant Cynffon Swch (the Brook of the Ploughshare's Tail?)"

Barmouth (says the "British Weekly") is rich in literary association. John Ruskin founded a branch of his Guild of St. George there, and paid many visits to the town. Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who lives at Dolgelly, is a frequent visitor, and Miss Marianne Farningham's Welsh home is at Bar-

mouth. Not far away is the house where Darwin wrote his "Descent of Man," and in another direction is the place once occupied for some part of each year by Dr. Dale, whilst near by is the home of the late Mr. S. Pope, K. C.

In a little Baptist burial-ground at Llanwenarth, near Abergavenny, may be seen this quaint memorial:—"Josua James, of ye town of Abergavenny, died August ye 22nd, 1728. Aged 63. "Here lieth one of Abel's race, Whom Cain did hunt from place to place;

Yet not dismayed, about he went,
Working until his days were spent.
He is now at rest, and takes a nap
Upon his common mother's lap,
Waiting to hear ye Bridegroom say,
'Arise, my love, and come away.'

During the reign of Henry VIII. many attempts were made to discover coal in North Wales, and a Shrewsbury man, named Richard Gardner, was the only person who succeeded. The old records reads: "He attempted and put into prooffe to fynde out coles about the town (Shrewsbury) in soondry placys, and in one place in especiall call'd Ematine Haye, hard by the sayd towne, he found by his great dyligence and troball great store of see cole, the which is lyke to come much commoditie bothe to the riche and poore, that he is not only worthy of commendacon and mayntenance, but also to be had in remembrance for ever."

It appears from inquiries made respecting the length of pastorates in the Congregational Churches of Wales that in the Welsh-speaking churches of Wales and Monmouthshire there are 476 pastorates, and these pastorates have been held as follows: 157 from 1 to 5 years; 93 from 6 to 10 years; 61 from 11 to 15 years; 58 from 16 to 20 years; 36 from 21 to 25 years; 25 from 26 to

30 years; 23 from 31 to 35 years; 15 from 36 to 40 years; 7 from 45 to 50 years. The average for the English Churches in Wales is eight and a half years, the Welsh Churches in North Wales and Monmouthshire being eleven years, and the Welsh Churches in South Wales is fourteen years.

THE PAN-AMERICAN EISTEDDFOD.

The much-talked of Pan-American Eisteddfod occurred at Buffalo on Friday, September 20, and proved a strong success from a competitive standpoint, but the committee in charge will have to stand the loss of a few hundred dollars as a result of their Eisteddfodic experience. That such should be the result of months of hard and persistent efforts is a matter to be regretted by all who were present, as the event was a particularly enjoyable one. Had the Welsh people who were in Buffalo at that time attended the concert given at Convention Hall, under the auspices of the Cambrian Society of that city, for the purpose of raising funds to meet the Eisteddfod expenses, there would have been no deficiency to meet; but the attendance was so meagre as to fall far short of paying the hall expenses, not to speak of expenses incurred in the successful carrying out of the Eisteddfod. Great credit is due Richard Humphrey and David Jones, the persistent and indefatigable president and secretary of the Buffalo Cambrian Society, for their conscientious efforts toward making the venture a success, and they have good reason to feel proud over their achievement.

The conductor of the day was the versatile and humorous William E. Powell (Gwilym Eryri), of Milwaukee, Wis., and it is but fair to add that much credit is due him for the clever manner in which he handled affairs. He is certainly one of few men for the position. The musical adjudicators

Professors William Apmadoc, of Chicago, Ill.; Daniel Protheroe, Mus. of Milwaukee, Wis.; and Edward E. of Montreal, Canada. This was a very strong and extremely well equipped board of judges, and their work throughout the day was such as to win the earliest approval of victorious and defeated singers.

The standard of excellence in all the competitions was gratifying, and the awards were very complimentary for the first awards. The preliminary competitions were held in the Temple Music early Friday morning, the judges selecting three in each competition to appear in the finals. The winner of the soprano solo was Mrs. Hughes Brundage, of Scranton, Pa.; Miss Helen Griffith, of Utica, a pupil of Prof. I. T. Daniel, was adjudged the victor in the contralto solo; Harry Davies, of the Grauman Company, proved too strong an opponent for his fellow competitors in the tenor solo competition, and P. Lull, of Lima, Ohio, had no difficulty in convincing the judges of his superiority in the bass solo competition.

The choral competitions were very interesting and of the highest order. In the contest for ladies' choruses, four organizations appeared on the stage, and in the following order: The Ladies of Utica, under the direction of Prof. I. T. Daniel; Wilkesbarre Ladies' Chorus, conducted by Mrs. Thomas (Eos Tydfil); Ada and Ladies' Chorus, conducted by Hugh W. Owen; and the Euterpeans of Columbus, Ohio, conducted by Cassell. The contest proved very close, but the adjudicators had no hesitancy in awarding the first prize to the Cecilians of Utica, and the second to the Euterpeans of Columbus. This decision proved a popular one with the audience.

Two male choruses were entered for a prize of \$200 for the best rendering

of J. Hayden Morris' "Song of the Pilgrim," the Haydn Male Chorus of Utica, conducted by Prof. I. T. Daniel, and the Slatington Male Chorus of Slatington, Pa. They sang in the order named. The Haydns sang well, but were handicapped in not having as good voices as the Pennsylvanians, who were awarded the first prize, the second going to the Uticans.

The chief attraction of the day was the competition for mixed choruses for a prize of \$1,000. Three choruses of over 100 voices each were heard—Lima and Ada United Choir, conducted by Prof. Hugh W. Owen; Wyoming Valley Choral Union, conducted by Prof. Harry Harris; and the Utica Philharmonic Society, conducted by Prof. I. T. Daniel. Each organization did itself proud, but it was evident to all that the real fight was between the first and third choirs. The selections were "God so Loved the World," from Stainer's "Crucifixion," and "We Never Will Bow Down" (Handel). In announcing the award the adjudicators stated that the singing of Stainer's selection by the first and third choirs was of the highest order, and accordingly they were considered equal. The Utica chorus so far excelled the Ohio organization in the singing of the Handel selection that the judges had no hesitancy in awarding them the first prize. The singing of the second movement of "We Never Will Bow Down" by the Utica organization was characterized by the adjudicators as by far the best work of the contest.

During the meetings short addresses were delivered by the Rev. Rhoslyn Davies, of Pittsburg, Pa., and William Buchanan, Director General of the Exposition. A special feature of the day's exercises was the singing of old Welsh hymns by the choir and audience.

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In the "Annual Register," for the year 1788, we find among the several returns which were made to the House

of Commons previous to that date one from a poor Welsh curate, whether of North or of South Wales we are not informed, who, after delineating the distresses of his poor neighbors, adds, "But their distresses cannot be greater than mine *jara*. * * * I have around me nine poor children, for whom I never yet could procure shoes or stockings. It is with difficulty I can provide them with food. My income is £35 per annum, and for this I do the duty of four parishes.—I am, &c., Indignans."

In a report written some years ago by the late Principal Edwards, then of Aberystwyth, the following sentences appeared: "There are few Welshmen who do not know by painful experience that their greatest enemy has been provincialism. Uncouth in manners, painfully conscious of ridicule, bashful and awkward in company, reserved and suspicious; or in the other extreme, rude, self-assertive, priding himself on his foibles, mean in adverse circumstances, disdainful of his own people in prosperity, the Welsh Philistine is not lovable. What our youths most of all require is to come out of their shell, associate with Englishmen and Scotchmen; this will make them gentlemen in the best sense of the word." Not very palatable truths, but such as it would be well for us to lay to heart, for although not specifically intended for the musician, the musical Philistine, Welsh or otherwise, amateur or professional, is not the least unlovable of the species.

St. David's Society of the State of New York at its recent meeting took action on the death of President McKinley. The minute adopted says:

The officers and members of the St. David's Society of the State of New York, assembled in their quarterly meeting, this 23rd day of September, in the year 1901, recognizing their allegiance to the United States of America, the land of their sojourn and their citizenship, no less than their affection for the Principality of Wales, the home of their fathers, desire to place upon their minutes this record of their loving and reverent regard for the memory of the late Chief Magistrate of the United States, William McKinley.

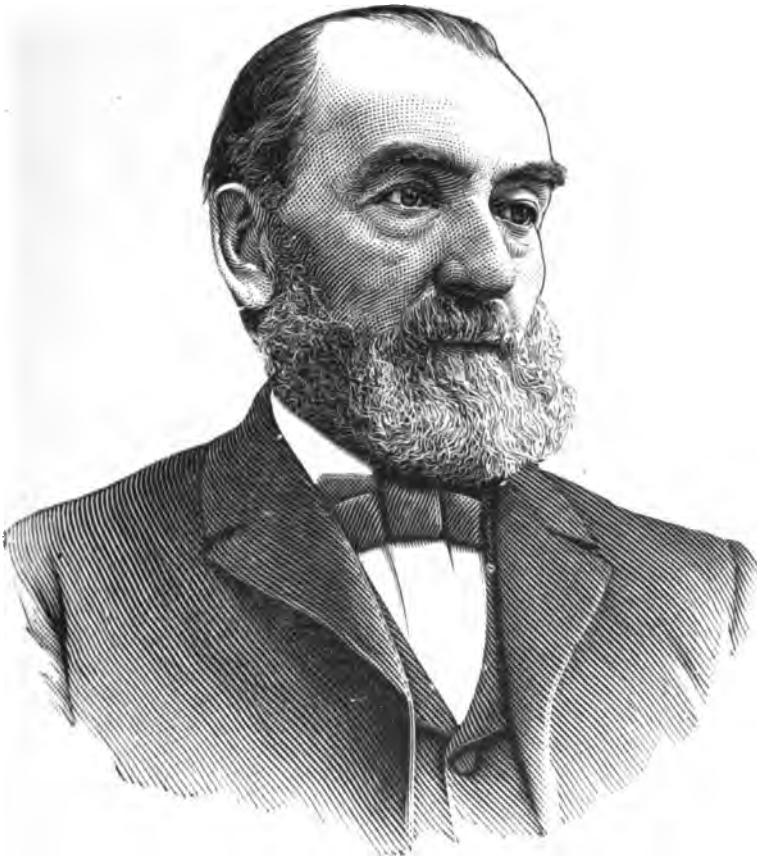
Uniting with all of their fellow citizens in profound grief for the loss that all have suffered in his death, and in horror at the crime which brought it about, they prefer to dwell on the glory and dignity of the life consummated on earth and now continued in heaven, rather than on their own loss. That a life so actively employed and so fully rounded out in the varied pursuits of a soldier, a lawyer, a legislator, a statesman and a President, could have been lived in the less than three score years which mark its earthly boundaries seems no less marvellous than the mysterious Providence which permitted its sudden ending. For the workman who has accomplished his task and earned his rest they can only say, "Well done; he has gone to his resting bed, weary and content and undishonored, and God has granted him in the end the gift of sleep," and for their beloved land, the richer for his having been born her son, already entering on the larger life which his foresight, his patience and his genius rendered possible, they can only pray that the God who raised up such a leader to guide His people in the days that are past will not forsake them in the days that are to come.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

REV. RHYS GWESYN JONES, D. D.

At his home, No. 50 Spring Street, Utica, N. Y., September 5th, Rev. Rhys Gwesyn Jones, D. D., passed peacefully away. He had been suffering from stomach trouble for some time, and

ancestors had been living for many generations. Although his parents were in humble circumstances, he obtained in early life a fair education in the common English branches. He was deeply impressed in his religious con-



REV. RHYS GWESYN JONES, D. D.

Confined to his bed for five weeks.

Rhys Gwesyn Jones was the son of Rees and Mary Jones, and was born May 4, 1826, at Penywern, Abergwesyn, Breconshire, South Wales, where his

victions and experience during the great revival of 1840, and united with Moriah Church at Abergwesyn, where, also in February, 1844, he commenced to preach the gospel. For the next three

years, while residing at Ffrwd y Fal, Llandeilo, and Llanover, he devoted his leisure time to improve himself by a course of studies, and in 1847 he entered Brecon College, where, for four years, he specially prepared for the Christian ministry. On the completion of his college course in 1851, he accepted the charge of the church at Rhayader on the Wye, where it was required that he should preach in Welsh and English.

In 1857, Dr. Jones accepted a call to take charge of the church at Penybont ar Ogwy, where he remained for two years, and where, also, he published a book in Welsh on "The World Before Adam," which had a ready sale and a large number of readers. In 1859 he took charge of Bethesda Congregational Church at Merthyr, S. W., where his ministry proved very successful, and where, within the space of three months, over 250 persons united with the church on profession of faith under the influence of the great general revival then prevailing in Wales.

During his ministry at Merthyr, also he wrote and published several able articles on various topics which appeared in the "Belrniad," "Y Diwygiwr," and other periodicals. He also published at this time several books in Welsh, entitled, "A Holy Church," "An Active Church," also "Expository Lectures on the Book of Revelation," which met with a cordial reception, and was widely read. It was at Bethesda, Merthyr, also, on October 10, 1864, that he first delivered his famous lecture on "Caru, Priodi a Byw," or "Love, Marriage and Living." It was so favorably received that he was requested to deliver it again the following week in the same town and very soon it became quite popular throughout the Principality, and afterward in America also. The lecture has for some time been published, the third edition of it having been recently published in Bala, N. W.

In November, 1866, Dr. Jones was invited to take charge of the Welsh Congregational Church at Utica, N. Y., which he accepted, and on May 14, 1867, arrived in Utica with his family, consisting of his wife and five children. The Congregationalists then had two Welsh churches in Utica, one at the corner of Whitesboro and Washington, and one at the corner of Broadway and Columbia Street, but in 1870 both churches united with Dr. Jones as their pastor. They sold both of the old church edifices and built their present large and commodious church on Washington Street.

While on a visit to California in 1879, Dr. Jones was invited to take charge of the Congregational Church at Petaluma, where he remained four years. In the meantime, the pulpit of his old church at Utica, having become vacant through the lamented death of the pastor, Rev. Watkin B. Joseph (Y Myfyr), Dr. Jones was again invited to become pastor of the church. Accepting the call, he resumed his charge in October, 1883, and took charge at the same time of the Welsh church at New York Mills. Both of these churches under his ministry were in a prosperous and flourishing condition. Since his arrival in America he had also been active in literary work, having published a small commentary on the Epistle of James, also a second edition, revised and enlarged, of his "Commentary on the Book of Revelation," besides many articles yn various topics in the Welsh and English periodicals.

Dr. Jones was one of the most able and prominent of the Welsh Congregational ministers in America, and was held in the highest esteem, both for his personal character and for his abundant labor in the Christian ministry. He belonged to the Welsh Association of New York and to the Welsh Bible Society of Utica.

MISS MARIAN PARRY, CAMBRIA,
WIS.

"The Cambrian" has the pleasure of presenting to its readers another of Wisconsin's talented daughters, Miss Marian Parry, of Cambria, Wis., a young lady whom we can venture to characterize as an industrious musician.



MISS MARIAN PARRY.

Miss Parry was born in 1877, and is the only child of Mr. John Parry, wagonmaker, Cambria, Wis., and his wife, Mrs. Parry, a daughter of the late ministerial pioneer, Rev. David Pugh, Rock Hill, whose widow is now hale and hearty, and living with her daughter in Cambria. The subject of our sketch has inherited the sturdy character qualities of her "tald" and "nain," winning thereby the highest esteems of all who know her.

Miss Parry attended Cambria's public school, and graduated therefrom in 1896. She studied music with a visiting teacher, and with those of neighboring towns. In 1897 she entered the Ripon Conservatory, studying there under

Professor Lillibridge, a noted German instructor, who greatly regretted that Miss Parry could not remain at the Conservatory to complete her study-course, on account of her eyes being affected by over-study. Otherwise she would have graduated with honor. In the meantime, Miss Parry continued her studies at home, along with her organ and piano exercises, and by teaching a class of young scholars upon the same instruments. During the last two years, Miss Parry has been the organist of the Welsh Presbyterian Church, and has served as accompanist on many important occasions. She is a student of the poets, and finds therein much inspiration for her musical work. The committee of the last Cambria Elstedd-fod appointed Miss Parry the official accompanist, and her work proved her to be a tactful, pleasant and conscientious student. Because of her geniality, her ability, and the esteem in which she is held in the community, it is to be hoped that her future work will be appreciated by the public of Cambria and vicinity. The people of Cambria give her the pet name "Mem," and the englyn-master, Mr. W. W. Rowlands uses the same in the following musical englynion to her:

Yn swynol, gall "Mem" seinio—hoff ar-
Offeryn dan branclo; [aul
Hoenus, frwd, gerddores y fro
A'r benaf un ar biano.

Acenawl fwsic heini—a basia

Rhwng ei bysedd gwisgi;

Ni fu erioed uwch un o fri

A moes purach, na Miss Parri.

Didranc, yn ol myn'd adre—at deulu

Telyn aur gaiff chware; [nef

Odlawg donau'r hyfrydle

Diwnia'n wych ar danau ne.

In the lines prefacing the obituary of Miss Jennie Watkins, Gomer, O., in the last "Cambrian," the closing line should be "A true and holy book," instead of "A true and holy truth."

Editor "The Cambrian, Sir: I notice in the September number of "The Cambrian" the Rev. E. I. Jones, author of "A Tour of Wales" that has appeared in "The Cambrian" in a cursory way, intends having the "Tour" published in book form, providing a sufficient support is given him to justify the expense in doing so.

I have read every one of the articles referred to, and not merely have I found them pleasant reading, but they have also given me more insight and facts concerning the history of Wales than I ever knew before, and I believe this would be the candid opinion of everyone that has had the pleasure of reading them, and I feel sure that this would be the opinion of all that would be able to get the series of articles in book form, and perhaps much more so to the Cambro-Americans than to the native born Welsh persons.

I am also of opinion that thousands of copies of the book could be sold, as even those like myself, who have already read the same in a detached way, would be very much pleased to read them over again in book form. It would, as well, be valuable as a book of reference on dear old Gwalla. I hope the author will receive the necessary support so as to see his way clear to publish these articles in book form, and to give him some encouragement to do so I have already written Mr. Jones to enter my order for five copies of the book; trusting that others will send him orders to the extent that will justify him in publishing the book is the sincere wish of—Anthony Howells, Massillon, O.

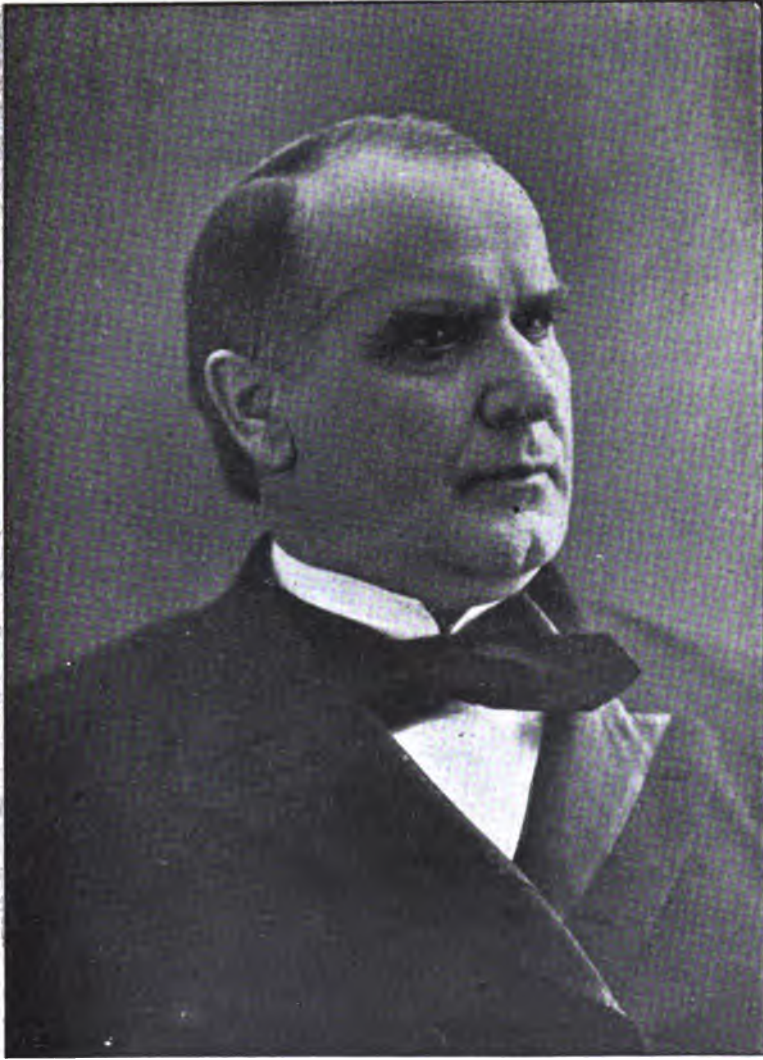
Thursday, September 19, a silent memorial service was held at Dr. Weber's residence in Hyde Park, Cincinnati, O., when Sallie A. Lewis read the poem "In Memoriam," which ap-

pears in this number; Gussie Lewis sang the solo that was sung at the Washington service, "Some Day We'll Understand;" Katherine Lewis read Lincoln's favorite hymn "Why Should the Spirit of Man be Proud;" Miss Pearl Hart gave two piano solos "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and "The Dying Poet," by Gottschalk; Mrs. Outcalt gave a sketch of McKinley's life, which opened the services after giving in concert "The Lord's Prayer," and the afternoon gathering closed with "Lead, Kindly Light." Dr. Weber read the speech which had been given by Senator Foraker at the Music Hall in the morning.

NEW SONGS; Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass.

"What Care I How Fair She Be" (W. F. Sudds), 50c. A bright and taking "vocal" gavotte for low voice. *E♭* B flat. —"Across the Dusk" (Anne Wakely Jackson), 40c. A song of much originality in *G* flat (high voice).—"My Soul Thirsteth for God" (H. J. Stewart), 50c. A church solo of earnest and dramatic character for medium voice.—"When We Parted" (F. Buckingham Joyce), 50c. An expressive love-song for baritone or low tenor.—"Memoirs" ((Macy-Kiehl) 40c. A mood piece and one of much value to teacher and pupil.—"In the Swing" (A. E. Warren), three pages, 40c. Attractive and will interest the young player.—"Tambourine Girl" (A. E. Warren) 40c. A national representation; the Spanish idiom characterizes the piece.—"A Dream o' Fairyland" (L. A. Bugble), 30c. It comprises "Going to Dreamland"; "A Peep into the Fairy Ballroom"; "Return from Fairyland to Dreamland."—"March," (Carl A. Preyer), 30c. In the best sense musical.—"The Jolly Harvesters" (F. A. Williams), 50c. This is No. 1 of a set of four, characterized by refined musical thought and expression.

In Memoriam.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

the Temple of Music is heard a moan
that echoes throughout the land;
people's ruth and a people's woe,
the righteous wrath that freemen know
breaks in that cry so deep and low
singing on every hand!

In the City of Light, in a quiet home,
A patient sufferer lies;
For seven long days that seem like years
A nation watches with prayers and tears,
With mighty hopes and struggling fears
Till death has won the prize!

In the stately east room, lo! a shrouded
form
Lies silent and kingly there,
While guards from land and ocean keep
Their tireless vigil o'er his sleep,
And a lonely woman wakes to weep,
And miss his sheltering care.

'Neath the Capitol's fair and wondrous
dome
A simple casket stands,
Girt round with solemn, sorrowing
throngs,
And rise the notes of Christian songs,
While many a voice their strain pro-
longs
In this and other lands.

In his Canton home lies the martyred
chief,
His last sad journey o'er;
Though friends and comrades weep fare-
well
And tolls each town and village bell,
His name, the nation's heart-throbs tell,
"Will live forevermore!"

ORIANA M. WILLIAMS.
Peckville, Pa.

William McKinley, late President of
the United States, was born January 29,
1843, at Niles, Trumbull Co., O.; was
mortally shot at the Temple of Music,
Buffalo, September 6; died September
14; and laid to rest in the Westlawn
Cemetery, Canton, O., September 19.

Mr. McKinley's father was an iron
manufacturer, and a pioneer in the busi-
ness. William was his third son, the
eldest being David, the second James,
and the youngest Abner. His mother
was alert and vigorous mentally and
physically, up to the time of her death,
when she was nearly 90 years of age.

He was married to Miss Ida Saxton,
daughter of James and Mary Saxton of
Canton, O. When he went to her father
to ask for her hand, Mr. Saxton said:

"You are the only man I have ever
known to whom I would intrust my
daughter." The story of their married
life is beautiful.

Long and honorable was the public
career of William McKinley. It extend-
ed from the time when, as a mere strip-
pling, he held sway in a log cabin
country school to the tragic moment
when, as chief executive of the nation,
he was felled by the assassin's bullet.
During all that time his record suffered
neither blot nor blemish. He was test-
ed as a soldier, as a lawyer as a poli-
tician, as a statesman, as the head of the
nation. In each case he stood the test.

In private life he began by being a
manly boy, a dutiful and obedient son.
He continued as a faithful and loving
husband, one whose example has had its
good effect on the national character.
His life was typically American, the life
of an American of the best type. And
through it all he was a patriot. Above
personal ambition were ever in his mind
his country and his country's good.

Grandest of men! we mourn for thee,
And look to God on bended knee;
A prince has fallen and gone to rest,
A martyr honored by nations blest.

O, loved of millions! sleep in peace,
Our love for thee shall never cease.
Friend of the poor, the truth and right,
Thy radiant smile dispelled the night.

The blessed memory of thy worth
Will last as long as sky and earth.
Oh! happy death the righteous die,
Without a moan, without a sigh!

When mighty thrones shall tumble down
And human pride of long renown
Shall fall, thy lustrous name will be
Adored in this land of the free.

For his great service let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise!

MORIEN MON HUWS.

THE CAMBRIAN.

President McKinley's last conscious hour on earth was spent with the wife to whom he devoted a lifetime of care. He died unattended by a minister of the gospel, but his last words were a humble submission to the will of God in whom he believed. He was reconciled to the cruel fate to which the assassin's bullet had condemned him, and faced death in the same spirit of calmness and poise which has marked his long and honorable career. His last conscious words were:

"Good bye all; good bye. It's God's way. His will be done."



MRS. MCKINLEY.

Immortal soul, Oh, brother, friend of
worth,
Living in spirit with the sons of earth;
Rudely taken by the assassin's hand,
In the noonday of life, with promise
grand.

Untimely death, O! vicious hand to slay,
A heart that lived with God, the perfect
way;
To take the life blood of a nation's pride,
And shatter the home tie, from side to
side.

Time will forever keep memory green,
When the sculptured marble is dimly
seen;
There is something grand in actions
divine,
That leave on the granite an image fine.
There is something grand in ships com-
ing home,
After tossing on the wildly curling foam,
There is something grand in an eagle's
flight,
Scaling the summit of a rocky height;
But nothing so grand as the life divine,
Soaring with angels to the Savior's
shrine,
Where glory and honor succeed each
day;
Where pomp and grandeur never decay.
McKinley lives in eternal beauty,
Thy warfare over, life did its duty;
Heaven wrapped thy breath in raptures
so sweet,
And laid the treasure at the Master's
feet.

SALLIE A. LEWIS.

The character of William McKinley was the embodiment of sweetness; in all the years of my personal contact with him in the halls of Congress, never once was his temper ruffled. He was master of himself, and therefore fit to be master of others. Never once even in the midst of the excitement of debate, was he betrayed into the use of invective or personal sarcasm. Of all the men who have been in the House of Representatives during my experience there, none was ever so much beloved by his associates, and by his political opponents as well. He never allowed the truth to be misrepresented by party ambition.—Ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt.

And he was a man who believed in right, who had a profound conviction that the courses of this world must be ordered in accordance with everlasting righteousness or this world's highest point of good would never be reached; that no nation can expect success in life

except as it conform to the eternal laws
of the infinite Lord, and pass its life in
individual and collective activity accord-
ing to that divine will. It was deeply
ingrained into him that righteousness
was the perfection of any man or any
people. Simplicity belonged to him.—
Bishop Andrews' Funeral Address.

A nation weeps to her outstretch'd con-
fines,
Her tears profound obliterate party
lines;
East, West, North, South, united in one
globe,
Are now enwrapped in one deep mourn-
ing robe

Offended Liberty enveils a blushing face,
Humanity condoles with an afflicted
race:

McKinley's tragic end! Justice, though
blind,
The misdeed to avenge, her way will
find!

Our glorious country shall no longer
breed

A pestilential crop from spurious seed;
Columbia must purge out her threshing
floor

And anarchy swift winnowed from her
door.

"Thy will be done" and "Nearer, my
God, to Thee,"

McKinley's prayers henceforth our own
shall be;

Roosevelt we hail, his purposes to deal,
Though dead yet speaketh in his coun-
try's weal!—Aneurin Jones.

Not only was our President brave, he-
roic and honest; he was as gallant a
knight as ever rode the lists for his lady
love in the days when knighthood was in
flower. It is but a few weeks since the
nation looked with tear-dimmed eyes,
as it saw with what tender, conjugal de-
votion he sat at the bedside of his be-
loved wife, when all feared that a fatal

illness was upon her. No public clamor
that he might show himself to the popu-
lace, no demand of social functions, was
sufficient to draw the lover from the
bedside of his wife. He watched and
waited, while we all prayed—and she
lived. This sweet and tender story all
the world knows, and the world knows
that his whole life had run in this one
groove of love. It was a strong arm
that she leaned upon, and it never failed
her. Her smile was more to him than
the plaudits of the multitude, and for
her greeting his acknowledgements of
them must wait. After receiving the
fatal wound, his first thought was that
the terrible news might be broken gen-
tly to her. May God in this deep hour of
sorrow comfort her. May His grace
be greater than her anguish. May the
widow's God be her God.—Rev. C. E.
Manchester.

OUR MARTYR-PRESIDENT.

What mean these myriad aching hearts,
And tears from myriad weeping eyes?

What means this sorrow o'er the laird,
Woe like a pall across the skies?

Dark treason's hand has cut again

A prince uncrowned, the best of men!

What fiend is this whose vengeful heart
Could lodge such hate to foul man's
name?

It can't be man that did the deed,

The devil 'twas that lit the flame

That fired his soul, in friendship's guise,
To kill the brave, the good, the wise!

With Judas smile and treacherous hand,

He crouched along that line of joy,
While love resplendent shone around

His hand was missioned to destroy!

The missiles flew, and all the world
Was into bitter sorrow hurled!

O! blackest deed! joy of the land

To scoundrel rage a sacrifice!

His country's pride, by merit throned

A victim to a tool of Vice!

To-day McKinley's higher raised

By God, by men and angels praised!

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STUDY OF WELSH LANGUAGE AND HISTORY.

By Tal. Evans (Tal o Eifion), San Francisco.

I.

There are certain fundamental propositions which govern the study of language and history. They may be thus formulated: That history is a record of human events and their logical results; that the form of the record may be diversified; that the antiquity of a language may be accepted as conclusive proof of the antiquity of the race speaking it; that the origin or earlier development of a race may be deduced from the relationship of its vernacular to the languages of other peoples, whether such languages be now living or dead; that, where a hiatus exists in the surviving records of a nation or a race, it is admissible to bridge it over by drawing materials from the records of contemporary peoples, wherever and whenever accessible; that when every other form of record is absent, tradition and folklore become legitimate sources of intelligence, subject, however, to the test of critical analysis and collateral confirmation; that, in the consideration of history, conjecture must "not" be accepted as "fact;" that the physical and linguistic characteristics of a

people constitute good evidence as to their origin and history.

Primarily, the study of the Welsh language in its relationship to the history of the race, must be governed by the rules applied to the study of the language and history of any other race, to wit: (1) By an examination of its surviving records and those of contemporaneous peoples; (2) By a determination of the meaning and significance of its monuments and the ruins of its temples and cities; (3) Through the examination of the inscriptions on the tombs of its dead, or wherever else they may be found; (4) By an analysis of its legends and traditions—the folklore of the people—in whatever form and through whatever agency they may have been transmitted to us.

Language is one of the keys which open the secrets of national or racial history. A mongrel language indicates a mixed race. Hence we know, without seeking evidence outside the language itself, that the English people, as constituted to-day, are a mixed race, developed from a Saxon source. By

a similar process of reasoning, we determine that the Mexican people are of Spanish extraction, whose blood has been tainted by a strong infusion from aboriginal veins, just as their Andalusian speech has been corrupted by the Indian vernacular. We can trace the origin, and partly the history, of all the peoples inhabiting the two Americas by a similar linguistic analysis, without examining a record. We can divide the nations of Europe and classify them correctly through the medium of the languages they speak. We know that Latin blood predominates in some of them, because their language reveals that fact as plainly as fact can be revealed. We know also by the character of the upper structure erected on the Latin groundwork that Moorish blood has entered the veins of the people of one nation, and that the blood of some other race has contaminated another nationality. We can distinguish through their language those nations which are of Hun and Teuton origin; those through whose veins the blood of the Tartars courses; those who are descendants of the ancient Vikings, and those who have sprung from the loins of the Ishmaelites. By the same agency we establish blood relationship between the inhabitants of Wales and the people of Brittany; infer a common origin, and, in a measure, a common and distinctive history, and confirm the ancient Welsh tradition of the great migration across the continent of Europe to that beautiful White Island in the northern oceans known to the

Phoenician traders in the time of King Solomon. Through the corruption of the language we are able to determine without the existence of any record that the Franks once invaded Pembrokeshire, the Danes and the Saxons Glamorganshire and neighbouring counties; and that the Romans occupied Anglesea.

The study of English sundered by Grant Allen resulted in the publication in the "Fortnightly Review" over twenty years ago of an exhaustive analysis of their language for the purpose of answering the self-propounded question of "where we Englishmen?" It is worth one's while—that is any one interested in the origin of the English—to read Grant Allen's essay, for the things said in it are peculiarly pertinent to the present inquiry. In describing the counties and cities where the Teutonic blood predominates in the people, he says similarly of Wales and the English counties, a great stream of migration has long set in, both to London and towards the manufacturing districts, of which Birmingham and Manchester form the centers. In Liverpool we see a swarm; but what is more notable is the general diffusion of the nationality in thousands of unexpected cases amongst all the towns of England, east, west and south. In many instances persons have no idea of the Celtic origin, as they have often been Anglicized for generations, and originally from the Border. Their derivation is clearly pro-

their surnames. Indeed, nomenclature, like language, is in this case the best of evidence, for though all men with Teutonic names are not necessarily Teutons, yet all men with Celtic names are Celts. [Parenthetically, I might challenge the correctness of that statement, because we have evidence in our times of the adoption of Celtic names extensively by representatives of alien races, for purposes of their own.] Now all such common names as Evans, Bevan, Parry, Owen, Bowen, Griffith, Griffiths, Rice, Reece, Price, Preece, Lloyd, Pritchard, Hughes, Pugh, Howell and Powell, besides such rarer ones, Bethell, Meredith, Vaughan, Pennant, Llewelyn, Gwyn, Wynne, Morgan, Prothero and Maddock are sure signs of Celtic origin. I have long been in the habit of observing and noting down surnames, both on shops and sign boards and in the ordinary intercourse of life, and also of consulting and comparing directories or other lists of names. From all these I have become convinced that the Welsh Celtic element in our principal towns is far longer than is usually suspected; and I have found such names in abundance even in the most Teutonic part of the island. It should be added that many other common patronymics, such as Richards, Williams, Watkins, Jones, Davies and Thomas, though not so uniformly Welsh as these already cited, afford good presumptive evidence of Celtic origin."

Now, through the study of one branch of a language—it nomenclature—Grant Allen is able to

round up his deductions as follows: "And we may sum up the result here indicated in a single sentence: though the British nation of the present day is wholly Teutonic in form, it is largely and even preponderantly Celtic in matter."

I need not weary you with a multiplication of evidences of the value of the study of the language of a people as a guide to their history. If the proposition is sound, and we will assume that it is, let us apply it to the study of the history of our own race. I think it will do more toward dispelling the fog which envelops the earlier history of the Welsh people than any other fact, for our records in parchment, metal and stone are few, and although our traditions and folklore are rich, they must be sustained by collateral proof of some kind to make reliable history. Perhaps the language which is to-day spoken in the principality, and which holds together Wales' exiled children abroad will be enough in itself to determine positively the great antiquity of the race, and, that being admitted, then also, inferentially, the reliability of our folklore and traditions.

In the study of Welsh history we are heavily handicapped. All or nearly all of our ancient literature has been destroyed by the torch of the enemy, the accident of fire and the ravages of time. If the great library of Alexandria had been in existence, we might be able to point to something definite inscribed on papyrus recounting the earlier history of the Welsh race, for, you will observe, that I am assuming

that the race existed in pre-Alexandrian times. Perhaps, later, you will say that I have proved that assumption to be an indisputable fact. But the 400,000 volumes of that great library smoldered into ashes, and the ancient history of the human race was reduced thereby to a few parchments and poems, and the then hieroglyphics on pyramids and obelisks and tombs, and the traditions which were passed from mouth to ear through succeeding generations. To this general summary of the destruction of the world's literature, I will make two exceptions, namely, the tablet libraries of Nippur, Nineveh and Babylon, and the peithynen and parchment libraries of the ancient Britons. Then came the cruel and vicious edict of Edward I., the Norman invader of Wales, who, correctly conceiving that the tenacity of the

Welsh people to their love of independence and country was based upon their language, ordered his invading armies to commit to the flames every parchment and record in the language which they found in their raids in the principality. The great libraries of St. Asaph and Bangor were consigned to the torch and it is reputed that one contained 40,000, and the other 30,000 volumes. But, says one chronicler of that disastrous event, which wiped out practically a nation's literature, every forest thereafter became a library, and every tree a book, the peithynen being received, and the written as well as the spoken language thus preserved. National tradition was also restored. The torch of enemies thus reduced the ancient Welsh writings to a few manuscripts of poems, legends and proverbs.

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SATURDAY NIGHT.

Rev. William Bryant.

Toil is meet, and rest is sweet;
Soft the shadows fall.
Weary was the week of toil;
Grateful, rest for all.

Errors haunt and failures taunt:
But the week has past.
Gone its days beyond recall:
Rest is ours at last.

Morn shall bring hearts that sing
Sabbath's blessed dawn
Every heart in tune once more:
Weariness all gone.

Happy song rings along
All life's busy ways;
Blessed time of holy rest,
Sweetest day of days.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

 By E. I. Jones, Cincinnati, O.

When Julius Caesar landed on the island of Great Britain 55 years before the birth of our divine Savior, he found a brave people, divided into many tribes, each tribe under a chief or king; but over all these were the Druids, who served at the altar, made the laws, and inspired the warriors in battle. When the Romans returned to the island 88 years later, they found the same conditions prevailing. The chief seat or University of the Druids was on the island of Anglesey. There the Archdruid presided, and the mysteries of the order were taught. To destroy the power of the Druids, Suetonius, the Roman general, led an army from Chester in 61 of our era, crossed Menai Strait near Bangor, conquered the brave Britons, slew the Druids, with their wives and children; mingled their blood with their sacrifices; overthrew their altars, and destroyed their sacred groves. This was a sad blow to the Druids, from which they never fully rallied.

Not long after this, Christianity was introduced on the island; by whom is not known. The Apostle Paul in one of his letters speaks of his intention to visit Spain. If he carried out this intention, he may have also visited Britain. There is an old tradition that Bran, the father of the brave Caractacus while held as prisoner at Rome, received

Christianity, and after his release at the end of seven years, returned to his native land, and preached Christ to his people, and was reckoned as the first of the three "Hallowed Princes." But it may be that Christian soldiers, or Christian merchants from Rome, were the first to bear the glad tidings to the Britons. Be this as it may, we know that the gospel was preached in Britain at an early day—likely before the close of the first century; for at the close of the second century, in the year 200, Tertullian wrote: "In Britain, spots unapproachable by the Romans, had been subdued by Christ." A century later British saints sealed their faith in Christ with their blood. There is a tradition that Lucius, a British Prince, built a Christian church on the ground where Westminster Abbey now stands, in 184 A. D., and that there was also built here, before or after, a temple of Apollo. The only Roman relic found in connection with the Abbey, has been a stone coffin, or sarcophagus, dedicated to one "Valarius Amandinus," but as this was occupied by an ecclesiastic when found, it was likely brought from another place.

Before the close of the fifth century the Jutes, Angles and Saxons entered Britain. They were all pagans, and worshipped Odin, the god of war. The Britons who were

often conquered by the invaders, had but little influence to lead their conquerors to Christ. Before the close of the sixth century, Pope Gregory the Great, sent Augustine and 40 monks on a mission to Britain. Ethelbert, King of East Anglia, whose wife was from France and a Christian, was soon persuaded to receive Christian baptism. Sebert, King of Essex, whose capital was London, soon afterward became a convert. Tradition claims that in the beginning of the seventh century, Sebert built a church in honor of St. Peter on Thorny Island and ordered Melitus, the Bishop of London, to dedicate it, but the night before the day for dedication St. Peter came down with a band of angels, and consecrated the church. Sebert died in 616 A. D. His sons went back to paganism, neglected the church, and the Danes came in and finished the work of destruction. While there is a tomb and canopy in honor of King Sebert in the Abbey of to-day, there are no relics of his church. The church destroyed, the place lay desolated for hundreds of years. In the eleventh century Edward the Confessor determined to build a Christian temple on the site of Sebert's church. The foundation was laid in 1050, and the church was finished after the death of the Confessor in 1066. This was the first church built in England in the form of a Roman cross. This church was occupied and honored for about 160 years.

Henry III. concluded to build a chapel in honor of the Virgin, and

enlarge the Abbey. The work was begun in 1221, and completed in about 50 years. But little of the church of the Confessor was left; it hardly forms any part of the Abbey of to-day. In the beginning of the sixteenth century Henry VII. built his famous chapel, on the site of the chapel of the Virgin. In 1735, Sir Christopher Wren finished the western towers of the Abbey. These towers are 225 feet high. The length of the Abbey from east to west is 375 feet; breadth from north to south 200 feet; breadth of the nave and aisles 75 feet; height from pavement to inner roof 101 feet; to the roof of the lantern 140 feet. Adding the chapel of Henry VII., the total length is 520 feet. Of the nave of the Abbey, Washington Irving says: "The eye gazes with wonder at the clustered columns of gigantic dimensions with arches springing from them to such an amazing height; and man wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork." Of the chapel of Henry VII. the same writer says: "The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, encrusted with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with statues of saints and martyrs—stone seems by the very cunning of labor of the chisel to have been robbed of its weight and density; suspended aloft, as by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb." The Abbey contains different types of architecture; the Anglo-Saxon, the Anglo-

Norman, the transition between the English and the decorated gothic, and the pure gothic.

There are and were buildings of importance connected with the Abbey. The beautiful chapter house was occupied by Parliament for 250 years. The sanctuary, whose walls were 25 feet thick, gave refuge to Elizabeth, Queen of Edward IV., when Edward V. was born, and 11 years later when her husband died, and the cruel Richard took from the sanctuary the little Duke of York. The Jerusalem chamber has been a noted place for important gatherings for hundreds of years. But the prestige of the Abbey does not rest upon its age, size or beauty. St. Paul in London is larger, being 500 feet long, 285 feet wide, and the dome being 365 feet high. The Salisbury Cathedral is larger and more beautiful; but neither has the prestige of Westminster Abbey. The prestige of the Abbey rests upon the favor of royalty. Edward the Confessor built his church with the express purpose that it should be the crowning place of every sovereign of England, from that time onward. His will has been carried out. Every sovereign of England from the days of the Confessor to the present has been crowned in the Abbey. During 835 years, 36 rulers have been crowned in this temple.

The Anglo-Saxon kings were crowned at Winchester Cathedral previous to this. The coronation includes taking the oath of office, anointing with oil, and receiving the emblems of power—the crown,

the scepter, and the sword. The crown is placed on the head of the sovereign by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in his absence by the Bishop of London. The Archbishop of York crowns the consort. The coronation is not essential to the rights of the sovereign. The theory is, that the throne is never vacant. As soon as the reigning sovereign dies, the heir becomes sovereign at once. So when the proclamation is made—"The King is dead," the acclamation follows "Long Live the King." When the title of the claimant is doubtful he is anxious to be crowned as soon as possible. This has been true a number of times in England.

The first coronation in the Abbey was one of the saddest. The battle of Hastings was won by William, October 14, 1066. Slowly he moved up to London, and fortified the Tower. On Christmas day of the same year he passed through the city on his way to Westminster Abbey to be crowned. He rode on his war-horse, clad in armor. He was a large man, of stern countenance. London was then a small town of about 30,000 inhabitants. The houses were poor, and the streets were narrow. There was snow on the ground; the people lined the narrow streets, regarding the procession as the funeral of their own liberty. The Conqueror entered the Abbey with 260 of his chiefs. A large number of soldiers guarded on the outside. A Norman Bishop asked the Norman chiefs in French if they thought their leader should take the crown of England. After

an affirmative answer, the Archbishop of York asked the English Thanes if they would have William for their king. They assented in such a boisterous manner that the Norman soldiers without thought that there was tumult within, and that their master was in danger. With this thought they applied fire and sword on every side. So the

liam, his second son, claimed the crown, and was crowned in the Abbey by the first Norman primate. When William II. died in the new forest at Winchester, his younger brother, Henry, hurried to London, and was crowned in the Abbey, three days after his brother's death. When Henry I. died in France, Stephen, his nephew, hurried to



Westminster Abbey.

coronation was concluded within while homes were burning, and the wounded and dying were shrieking without. But this was only a prelude of what was to follow. The poor English were often driven from their homes, their houses burned, and their land converted into hunting grounds for the Norman barons. Surely they reaped what they had sown, drank of the same bitter cup which they had pressed to the lips of others.

When the Conqueror died, Wil-

London claimed the crown, and was crowned in the Abbey. This was followed by the civil war led by Stephen and Matilda. Henry II., the first Plantagenet, was crowned in the Abbey, December 19, 1154. When his son Richard was crowned in the Abbey, a bat kept wheeling around the throne, and bells were heard ringing pulled by no human hands. Richard's brother, John, was crowned May 27, 1199. He was one of the worse kings that ever disgraced the throne of England.

When he died his son, Henry III., was crowned first at Gloucester, October 28, 1219, as the French occupied London. When the French were conquered and evacuated London, Henry III. was crowned in the Abbey May 17, 1220. When Henry III. died, his son Edward was in the Holy Land, and was not crowned in the Abbey till nearly two years

the princes of Ireland were crowned. If the chief was a true successor the stone was silent; if a pretender the stone groaned aloud. The stone was carried to Scotland by Kenneth II. in 840 A. D.

When Edward I. carried the stone to the Abbey, the Scotch felt as though the foundation of their empire had been removed. But it was



The Poet's Corner.

after his father's death. His coronation, and that of Eleanor his wife, took place amid great splendor, August 19, 1274. Edward I. enriched the Abbey with the crown of Llewellyn, the last Prince of Wales, and the stone of Scone from Scotland. Upon this stone the kings of Scotland had been crowned for centuries. The legend claims that it is the identical stone upon which Jacob rested his head at Bethel, carried by his children to Egypt, thence to Athen, thence to Spain, thence to Ireland, over which

never returned. An oak chair was built, in which the stone was placed. In this oak chair every sovereign of England has been crowned from that day to this; except two—Mary Tudor and Mary II. Mary Tudor thought the chair had been defiled by her little brother Edward VI., who was a Protestant; so she had the Pope send her a chair for her coronation. Mary II., daughter of James II., and wife of William III., was made equal sovereign with her husband; so when crowned, William occupied the chair over the

stone, and Mary occupied a chair made for her. The chair over the stone of Scone was also occupied by Oliver Cromwell when he took the oath as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall. When George I. was crowned in the Abbey, he could not speak English, and the Archbishop could not speak German, and neither was very familiar with Latin, in which the ceremony was performed; so we are told that "much bad language passed between them."

When George II. was crowned, Caroline his wife, we are told, was "one mass of jewels. On her head she wore all the pearls she could

borrow from fine ladies; on her petticoat all the diamonds she could hire of Jews." The Queen was worthy. "When the ear heard her, then it blessed her." But as the first coronation in the Abbey was one of the saddest, the last was one of the happiest. The young Queen had endeared herself to her people during the year she had reigned, before she was crowned. On that beautiful summer day, when the crown touched her head, by the altar, amid shouts and trumpets, and roar of cannon, there was general rejoicing not only in the Abbey, but all over England.



MY BABY.

By Sallie Richards Winkleman, Cincinnati, O.

If God would only lend her back to me,
To hold within my arms a single hour,
If I could kiss those rosy little lips,
And see her eyes look upward, like a flower.

If I could feel once more the little head
Pressed close against my breast in slumber sweet,
I'd be resigned to give her up, and bow
Beneath the rod, and kiss my Father's feet.

But, ah, it cannot be, my hungry heart
Grows weary, longing for my baby's face,
And "mamma's little lamb" has gone away
And every where I see her vacant place.

She was so little, tender, so afraid,
Half frightened at a stranger's look or tone.
But in my arms she nestled, satisfied,
And now she's gone her journey all alone!

No, not alone! I know that He who blest
The little ones that clustered round His knee,
Has clasped my darling close in His embrace,
Tho' through the misty veil I cannot see.

Oh, Savior, keep her safe in Heaven with thee
Forever free from sorrow, sin and pain
And some day, in thine own good time, I know
I'll clasp my baby in my arms again.

DEMONOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

By Rev. D. J. Williams, Peckville, Pa.

Before the dawn of science human ignorance furnished an atmosphere in which fancy could weave her most curious and terrible images, just as in physical darkness any object may be made to take shape according to the whims of an untrained and superstitious fancy. It is a well known fact that when men are ignorant of the causes of things and the laws which governs them, they are given to explain those phenomena which they are unable to account for and to understand by attributing them to the agency and action of supernatural beings. Some forms of disease, eclipses, epidemics, revolutions and national calamities were explained by the masses as the special results of the work of supernatural beings. Being ignorant of their true causes it was inevitable that such a theory should be formed as to their origin.

The problem of evil has ever engaged the mind of man from the earliest ages. The material world present two aspects, nature presents some benign and some terrible aspects. The fertile valleys and the arid deserts are often side by side. The fruitful meadows and the volcanic mountain, the eternal snows and ice cover the mountains which are within view of some of the fairest portions of the earth. The same is true in the realm of life, health and disease, life and death, happi-

ness and misery are ever side by side. These facts have impressed the minds of men everywhere, and especially the most impressible and gifted men of our race.

Thus no doubt the great problem of evil has suggested itself to the most reflective minds, and they have tried to find some solution of its meaning. The truth is the early Hebrews did not have any but the faintest idea of our modern Satan, or the Satan of modern theology. The word "Satan" only occurs five times in the Old Testament in a personal sense. Three of those are in the book of Job, but they do not represent our modern Satan, but an agent of the Almighty sent to test the good man. He is merely one of the characters of that ancient drama. The other two places where the word occurs are the first verse of 1 Chronick, 21 chap., "And Satan stood up to provoke David to number Israel;" and Zech. 3: 1, "And he showed me Joshua, the high priest, standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him." It is not certain by any means that the Satan here mentioned is our Satan, for the last reference is from a vision, and we would expect more frequent and definite references to him.

There can be no doubt but that the Jewish mind was very deeply influenced by the ancient faith of

Peru after the time of the banishment of the Jewish people into that country. What is called *Parseeism*, or the religion of *Zoroaster*, was the religion of *Peru*. From the time of the *Babylonian* exile, six centuries before *Christ*, the demonology of the Jews assumed a more systematic form than it ever had before. *Ormuzd* and *Ahriman* were the two supreme powers that held sway in the world; one represented by light, and the other by darkness, one good and the other bad, and both of them are in continual conflict, which conflict is to end in the complete triumph of *Ormuzd* over *Ahriman*.

The influence of *Parseeism* is plainly visible even in the demonology of the New Testament, and especially in the popular conception of *Satan* among Christian people. Because of the mystery connected with certain diseases, such as epilepsy, hypochondria and insanity and dumbness, they were attributed, among the Jews, as well as among other ancient peoples, and even in subsequent ages, as due to the agency of evil spirits. It is true that there were isolated individuals, during the Christian era, who declared that insanity was a disease of the brain, but these were regarded as very seriously heterodox. Even now the subject is understood by but a limited number of the population of even what is called the civilized world. Owing to the tenacity of superstitious beliefs, many people in England now cling to the notion that insane people are under the influence of the devil. Even in very recent times the insane were

treated with great harshness and cruelty in England; but medical science has wrought a mighty and beneficent change in the methods of treating the insane, and this is one of the brightest chapters in the history of the world's progress.

It should be cheerfully admitted that the progress of science has done much towards purifying and correcting religious opinion, and in no direction has it done a more decisive and beneficent work than in dispelling superstitions that were supposed to form important parts of Christian belief. The evolutions of religious belief from the crude to the more mature, is a subject of great interest to every thoughtful student, and we find that theology is not an isolated exception in the realm of human knowledge. All men are influenced by their environments more or less, and are unable to wholly emancipate themselves from the views and ideas of their age.

While many, fondly believe that the men who wrote the collection of books we call the Bible were infallible in all their utterances, we find that facts forbid our cherishing such a view. While I believe that the New Testament contains all we need to know as to how to live and act to obtain divine acceptance, I do not believe that the writers were entirely free from the superstitions of their age. It seems that those who wrote the first three gospels believed that insane people were demoniacs or possessed by evil spirits. We would reasonably suppose that insanity was a very common thing in ancient times, and it is a

noticeable fact that no cases of insanity are mentioned as being among those who were healed by our Lord, while those who are mentioned, such as the Gadarene, demoniac and the young man who was healed by our Lord at the foot of the mount of Transfiguration, had the symptoms of insanity and epilepsy. One dwelt among the tombs dangerous to himself as well as to others, while the other is described as wallowing on the ground and foaming at the mouth, like persons who suffer from insanity and epilepsy.

The fact that those afflicted with insanity believed that they were possessed is not strange. They could not help holding that belief since the treatment they received from others would tend to make them realize their misery during their lucid moments. But here we are confronted with the question, why did our Lord seem to sanction the superstitious belief which attributed insanity and some other diseases to the action of evil spirits? We answer, that though he knew the belief to be a groundless superstition, he did not interfere with it, knowing that it would require long ages of scientific progress to destroy it. He left the correction of the error to the advancement of knowledge, which alone would serve that purpose effectively. What else could he do? Had he undertaken to correct this superstition, he could not succeed, and he would only puzzle the people without enlightening them. Besides, he would divert the attention of the people from the great purpose of his mission in the

world. Why it may be asked, did he not preach against political tyranny and slavery, which were universal evils at the time? It may be answered that he left those questions which could not be explained without ages of growing light, and he taught those principles which would for the present mitigate the evil effects of such false ideas, and ultimately uproot and destroy them. He knew what man is, he understood the laws which govern human progress, and he planted the seed which in due time would produce the desired results.

The history of divine revelation is utterly unintelligible apart from its gradual and progressive character. Imperfect, and even erroneous views, had to be permitted until the time had come for their removal by a fuller and more complete revelation. In trying to neutralize the false teachings of those Judaizing teachers in Galatia who were trying to mislead the people into conforming with some of the ceremonies of the Old Testament economy. Paul unfolds to them in the fourth chapter of that letter God's providential method in dealing with the race.

He compares humanity to an heir who when under age is placed under governors and tutors until the time appointed of the father. "Even so we, when we were children were in bondage under the elements of the world. But when the fullness of time was come God sent his Son made of a woman, made under the law, and that we might receive the adoption of sons." Prior to the coming of Christ, there was a long period of tutelage and pre-

paration for the enjoyment of the rich inheritance of truth in store for it.

The impartation of truth is a gradual process. Though the heir is the real owner of the estate, yet while under age he has small portions doled out to him to meet his present needs, but when he is prepared for it, he will be placed in

full possession of the inheritance. So it has been and will be with our race in reference to the vast inheritance of truth, which is now ours, we will have to pass a period of tutelage and preparation, and our vision will be enlarged little by little until we become of age and enter upon our eternal heirship in Christ.



A WELSH BAPTIST CONVENTION.

By Rev. H. O. Rowlands.

While doing nothing in "Merrie England," still I was determined to attend all religious meetings possible and learn all I could of religious life in the mother country as its trend is represented in the conventions. So the other day, while in Scotland, I learned of the assembling of the "Baptist Union" of Wales in South Wales. Such meetings are analogous to the gatherings of our state conventions in America. Ireland, Scotland, England and Wales have their respective "unions" to discuss their own interests, and these "unions" come together by delegated representatives annually in the "May anniversaries." At this Welsh union there were present about 500 delegates, meeting at the town of Porth, July 15, to support a four days' convention. The discussions were largely in the Welsh language, though the delegates were about as conversant with the English as they are with the Welsh. Yet it is plain that the heart

language is the old Celtic tongue, from which the loyal "Cymry," or Welsh, have for all times refused to be divorced—strong, pathetic, poetical, practical and rich in its religious vocabulary, it seems admirably fitted for religious meetings. However, nothing is plainer than the fact that it is fast vanishing away before the remorseless encroachments of the Anglo-Saxon. The latter is the language of business, of commerce, of the current news and of politics through the populous mining regions of Wales. North Wales has become a great summer resort of English people, and they also help in the peaceful crusade against the old Celtic tongue. Doubtless South Wales will yield to the coming world language sooner than the northern shires will. In the south shires many of the Welsh churches have become Anglicized, and others are undergoing the process; a large portion of the members in many of them prefer the Anglo-Saxon, and

speaking it to the exclusion of their mother tongue—excepting in their religious devotions. In this respect the Welsh sermon still holds them.

The subjects discussed in the three days meeting were much like the questions considered in similar American conventions—namely, the better organizing of the home work, foreign missionary interests, temperance, the Sabbath school work and general church work. In all those departments of Christian work the Welsh Baptists are making wonderful strides, especially in two of them—viz., the better organization of the denomination for the aggressive work of the church. Temperance or teetotalism, is becoming marvelously accentuated among the ministry. Not long since this grace was rather stunted in its development. The pastors were moderate drinkers; many of the members, and not rarely the deacons, kept public ale houses, and teetotalism was tabooed as the fad of fanaticism. All this has changed, and temperance is as flourishing a virtue as in American churches. The temperance address of the convention gave no uncertain sound to its sentiments; it was radically prohibitive, and most pronounced in its opposition against any compromise with the liquor habit and traffic, and the more intense the sentiments uttered the more enthusiastic the approbation.

The Welsh people—that is, the Nonconformists, who represent three-fourths of the population—are radically “Liberal” in their political sentiments. They would at once sever all relations between church and state; many of them would wil-

lingly get along without the “royal family,” wipe out the House of Lords and set up a republic in the place of monarchy if they could. These Liberal sentiments cropped out in the addresses and sermons of the convention, and never failed to elicit the heartiest applause or “Amen.” Not in America, in a pro-Boer meeting, have I heard the South African war denounced with as much zeal as in some of these addresses, and the sentiments were enthusiastically received by the clergy and laity.

So also is there a burning antipathy against the national church. It is condemned for its assumption of superiority while fastening itself like a parasite on the Nonconformist taxpayers; it is charged with using mercenary and secular methods for proselyting the young people of the various denominations; it is denounced as ritualistic and as Romanizing the nation; indeed, they accuse it with being in secret league with the Church of Rome to bring the nation under the yoke of the Pope. The Anglican clergy unqualifiedly and emphatically deny all the charges, but to no avail so far as gaining the good will of the dissenters. The Welsh Baptists are not wanting in consuming zeal in this matter.

The anniversary sermon, or “century” sermon, was preached by Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester. The edifice was crowded to suffocation, and hundreds were turned away. It was a great sermon, though, I think, wanting in pertinency to the occasion. It was such a sermon as he might have preached any Sabbath

morning in his own church—a plain, practical and incisive homily on the Christian character and life. The sermon was printed in the "Baptist Times" the following week pretty much as delivered. He preached without notes, which showed it was delivered *memoriter*. Yet the printed sermon is far from being the preached sermon. The splendidly modulated and effective voice, the fascinating presence, the gray, piercing eye, the inimitable facial expressions, interpreting the very soul of the sentiments delivered, and the unaccountable personal magnetism of the man—none of these things appear in the printed sermon; but they contribute wonderfully to the effectiveness of the preaching of the man. In the printed volumes of Dr. Maclaren's sermons we discover only the bullets, the powder has been exploded and is not visible. However, his deep discernment of spiritual things in the text of the scripture equals Robertson's spiritual vision, and is more reliable than the raptures of the great Brighton mystic.

What was unique about his presence and sermon in the Baptist convention was that he, a pastor of an "open membership" church, should be the guest of an assembly representing a "cast-iron" restricted communion denomination! The public press in the daily papers has not been blind or indifferent to this inconsistency, and the criticisms and gibes are not a few with respect to the peculiar episode. But then, our Welsh brethren should not be pressed too closely for consistency.

'Tis a rare gem, and not always

convenient, especially when we want to hear a great and good preacher in our popular assemblies.

To summarize my impressions as an American of the meetings of this Welsh convention, I gladly bear witness to the ability and intelligence of the Welsh ministry. Many of them are graduates of colleges, and some of them are post graduates of the great universities of the continent. As sermonizers they are accomplished in the art of homiletics, their sermons as to literary composition, according to the rules of homiletics, would mightily please a Broadus, a Shedd, a Northrup and a Strong. They are delivered with an intensity of energy that makes them "red hot." Often the preacher might economize with profit to himself and to the hearer on this surplus of emotional vitality. The sermons tend to the speculative and doctrinal more than to the practical and simple. But the people like theological discussions in the pulpit, and are themselves quite discriminating and sensitive as to sound evangelical preaching.

A marked feature of the religious meetings is their fervor and enthusiasm. The hearty "Amen!" "Good!" and various other fervent ejaculations of approval, remind one of an old-fashioned Methodist revival meeting in the States. The preacher is somewhat dependent for unction (they call it "hwyl") on these demonstrations of the congregation, and by them he is helped to spiritual soarings. However, not all the preachers are of that type. Possibly their most influential leaders are not the inflammable pulpit orators, but

the more thoughtful quiet and studious ones. Many of these fill the leading pastorates and have a national reputation as elegant scholars, authors, commentators, editors and theologians, and their influence is quickly felt when they choose to exercise it. On the whole, the Baptist pulpit of Wales as a whole is filled with able, effective and godly men—they are thorough Baptists, loyal to evangelical truth, and present it with a power and attractive-

ness second to no other Christian ministry. The results are that the Baptist churches here are flourishing, and the denomination is building up in power and influence as well as in numbers.

The population of Wales is 1,500,000; of this population 120,000 are members of the Baptists. These figures are eloquent testimony to the energy and activity of our Welsh Baptist brotherhood.

MUSIC NOTES.

By William ApMadoc, Chicago.

In the "Drych" music notes, lately, it was asked if J. M. Saunders, Ph. D., Ll. D., was a Welshman, or of Welsh descent. However, he writes with clearness and power in the "Mind" upon "Social Influence of the Fine Arts." In reference to music he says: "There may be no obvious connection between music and social utility; yet the divines of all ages have employed the agency of this art to dispose the soul to accept the reasonings of abstract truth. It has been by a mortal metempsychosis taken from earth to explain the harmonies of heaven. It has been even assigned as one of the enjoyments of a soul emancipated from the sordid cares of earth. The culture of modern music involves the study of the higher order of mathematics, and, however curious it may seem, the principles of color and painting and the chords

of harmony in music are governed by analogous laws of combination and contrast. It is perhaps in the lyric music of nations that the most practical impression is produced upon the actions of men. All nations have their battle songs, their great national hymns, their odes descriptive of the scenes or sentiments of their people. India, Egypt, Greece, Rome and Persia have produced their songs of devotion or triumphs. The most impressive history of the Hebrews is found in the songs of Miriam and of Solomon. Germany, France, England, Spain, the United States—but why specify when there is not one without such an expression of national pride, sorrow or success."

Because music, we presume, has power to soothe the many elements that make up the "savage breast," and has power to ask questions that

THE CAMBRIAN.

e the soul, it is said that dog-ism has no place for it. Such an is preposterous in this and every er connection. The word has an pleasant sound. A dogmatist is egotistic, opinionated person, a iff-necked doctrinarian, a pope. le "knows it all," says one author, nd is in the opposite pole from hat of the "know-nothing." There is in the domain of music so much of what we may term "the unknown capacity of the human mind." When a new mental force appears, the old fossils naturally resent the intrusion. It was so when Gluck reformed the opera, demanded better librettos, and established for the time being a higher plane of dramatic expression. Gluck was the Wagner of the 18th century. Wagner strove to write drama and music, and his theories created a tremendous commotion. Such commotions are beneficial. Brahms's originality puzzled the fossils; they dared not to oppose him; they became discreetly silent. It was Robert Schumann, the greatest literary music-scholar of the ages, who said after looking into the first poetic effusions, the "La ci darem le mano" with pianoforte variations by the "poet of the pianoforte," Frederic Chopin, "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius!" No dogmatism there.

It is said that at Vassar College, lately, the students were assembled in the chapel for morning service, listening to routine announcements, when the hundreds of young women suddenly hushed even their well-managed whisperings. "Miss Gould," President Taylor had just begun, "Miss Helen Gould has just

given another scholarship to the college. It is to become available at once, and is in the form of a gift outright of \$10,000." Then the President calmly announced the hymn, "Ten thousand times, ten thousand," &c., and the "dear girls" chanted it out with extra vim and articulation. It is added that the uplifted face of Vassar's undergraduate body smiled one broad pervasive smile.

The English musician who suggested music as a cure for anarchy, has caused a ripple of laughter to go all round. Magazines and newspapers make fun of his remarks, yet much can be said in favor of music in social utility. He writes: "When all the world has learned to sing, there will no longer be room in the human breast for rage or terror or murder or anarchy." Alas! how far away all this must be. It was only last May 3 that the New Orleans Chief of Police locked up one James White, a pianist and song writer, in order to prevent any attempt on the prisoner's part to assassinate President McKinley during his visit to that city. The pianist is known to the police as a crank, and the wild remark and threats which he made led to his arrest. He said, "The horoscope of President McKinley is plain. It says he is to fall by my hands. He comes to New Orleans to-morrow. When the eyes James White fall upon him the world will be shocked. The nation perhaps, will grieve, but James White will glory in his deed."

This is the way the "Chicago Record-Herald," in an editorial takes off the remarks quoted a

from the English music teacher: "This is merely a return to the old dictum that 'music hath charms to soothe the savage breast' and it may be true that music does possess this magic. The great trouble, however, is to find out what kind of music will do the business. We are inclined to believe Wagnerian outbursts, for instance, will never be likely to keep anarchy down. Indeed a good rip roaring Wagnerian performance is about as likely as not to make the most sensible and sedate citizen a wild bomb thrower.

"As for ragtime, we do not believe there is any reason to hope that it will ever serve the purpose of removing rage from the catalogue of human passions—certainly not so long as it is played by little German bands and on street pianos.

"Church music may be said to have an elevating influence, and yet we have seen that it has thrown a Chicago professor into conniptions. We must, therefore, decline to accept music as a remedy for anarchy. The anarchists themselves may be satisfied to wait and try its effects, but the public will have no justification for countenancing any such experiment.

In treating with the anarchist it will be necessary to use something more convincing in the way of a weapon than an æolian harp or a mere mouth organ."

The appointment of Arthur Somerwell as Inspector of Music to the Board of Education and to the Scotch Education Department, to succeed the late and eminent Dr. John Stainer has created a most un-

favorable impression throughout Great Britain. It is a similar appointment to that of Alfred Austin as poet laureate, successor to Lord Tennyson. The Duke of Devonshire has been badly advised in the matter. The Duke, as Lord President of the Council, should have appointed "the assistant Inspector, Dr. McNaught, who for many years discharged most of the duties of the Chief Inspector," says the London "Musical Times." It is an unjust appointment, and English journals intimate "that the progress of music in training colleges and schools may be discouraged." The British public must give Mr. Somerwell a fair trial, and every fair-minded person will wish him success. But why should this Lord and that Lord, mere politicians often, have the power to appoint any educational inspector? Their advisers always have axes to grind, and all such have their political debts to pay in some way or other.

The October London "Musical Times" naively remarks that President Roosevelt is said to possess a good baritone voice, and that he has made numerous vocal appearances in public. The editor adds, who knows but that some day he may be invited to take part in the concert of Europe?

English musicians, and we include in these terms, the talented African, S. Coleridge-Taylor, continue to honor American poets, by setting music to their verses. Coleridge-Taylor continues faithful to Longfellow, through whose "Hiawatha" he has won great success.

His last effusion is a cantata for sopranos and baritone soli, chorus and orchestra, the subject being "The Blind Girl of Castle-Cuille," translated by Longfellow from the Gascon of Jasmin. Jasmin, the French author, is to the south of France what Burns is to the south of Scotland. The cantata was performed at the Leeds Musical Festival, October 9th.

At the same festival was sung Dr. Charles Wood's cantata, "A Dirge for Two Veterans"—poem by Walt Whitman, another distinctive American poet. We have read many ad-

verse criticisms concerning the lyric quality of Whitman's writings, but they failed to consult with musicians. "My Captain, O My Captain" is lyrical enough to silence carping criticism.

Operatic companies and orchestras continue to honor Purcell's "King Arthur." In its first program, the Chicago Orchestra played the "Trumpet-tune" of the said opera. Another English composer, John More Smieton, has given a new operatic setting to the same subject. More than fifty societies have already performed it.



THE QUADRIMILLENNIAL EISTEDDFOD OF THE CYMRY.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips, M. A.

CHAPTER II.

"You can with me agitate the subject and call a meeting of the Cymry to devise ways and means to do them honor and make immortal." "I shall be delighted to do so, and what is more, to begin now," said the guide. "There are on this mountain, in this house, at this moment, parties from several national societies, who, I am confident, will take the liveliest interest in the subject. One of these parties is from the National Eisteddfod, which meets this week at Carnarvon, and is the one I have in charge with yourself on this occasion. Another of these parties is from the National Ivorite Convention now in session at Bangor. And still another of these parties is from the National

League Organization, which at this moment discusses political matters at Porthmadoc. I am acquainted with the leaders of these parties, and shall be only too happy to introduce them to you, or to introduce you to them at our lunch which will be ready presently."

"My hearty thanks to you," said the traveller. "Either way will answer the purpose. But the shortest and most efficient way would be to introduce me to the parties all together at the close of the lunch, and for either you or me to state the subject in brief to get their opinion only the time for discussion will rather short."

"It may be longer than I think," insinuated the guide, "by the present appearance of

heavens and the rapid increase of the wind we shall be obliged to remain on the summit all night, for it will not be safe for any one, and least of all for those not acquainted with the mountain to attempt the narrow ridge between the two chasms."

By this time the call to lunch was made, and the members of the several parties, with all others present, sat down together at the beautifully arranged and bountifully loaded tables in one of the neat and commodious rooms at the Summit House, which was securely held to the earth with strong cables fastened to the sides of the mountain so that the strong wind could not possibly move it from its foundation. While they dispatched their lunch and forgot themselves in conversation within, the wind without increased its velocity and augmented its anger, the clouds came nearer, surrounded the mountain, and capped the summit, and the rain began to pour and pelt its fury against the house and the mountain, so dense it became almost at once that light had to be brought into the room for the men to finish their lunch. Thus it continued for hours till the mantle of night fell upon the scene, and thick darkness controlled the place. When all hopes of descending the mountain that night had gone, one of the guides officially announced that it would be impossible for the guides to lead their parties down the mountain before morning through such darkness, such rain and such wind, and that whosoever, if any, should make the

attempt without their guides would do so at their own peril and to their destruction. This was the commission of the guides and the law of the land. Yet notwithstanding the admonition three of the guests rose from the table, left the house, and made the attempt, and, in the morning the remains of one of them were found at the bottom of one of the chasms, and the remains of the other two at the bottom of the other chasm, on the east side of the perilous ridge. Those who heeded the admonition and remained at the Summit House made the best of the situation and formed themselves into an audience to be entertained and instructed by music, oratory and discussion, together with social time at intervals. Iolo Morganwg, M. P. representative of the National League Organization convened at Porthmadoc, was chosen President; Hwfa Mon, editor of the "*Gwladgarwr*," representative of the National Eisteddfod assembled at Carnarvon, was chosen Scribe; and Ifor Brycheiniog, representative of the National Ivorite Convention in session at Bangor, was chosen Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. On taking the chair the honorable gentleman spoke in substance as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Delegates of the National Eisteddfod now convened at Carnarvon, Delegates of the National Ivorite Convention, now assembled at Bangor; and delegates of the National League Organization now in session at Porthmadoc together with all others present, I most heartily thank

you for the distinguished honor you have conferred upon me, and I shall endeavor to discharge the duties devolved upon me to the utmost of my ability. It seems wonderful to me that so many representatives of these three great national organizations, holding meetings in different places and with different objects, should come to this summit on the same day. It seems wonderful to me that so many prominent and representative men should constitute these organizations, and the most conspicuous and influential of them should come here together. And it seems wonderful to me that the wind, the rain, and the darkness, should conspire together to detain them, even against their will, on the highest peak in the Principality to spend the night and compare notes at this meeting. There must be in it more than chance. There must be in it more than coincidence. There must be in it Providence (Hear, hear). God must have brought us together, and must have in view some noble purpose. And it is for us to learn it and act upon it. The loftiness of our position, the darkness of the night and the wildness of the elements tend to inspire our deliberations. Our people and our country demand our candid and serious consideration. I see before me authors, editors, bards, druids, archdruids, ministers of the gospel, members of Parliament, barristers, legislators, and many others high in rank and position, who command wide and important influence in church and state, and who are accustomed to

address public assemblies on national affairs, and whom we shall be only too happy to hear at this informal and remarkable meeting (Hear, hear). Their voices are always welcomed and always promotive of the national good (Great and prolonged applause)."

After the audience had sung with touching pathos and wonderful effect the national and popular song "Gwlad ein Tadau," Caradog Fardd spoke on "The Exodus of the Cymry from Asia;" David al. Griffith on "The Cymry in Europe;" and Rhys ab Llewelyn on "The Cymry in Britain." These impromptu speeches were well conceived, eloquently delivered, and frequently cheered. After the audience had again sung with heartiness and significance "God Save the Queen," Prof. Ioan ab Gwilym spoke on "Education in Wales;" Dr. Rhys on "Nonconformity in the Principality," and Griffith ab Robert, M. P., on "Wales in the British Parliament," whose speeches were well received and much applauded.

At this stage in the progress of the meeting Bardd Eryri, the popular and learned guide, introduced to the audience in an eloquent speech, Anonymous ab Gomer, the traveller whom he had the honor of leading up the mountain with his party in the morning, and with whom he had the most interesting and instructive conversation on one of the most patriotic and important subject (Hear, hear).

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said the President, "You have heard the eloquent and telling introduction of

Bardd Eryri, and we shall be most happy to have the distinguished traveller Anonymous ab Gomer, ascend the platform and address the meeting on whatever subject he may think best. (Hear, hear, with prolonged applause).

Anonymous ab Gomer ascended the platform, took the extended hand of the President, and stood before the audience amid deafening rounds of cheers. His form was of medium size strong built, and well developed, with large head covered with curly hair almost white, worn long and thrown back of the ears, with high forehead, keen eyes, and expressive face, and with an elastic step, easy carriage, and commanding attitude.

When the cheering had subsided he addressed the meeting as follows: "Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, It gives me great pleasure to be with you this evening and to be inspired with your fine music and eloquent speeches, which we have already heard on Wales and the Welsh; and you will be kind enough to accept my hearty thanks for your cordial welcome and flattering introduction (Applause). Since my return to the Principality, after an absence of nearly fifty years, I have been impressed with our neglect of our country and our people. They have constantly stood before me and have constantly rebuked my silence. I have felt guilty before them and before God. Not a monument has been raised, not a book has been written, and not an Eisteddfod has been held to honor their memory, record their deeds, and es-

tablish their place among the nations of the earth. Thirty-nine centuries have already receded into the past, and the fourtieth century will soon be here and follow their train, and with nothing done, unless something will be done soon; and I am before you to to make my confession and express my determination to agitate the subject and make it effective (Hear, hear). Were the hours of the evening not so far spent I would be tempted to state in brief my views of the matter. (Go on, go on, from all parts of the room). Well, if you have the patience to listen I will state in as few words as I shall be able the suggestions I have to make, and request you to take them under your consideration, and act upon them! (We shall, we shall; go on). I would suggest, then, in the first place, that there shall be held, in the near future, say, within two or three years, a Quadrimillennial Eisteddfod of the Cymric nations. (The whole audience spontaneously rises to its feet with deafening applause). I would suggest, in the second place, that the Quadrimillennial Eisteddfod of the Cymric Nations be held in the country, and among the people who still bear their name and their honor. (Prolonged applause). I would suggest, in the third place, that twelve representatives from each county in the Principality shall be chosen to meet in convention within three months to consider the subject, and if they deem proper, to appoint a committee of one hundred with full power to call and arrange for such an Eisteddfod.

(Loud applause). I would suggest, in the fourth place, that meanwhile the individual and the family, the press and the platform, exert their energies to agitate and encourage the project! (We shall, we shall). I would suggest, in the fifth place, that this informal meeting take some informal vote on the subject thus briefly suggested (Prolonged applause).

Before the applause nearly subsided delegates all over the house were on their feet with "Mr. President," "Mr. President," and Mr. President recognised the first to address the chair, Hon. Griffith ab Owen, M. P., who moved the acceptance and adoption of the concise, spirited and patriotic suggestions, which the stranger, Anonymous ab Gomer, so clearly, masterly and eloquently presented; and also the publication and circulation of the same throughout the Principality in the form of an appeal to the Cymry, signed and sealed by the President and all persons present. The motion was seconded by Prof. Ivor ab Jones in a terse, eulogistic and telling speech; and the motion was unanimously carried by a standing vote. It was further voted that the President, the Scribe and the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements constitute a committee to report the speeches of the evening, to publish and circulate the appeal to the Cymry in every county, town and hamlet, and to call the convention of delegates from all the counties to consider the subject, and, if they deem expedient, to appoint a committee of one hundred

with the full power to call and arrange for a Quadrimillennial Eisteddfod of the Cymric Nations. As the people saw the course the meeting had taken, all without exception were delighted with the Providence that detained them on the summit during the night, and jubilant in anticipation of the coming Eisteddfod. All pledged their time, their means and their energies to make it successful, and Anonymous ab Gomer was thanked on every side and made the hero of the evening.

The coming months were busy ones in the Principality. The press from east to west, and from north to south, spread the intelligence and commended the Eisteddfod. The news hastened with the utmost speed throughout the counties. The towns were all aglow with enthusiasm. Families vied with each other in discussing the subject, and individuals thought of nothing but of the Eisteddfod. The press, the platform and the pulpit were everywhere active. Their words and thoughts and acts imbued and inspired the whole nation. The country became all aglow with the subject. You could read of nothing, hear of nothing, and think of nothing save the Quadrimillennial Eisteddfod of the Cymric Nations. It absorbed the thoughts, the feelings and the aims. It took possession of the whole man and the whole nation when the delegates met in convention. Thousands had convened to see the delegates watch the proceedings, and report the progress.

The whole people turned their

faces toward the convention, like the Jews their faces toward Jerusalem, and prayed to the God of nations to answer their prayers and bless their Eisteddfod. On the day and hour appointed the convention was called to order, and after prayer was made to Almighty God, Hon. Owen ab Morgan, M. P., was chosen President; Griffith ab Owen, Editor of the "Times," was chosen Scribe, and Caradog ab Rhys, President of the Board of Trade, was chosen chairman of the committee of arrangement. After the roll of the delegates had been made, and the call of the convention had been read, the President addressed the meeting in substance as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, delegates of the several counties of the Principality, and all other persons present, it gives me great pleasure to see the hearty response of the counties, and to find all the delegates chosen here, and also to serve you on this occasion, as well as to thank you for the distinguished hon-

or. Not in the history of the Principality, nay, not in the history of the Cymric race has such a convention ever been called, with such an enthusiasm and such a purpose. It should have been called centuries and thousands of years before, but better late than never; and I am heartily glad that the subject was suggested, and that this convention has been called. And I fully believe that the counties and the enthusiasm of the people on the subject, as well as from the thousands assembled at this convention that the Quadrimillennial Eisteddfod of the Cymric Nations will become a reality and prove a success (Prolonged applause). Whether it will become a reality and prove a success in the immediate future will depend much on the action of this convention (Hear, hear). If this convention shall act wisely, patriotically and enthusiastically, we shall have the Eisteddfod soon (It shall, it shall). I believe that it shall and will."

HOW TO DO THINGS.

It seems strange to think when I am gone
 This world'll wag on just the same—
 That the whole machine will run alone
 Just like it did before I came.
 It seems as if the clocks would stop,
 The milk turn sour, the streams run dry,
 The axles break or something'd drop
 Without my ever-watchful eye.
 I've got so used to watching things
 And seeing how the old thing goes,
 It kind of seems as if the wings
 Would sag and all creation doze
 When I am gone.

THE OLD GRAY MARE.

 By Geo. M. Billings.

Farmer John Carter had fed the pigs, shut the hen house door and come around on the side veranda to smoke his evening pipe, with his wife Nancy, who sat in the big rocking-chair. She had placed his pipe and tobacco within easy reach. Farmer John sat down with a grunt, rubbed at his stiff knee a minute, and then, instead of filling his pipe, he slowly turned to his wife and said:

"Nancy, I want to know what's wrong with our Milly?"

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed the wife, and ceased rocking so suddenly that she almost shot out of the chair.

"Don't try to foo. me," he continued as he slowly shook his head. "I ain't been askin' no question before, but I seen for two or three weeks that things was wrong with Milly."

"She's been kind o' draggy since she got wet goin' to camp-meetin', but I guess it's nothin' to worry about. You don't think we ought to have a doctor, do you?"

"I think, Nancy," he slowly replied after a half a minute—"I think I'm goin' to find out what's the matter with Milly, and if you won't tell me I'll go over and have a few words with Sile Johnson. Mebbe he knows."

"How should he know?" asked Nancy, as she rocked furiously.

"Dunno, but I guess I'll walk over there tonight."

"Well, I guess you won't. John Carter, why can't you mind your own business?"

"Dunno, but I want to see Sile Johnson."

"You are always pokin' around and makin' an old hen-huzzy of yourself, and I expect you'll get up and put on

one of my dresses some mornin'. Now, then, bein' you are so full of curiosity lemme tell you somethin' Our Milly and Sile have had a tiff."

"Had a row, eh?" queried John, as he settled himself down to hear the particulars.

"No, sir, they haven't," she snapped. "I said a tiff, and there's a heap o' difference between a tiff and a row."

"But they got mad at each other?"

"Yes, they did, and I'm backin' Milly for all I'm worth. You know the day she went over to Eli Varner's to see Sarah? Well, there was a wind-mill man at Warner's that day, and because the two girls sung the 'Sweet Bye and Bye' while he played on the organ, Silas called milly a flirt."

"And she got mad?"

"Of course."

"And he got mad?"

"Of course."

"And he hasn't been here for two weeks and Milly is goin' around lookin' as if she wanted to die? I must go over and see Sile and tell him she's all over bein' mad and wants to be friends agin."

"What, what! John Carter, are you a born fool!" almost shouted Nancy, as she rose from the chair. "Don't you dare stir one single step. You'd make a pretty muss of things if they was left to you, wouldn't you?"

"But something has got to be done," he protested with anxious voice, "Milly and Sile have been lovin' each other over two years, and we mustn't let 'em fall out over a little thing like that."

"What's got to be done, for one thing, is for you to keep out of it. Milly has got a mother, and that mother sits right here, and what she don't know about lovers' quarrels you needn't try

to learn her. Now you mind what I tell you. I'm expectin' Silas Johnson will come sreakin' around any day, but if he does don't you say one word about the quarrel. Jest treat him as if you didn't know anything had happened. He begun the quarrel, and he's got to be the one to eat humble pie."

"But suppose he sticks out about it and busts up the marriage?"

"I shan't suppose nothing of the sort. If he don't fall off the barn and break his neck he'll be back here and very humble within two weeks."

Mrs. Nancy Carter thought she knew young Silas Johnson pretty well, and that he didn't differ much from the generality of lovers, but she was mistaken. He was an obstinate young man, and though it caused him loss of sleep and appetite he refused to be the first to give in. One word from Milly would have brought him over to the Carter farm house on the jump, but backed by a feeling of injury and her mother she refused to speak it. It thus came about that the "tiff" threatened to have disastrous consequences, and there was a possibility of two lives being wrecked. One evening, when she was forced to realize this, Nancy quietly asked of her husband:

"John, did you see Silas anywhere around when you was passin' the farm the other day?"

"Yes," was the reply. "He was buildin' a fence jest beyond the barn. Is it all off between Milly and him?"

"Can't say whether 'tis or not. Did you ever know of our old gray mare to run away?"

"Lands, no! Nothin on earth would scare her."

"But if something did, John? If Milly was drivin' her to town and she ran away what would happen?"

"She'd probably stop for breath after going about five rods," laughed the husband.

"She wouldn't kick the wagon to pieces or kill Milly?"

"She might fetch up in a fence corner

and bump her own head, but I guess that would be the worst of it. What's up, Nancy?"

"Nothin' for you to know. You jest keep quiet, and lemme work this thing out by myself. Milly's going to town after a darnin'-needle and a spool of black thread after dinner to-morrer, and she'll drive the old mare."

After dinner next day, the horse was hitched to a light wagon and left standing under a shed in the barnyard until wanted. When Milly was ready for her trip the mother brought the outfit around, taking much more time than seemed necessary. Moreover, when the old mare, who had passed her twentieth birthday, was brought up at the gate, she was what Milly called "wriggly." That is, she was nervous and restless and evidently full of go. She had to be held by the bit until the girl got in and secured the lines.

"She acts real colty to-day," said the mother as she patted the mare's nose, "but she'll steady down before you get to the school-house. She has never run away in her life, but if she should do so now—"

"I guess I won't go," interrupted Milly.

"You go right along. As I was sayin', if she should run away you hold her steady in the middle of the road and scream for help. Now let her g'lang."

The old gray mare moved off with a rush, and for a quarter of a mile she maintained a pace to surprise her driver. Then she suddenly gave a squeal and broke into a run. Milly dropped the lines and clung to the seat, and she also remembered her mother's injunction to scream. Silas Johnson was still working on the fence "jest beyond the barn." He was also calling himself a fool, and thinking he would give five years of his life to make up with Milly, when he heard screams and a clatter down the road. He grasped the situation at a glance.

It is none of the reader's affair whether he resolved to do or die, wheth-

er he made a hero of himself or not, whether the "wriggly" old mare was glad of an excuse to stop, or made frantic efforts to continue her wild flight. It is sufficient that he stopped her, that the screaming Milly fell into his arms, that after a time he drove her back home and didn't return to his fence-building again that day.

The main point of interest shifts to that side veranda again. Nancy is sitting there alone with a smile of triumph on her face, when John comes up from the barn and holds up to view a dozen burrs and innocently says:

"Nancy, this is mighty curious. I found all these burrs under the harness, and they must have been what made the old mare run away."

"Very likely," she replies without looking up.

"And somebody must have put 'em there."

"Yes."

"And—and—it was——?"

"Silas says he thinks they ought to be married next month," says Nancy, as she looks up and almost winks at the puzzled face above her.

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THE FINITE IN QUEST OF THE INFINITE.

By R. W. Matthews, Covington, Ky.

Shall mortals ever find out God,
 By charts which human minds have made,
 Which rest on reason's shallow depths
 Designed by minds of every grade?

Not by the strides each race has made
 Can they e'er reach so great a height;
 They search for truth beyond their grasp
 And fail to reach the Source of light.

Conclusions far fetched often draw
 From every field to suit their aim;
 Place reason higher than its Source
 And truth her sphere as oft disclaim.

The finite mind too often errs
 In confines of the Solar orbs;
 Each age reveals but parts of truth
 The whole no human mind absorbs.

Though men do soar to realms afar
 And duplicate the colors there,
 But there's a point where reason halts,
 That God Unseen is everywhere.

In every plant that grows there's life,
 A hidden force we cannot see;
 But who of men the secret has,
 Or what two minds on it agree?

Beyond their range they cannot go
 This occult force their grasp defies;
 Though everywhere made manifest
 Which God, the Great Unseen, supplies.



FIELD OF LETTERS

DADBLYGIAID yn ei Ddylanwad ar Foeseg a Duwinyddiaeth, by the Rev. D. Adams. Wrexham: Hughes and Son. Price 6d.

This little book is the VII of a series called the "Twentieth Century," under the editorship of T. Stephens, B.A. This booklet gives a sketch of the history and theory of Evolution. Evolution has been hitherto very unpopular among the Welsh, who are highly theological in their views of the creation; therefore, they entertain strong prejudices against any teaching antagonistic to the old theory of creation. In this short essay, the author undertakes to modify these prejudices by showing that the teachings of the Evolutionist is based on the study of nature and facts derived by observation. Any Welsh reader that will study this little book carefully will discover that evolution or development is by no means so objectionable as he has been used to think. To the thinker, the method of creation taught by the evolutionist is the "only" rational one. It is the only one observable within the domain of nature. There is no other known to us. It is really wonderful that a theory altogether unknown in nature should have received such general credence.

"Cymru" has the following illustrations: Glaslyn's Cottage (Frontispiece), Glaslyn, Roman Roads, The Maen Hir, The Teyrnog Stone, A View in the History of the Earth, The Permian Fossils, E. P. Jones, R. Llywelyn Jones and S. Perks. The articles are these: "History of Wales" (X); The Recollections of an Old Man; From Hadrian's Wall to Offa's Dike; "The Worm"; "The Permian Rocks"; "The

Autobiography of a Sailor"; "Some of Rhyl Folks"; "The Stewart's Account Book"; "Aberystwyth's Old Schoolmasters"; "Books and Authors"; Poems, Notes, &c., &c.

—In "Recollections" Glaslyn writes beautifully and entertainingly of Caledfryn, the great Welsh alliterative poet, and C. appears to have done all he could for the edification of the Welsh mind for a very meagre recompense. At the close of the article the old bard's experience is expressed as regards the way the Welsh nation repaid him for all his labors as a national educator. He edited several publications to his own serious loss. He is highly honored today among the Welsh, but while living, little was done to provide him with means toward a comfortable livelihood. His consolation in his old age was that he had done all for the glory of God.

October number of "Trysorfa y Plant" has a portrait of the late David Charles Davies, M. A., Principal of Trevecca College. Mr. Davies was a native of Aberystwyth, where he was born May 11, 1826. He departed this life Sept. 26, 1891. He was for years pastor of the Jewin Welsh Church, London. The "Trysorfa" gives an interesting description of him as preacher and public speaker. His oratory was of the simplest kind, but he could engage the attention of an audience in a most wonderful manner. His style was conversational, but his treatment of a text was most close and thorough. In his time, he was one of the most popular preachers in Wales.

"Y Drysorfa" for October has the following papers and articles. The Rev. Evan Roberts Dolgelly, with portrait;

Islwyn's Tempest; The Temptation; A Preparation Towards the Lord's Supper; The Rev. Joseph Thomas, Carno; Ruskin and Social Reform; Monthly Notes; Reviews; Reports; Sunday School Lessons; The Forward Movement; The Sunday School at Llanllyfni; Obituaries, etc.

—John Ruskin was at bottom a social reformer. He was a thorough and conscientious student of the real and the ideal in nature and religion. He always stood for a thorough knowledge a true morality. He was also always conscious of the value of culture as applicable to the reformation of society.

—In "Monthly Notes," the editor rebukes severely a writer in the "Haul," a Welsh Church organ, who in an article on Daniel Rowlands took occasion to make a foolish charge against the Calvinistic Methodists in Wales. The editor treats him with contempt. Secularism in Wales often leads writers of sectarian tempers to risk extremely unfair and offensive views of the true position of other denominations. This writer advances several statements which are wholly unfounded, and he makes one foolish charge which is insulting, viz., that immorality follows the footsteps of Calvinistic Methodism.

Eynon in the October "Cronicl" pays a becoming tribute to the memory of the late President McKinley. Some of the Welsh papers and magazines fail in the proper appreciation of McKinley's personal character and goodness. McKinley cannot be classified with the ordinary politicians of this country. His life and career were truly honorable. He was a Daniel among politicians. He possessed those rare and beautiful qualities which Paul commends to Timothy—righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness; and under his wounds and in the excitement accompanying his assassination he showed all of them. Personally, William McKinley was a most loving and lovable man. Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, an

extreme Democrat, said of him: "The President embarrasses me with his consideration and confidence. He is the most lovable man I know." He was hated only by the spiteful and malignant.

Then follow the usual departments of papers, articles, Sunday School lessons, obituaries, poems, etc., and the "News of the Month" by Keinion.

The September "Cymru" has a fine supply of readable articles, papers and poems on various subjects to interest and entertain. The cuts as usual add to the value of the number. They are Owen Glyndwr's Prison and a Table which belonged to him; The Church of Gelligaer; A Summer Noon; Thomas Jones, the Boss; the Rev. W. Jones, Aberystwyth; and the Literary Society of Tremadog.

Among the articles are The History of Wales (IX); The Country Around Builth; The Welsh Church; The Science of a Century; The Coal Stratas; Old Underground Characters; Llanaber Church, Nantlle Valley; Eisteddfodau; Welsh Opinion of Education; Books and Literature, etc.

—In his Notes on Books, etc., the Editor expresses himself sensibly anent the distribution of cheap titles among the Welsh. When a young scholar succeeds in cramming his mind with a little knowledge of Latin and Greek, and gaining a degree of some kind, he is heartily congratulated; but if an old worker in the vineyard of literature is honored with a well-deserved and well-earned degree, old fogies will shake their knowing heads and growl "Another degree from America! There is no such place; it must be a fake!" It is quite as easy to gain a degree in England as in America.

In the "Cerddor" David Jenkins furnishes general remarks on the late National Eisteddfod at Merthyr. Many of his views and observations are sensible and practical. He proceeds thus: What

accounts for the defeat of the Welsh Choirs at Merthyr, Corwen and Bwlchgwyn during the same week by choirs from beyond Offa's Dyke? All critics recognize the superior quality of the Welsh voice and the enthusiasm back of it, yet the Welsh choirs took second and third places in those contests. This question, certainly, calls for especial and serious thought. As the *Jingo* song goes, we have the voices and the enthusiasm too, but there is something precious that we have not to a winning degree, and that is, they say, refinement. We need musical culture. Well, let us have that, too, and beat all.

Mr. Jenkins condemns these local contests presided over by ordinary spirits and adjudicated by ignorant and uncultured musical talents who serve but to degrade standards and spoil Welsh music. Another cause of musical degeneracy is the wearisome sameness of Welsh choral singing, which he appropriately designates "The *Eisteddfod*ic Merry-go-round." A few choruses are learnt, and then they are sung and contested in an endless cycle. Our ideal should be not our own achievements, but perfection. Too much is heard of chest notes, registers and a hundred other useless words when not accompanied with real and sound musical science. The best art is produced by the least show of it.

—The musical number is "Good Night to the Day," music by George Marke Evans, and words by T. C. Edwards. No. 64 in The Musicians' Gallery is D. Lloyd Evans, a native of Penrhyndeudraeth, Merioneth, and is a music teacher of note and well known in Welsh music circles in North Wales.

A little secularism would not injure the Welsh magazines. They are too exclusively religious. Welsh lose all interest in everything excepting religion. The "*Dysgedydd*" is no exception to this rule. "Events of the Month" occasionally provides some reading of a secular

nature. Such papers as *Why I am This* and *That* in a sectarian sense is very pleasant reading to a Welshman. In the present number, the Rev. Rhys J. Huws shows what the Free Churches have done for the working classes. No one would deny that the Free Churches have helped the working man as a citizen in an indirect way, but it is evident that as a man struggling for his rights as a laboring man, the churches do very little. It is often claimed by labor that the clergy and the ministry are unfavorable to it. They often counsel submission to the tyranny of capital.

—The Editor, in "Events of the Month," reflects the opinion too common among foreigners that the late President McKinley was conservative and even bigoted. Free trade to some over the sea is synonymous with liberty, and, therefore, protection, of which our late President was such a strong and consistent advocate, signifies the reverse of freedom. The idea is erroneous, because a policy that benefits the entire people must be the best freedom. Free trade has been proved by due experience to be hurtful to the interests of the country. Protection has been proved to be highly beneficent to all classes of Americans.

—There is some grounds to the suggestion made by the Editor that anarchism may be the outcome of the lack of Christian justice on the part of the rich who are so devoted to the unreasonable accumulation of wealth that they are led to disregard the rights of labor. Such enormous inequalities can not fail to create bitter thoughts in the minds of those who are unfortunately down-trodden and often desperate. Some of these may be by nature discontented and malevolent.

The contents of "*Cwrs y Byd*" for October are as follow: The American President at Rest; Fussing and Fortune; Christianity Wronged; The Valley of Weeping; Our Library; Hither

and Thither; The Boers and the Britons; The Church in the Past; Correspondence, Poems, etc.

—"Cwrs" opens with an appropriate poem on the late lamented President, where the occasion is taken to mourn the loss of Llywelyn, last Prince of Wales, who was betrayed and murdered; but on the following page is a short sketch of William McKinley's career, where "Cwrs" ventures to state that McKinley became after his first election somewhat popular with capitalists. It is deplorable how ignorant "Cwrs" seems to be of the substantial popularity of McKinley.

—According to "Cwrs" Christianity is greatly wronged by the thousands who live sumptuously on it. Although we don't see it, it is a fact that thousands are fed by Christianity as in times of yore by Christ himself. They follow Christianity just for the loaves and fishes. People profess it merely for the profit connected with it. Who can believe that the Bishop who gets his \$20,000 a year can be a Christian with hundreds of poor beggars around him on the verge of starvation? Not only the Church but this worldly spirit of mere profit has taken possession of all Christian churches. The spirit of sacrifice is almost unknown.

It is easy to ask How to get rid of anarchism, says "Cwrs," "but not so easy to answer. Russia has employed severe means, but anarchism seems to thrive. Anarchism is produced by causes. These causes will have to be removed. A man who wears shoes too small for him must be content with corns. Society will have to be re-organized, so says "Cwrs."

—Anent Trades Unions, "Cwrs" believes that they will continue inefficient until the unions are united under one control. Not only they may be administered more cheaply as one, but they will be also more powerful. Hitherto, labor has been defeated by its own divisions and dissensions.

The October number of "Young Wales" has half a dozen practical papers on subjects pertaining to Wales: "The Place of Oswestry in the History of Wales"; "Gold in Wales" (An Idyll); "Celtia's Congress"; The Theological Colleges of Wales: 1—Bala and Trevecca"; "A Maid of Cymru" (continued); Wales: Month by Month.

—"In Celtia's Congress" 'Y Ddau Wynne' and W. George furnish some information regarding the Pan-Celtic meeting at Dublin during the week commencing August 19. Meetings, celebrations, parades and concerts were held. Tuesday morning a bardic Gorsedd was held in the Mansion House grounds—a ceremony unduly prolonged, but gave international satisfaction. A grand procession of uniformed representatives of the Breton, Irish, Manx, Scotch and Welsh nations headed by the Lord Mayor of Dublin (an Irish-speaking Gael) in his official robes marched through the streets of Dublin. This show attracted an immense crowd of people. The "Irish Times" thought the Gorsedd ceremony had too many fripperies and furbelows, whilst the "United Irishman" thought that the impression was imposing, although "Ally Sloper" might describe it as a "circus." The Celtic concert on Wednesday evening was a success. Lord Castleton's Irish pipers marched in to warlike strains. The Holyhead choir sang in Welsh. The Irish choir, in 11th century Irish costumes, gave their sweet native songs. There were also Highland dances and Gaelic songs, and two little colleens in green frocks and red cloaks danced an Irish reel, while the Welsh harpists in tall hats and scarlet cloaks were much admired. There was a reception of the Gorsedd on the platform, when the Arch Druid proclaimed the Celtic peace. At the close of the second article, it is said that deep inhalations of the Pan-Celtic atmosphere may tone the sickened national feeling in Wales.

SCIENTIFIC

King James I. of England issued a "Counterblaste to Tobacco," in which he described its use as "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

M. Santos-Dumont made another flight on October 19 and made the trip from St. Cloud around the Eiffel Tower and return in 30 minutes 40 4-7 seconds. As the guide rope was not seized at the starting point until this time elapsed, he really lost winning the Deutsch prize by a technicality, as the trip only took 29 minutes, 30 seconds. It is possible that the technical committee, which meets October 22, will award him the prize, which is morally his already.

The whole matter against smoking is summed up by Dr. Richardson. Before the full maturity of the system is obtained, even the smallest amount of smoking is of ruinous effect; subsequently the habit is, in most instances, prejudicial when carried to excess. It should be noted, however, that there certainly are individuals, and probably in large numbers, to whom throughout life any use of tobacco would be injurious.

There recently died in England Mr. Oliver Morris, the well-known engineer and contractor, rendered most famous by his boring of the preliminary heading of the Severn tunnel, beneath the River Severn, seven miles in length. He encountered innumerable difficulties in the work, which he ingeniously surmounted, but his works were finally interrupted by the irruption of a great spring of fresh water which completely drowned them out. A curious fact

in connection with this engineer was that he could neither read nor write, owing to lack of education.

Lombardy, at one time holding in Europe the highest reputation for its productions in silk and linen, has recently presented to the Pope, for his private altar, an altar cloth, Gothic-Venetian in style, which for pattern and texture is pronounced to be a marvelous piece of work, surpassing by far anything previously turned out in Italian art weaving.

The evil of the Trust, then, may be summed up in these words—that it does not give the workers the benefit of the increased efficiency of their own work. Monopoly, principally of the source, of the materials for work and the place for work is the cause of this. The workers, shut out from the opportunity of employing themselves, individually or co-operatively, have to accept what terms the monopolizers offer or starve. The remedy is as clear as the evil. It is to destroy all monopolies.—Bolton Hall.

A new product prepared from the cocoanut, and known as "vegetaline," is being manufactured by a Marseilles firm. The product is a kind of butter, and is stated to be particularly adapted for bakers and confectioners. It is much cheaper than butter, and is stated to be better adapted for pastry, and more especially for biscuits. It consists of refining the oil extract from the dried cocoanut. It is perfectly pure and nourished. It only resembles butter in its fatty nature, but it is pure white and much harder than the dairy product.

Experience has proved that tea sustains the system without causing sub-

sequent exhaustion and collapse. It is regarded a most useful article of diet for soldiers, and it is well known that cold tea is frequently preferred to beer or cider by sportsmen, reapers and others engaged in laborious work in hot weather. Old and infirm persons usually derive more benefit and personal comfort from tea than from any other beverage of its class. In fevers, in the form of a cold weak infusion, is often of great service and a cup of strong tea, especially without sugar or milk, will often remove a severe nervous headache.

The atmosphere created by the Elstedford and the stern Puritanism of Welsh religious life have not been conducive to the uniform growth and cosmopolitan character of the literature of our Celtic neighbors. Its prose has suffered from the contracted limitations of its religious prejudices, while the restraints of the alliterative measures have sadly fettered the muse.—"Literature."

The truth, the melancholy truth, is that very little more can be done to prevent assassination than is done already. Society has developed a class whose homicidal malignity is mainly directed against Kings and Presidents, and those great personages must accept the danger unless they consent, like the Russian Emperor, Alexander III, and the present Sultan, to be virtual prisoners in their palaces.—"Spectator."

An Indianapolis dentist has given up the use of forceps for pulling teeth and has adopted the primitive method of the Chinese, using nothing but his thumb and index finger. He considers that the sight of the forceps themselves is responsible for much of the harrowing part of tooth-pulling and that many nervous people are greatly shocked by the sight of these instruments. The pain is also said to be less. He can take out the most firmly rooted double tooth

in a few seconds. He learned this art from a Chinese practitioner.

It is estimated that we have nearly fifty per cent. less birds than we used to have. The robins, song sparrows and all other kinds of domestic birds, if they may be so called, have been sacrificed to make ornaments for the ladies' bonnets. But for every bird thus killed we have paid a penalty. A myriad of worms has descended to punish us for our cruelty. Laws are being enacted against shooting the birds, but the most powerful weapon is the worm. It will do more to educate us than whole books full of laws.

The capabilities of electricity as a motive force for automobiles was recently satisfactorily established by the accomplishment of a run from London to Reading and back, a distance of 94½ miles, on one battery charge. The distance was covered in eight hours. The battery utilized was of the Leitner type, devised about one year ago for this purpose by Mr. Harry Leitner. This record was only one of a number of remarkable runs that were undertaken to prove the efficiency of the battery. On other occasions the car accomplished 70, 80 and 85 miles on one charge. During the course of the trials a total of 1,837 miles was covered by this one car, the units consumed for the purpose amounting to 954.8, and the cost on the average amounted to about three cents per mile. The car on every occasion carried four, and sometimes five, passengers.

The Italian government has definitely decided to restore Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." Ordinarily the restoration of a masterpiece of painting would be regarded as dangerous in the extreme, but in this instance the conditions are peculiar. The picture is in such a bad condition that it would be difficult to spoil it, and the work will be done in the most careful and scientific manner. A celebrated expert has been engaged to give his services, and

the first work will be to destroy the micro-organisms which are eating up the paint. The wall will then be treated so that it will not be damp in the future, and then the work will be restored with the help of the old copies of the fresco and the engravings of it.

It seems to me there is no better work to be done at present by an American university than again to unseal those fountains of idealism, where the human spirit has so often refreshed itself when weary of a too material age, to re-awaken that enthusiasm for the moral law which all have somehow lost, and to impress it upon a people, essentially noble but now too deeply absorbed in the pursuit of wealth for wealth's sake.

—"Arena."

A French syndicate has been formed for the purpose of mining iron and coal in the vicinity of Dover, England. Extensive mining rights have been acquired in the Alkham Valley, in the south of Kent, and not far distant from Dover. The boring is to be undertaken by French laborers under the supervision of skilled engineers from the Pas de Calais. A new American diamond drill is being erected for the work. Kent is very rich in iron ore, and at one time was the principal iron-producing district in England. At various parts of the country may be seen closed iron mines. The reason for their abandonment was the scarcity of coal, but at Dover and at other places rich seams of coal have been discovered beneath the iron ore strata, so that there is every possibility of the iron-mining industry in this part of England being revived.

DEPTH OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

The Belgian Royal Meteorological Observatory has published the estimates made by various mathematicians and physicists regarding the depth of the atmosphere surrounding the earth. The calculations of the various savants

upon this subject are widely divergent. Biot estimated that the depth was only about 40 miles; Bravais, 70 miles; Mann, 81 miles; Callandrau, 100 miles; Schiaparelli, 125 miles; Marie Davy, 187 miles; while Ritter stated that it reached to a height of 216 miles. In Great Britain, during the early part of the last century, the depth of the atmosphere was generally accepted as being 47 miles, but the fact that meteors became incandescent at a much greater altitude incontrovertibly proved that this calculation was fallacious. Sir Robert Ball states that meteors have been observed at a celsitude of more than 200 miles, and since they only become incandescent when they come into contact with air, the calculation of Ritter appears to be the most correct.—
"Scientific American."

INSOMNIA IN TREES.

Report has it that some of the trees on the embankment can not thrive because they are deprived of rest at night. Powerful electric lights take up the work when the sun sets, and the trees, it is said, languish from arboreal insomnia. It is the light, not the kind of it, that does the mischief, for electricity stimulates growth. The victims can not, like the tired night worker, draw down a dark blind and make an artificial night, nor imitate the lyric maiden who "closed her eyes when she went to sleep." The tree is nearly all eye—its leaf is eye, lungs and skin. A pretty experiment which Prof. Dewar showed the other day, illustrates all this. The end of a plant covered with leaves is immersed in a small tube containing water, and a picture is thrown on the screen. Instantly the water can be seen flowing into the plant. Then the leaves are stripped off, and at once the transpiration of fluid ceases. If too long continued light be the "vera causa" of the trees languishing, then it would seem they also need rest for reparation.—
"London Telegraph."



A hundred years ago the young people of Radnorshire used to dance in the churchyard, utilizing the north side of the church for the purpose.

One word showing the division of the Celtic languages into two classes is "evil." Erse, Gaelic, and Manx, "ole"; Welsh, "drwg"; Cornish, "droeg"; and Breton, "zruc."

Mr. Froude will shortly publish "A Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames: with Special American Instances," by the late Canon Bardsley, whose work on nomenclature is familiar.

Preparations are being made to excavate the British encampment on Mynydd y Maendy, Rhondda Valley, under the auspices of the Rhondda Naturalists' Society. The work of the excavation will be superintended by Mr. H. W. Williams of Solva, Pembrokeshire.

"One of the rare merits of our Welsh bards," says Dr. Rhys, "is their habit of assuming permanent noms de plume, by means of which they prevent a number of excellent native names from falling into utter oblivion in the general chaos of Anglo-Hebrew ones, such as Jones, Davies, and Williams, which cover the Principality.

A well-known pro-Boer who was present at the police-engirdled meeting in London denies that the stewards were foreigners. He says that many of them were Welshmen, and that it was the excited shouting of Welsh instructions from one to another that gave Englishmen the impression that there were foreigners present.

Several Welsh counties have no criminal cases for the judges when they come on circuit. Monmouth is never one of those counties, but for once it has excuse for hugging itself for another kind of reason. For twelve months the county has had no litigation to go to the assizes, and Mr. Justice Bigham will be free from civil quarrels at his sitting this week.

An old Welsh book says that in 1403 a serious plague of insects came over the country, making their headquarters in Glamorganshire. To counteract their evil depredations, the fields were covered with lime, and all walls were whitewashed, and from that day to the present whitewashing became general, and is generally performed in rural districts.

Among the Welsh there were stringent laws against cruelty to animals and in favor of hospitality. Game laws existed of the strictest kind, classifying every animal of the chase and dealing with the management of hounds, and the etiquette of hunting. For their ardor in these pursuits the Welsh were distinguished among nations, not being surpassed even by the Normans themselves.

"The Welsh are flighty," wrote Giraldus, "and readily undertake things which they have not the perseverance to carry out. Their great weakness after all lies in their international jealousies. If they were inseparable they would be insuperable; and, above all, if instead of having three princes, they had but one, and that a good one."

"Gwilym Cowlyd's" Gorsedd dates no further back than the last National Eisteddfod held at Pontypridd, when Judge Gwilym Williams gave the protesting bard a gentle hint either to cease his babbling or to be sent out of the building under a proper escort. The joint persuasions of the bards had failed to silence the "Chief Bard Positive." "Brynfab," in "Tarian y Gweithiwr," recounts in full the serio-comic incident. "Gwilym" has been breathing vengeance ever since at Llyn Geirion-ydd.

Verily, the Irish are a thankless race. The Gorsedd went over to Dublin in August, to exhibit the beauties of their ritual, and the Irish papers had a laugh at the business. One writer attributes to the Archdruid the appearance of the Caesars—it is not specified which—but another cruelly suggests that the gold ornament worn on his breast ought to be worn on the head; and not only does the Archdruid wear it in the wrong place, but, through ignorance, he also wears it upside down.

Some Welsh etymologists will have it that Penboyr, the name of the parish in Carmarthenshire, comes from Pen-y-Beirdd, because some chief bard lived and held a gorsedd there. It is a common saying in Cardigan and Carmarthen when y person is absent in mind that "the one half of him is in Penboyr," probably this originating in the absence of mind of some Welsh poet, when preparing for an eisteddfod to be held there, or, perhaps, it may be a sweeping reflection upon the whole order of Welsh bards, as a race of mental absentees.

The value of articles as fixed by Howell the Good was as follows: An apple tree, 60d., and a tree planted for shelter, 24d.; while a coracle was 8d. A salmon net was appraised at 16d., while a spade was rated at 1d. The skin of an ox or hart was 8d., and a beaver 120d. Dogs varied curiously. A com-

mon cur was 4d. a shepherd dog 60d., and the best sporting dogs at four times the latter sum.

Thus for nearly seven centuries there were separate sources of strife in Wales, and three distinct classes of warfare. First there came the meritorious defence of the country against Saxon, Dane and Norman, in which, upon the whole, there was much creditable unanimity. Secondly, during the lulls from foreign invasion, there was almost constant strife between North and South, Powys holding as it were the balance of power between them. Lastly there were the purple provincial quarrels, when heady chieftains fell out with their superiors, a form of entertainment to which South Wales as I have already remarked, was peculiarly prone.—"Owen Glyndwr."

The following paragraph shows how a fairy tale has been tagged to the name of a Glamorgan man, by way of giving the tale a new lease of life. Griffith Morgan, known as Guto Nythbran, died in 1737, and was buried in Llanwonno. Among the many tales of his exploits as a runner there is one relating how his father sent Guto to gather in the sheep; how Guto scorned the use of dogs for the purpose, and how he had some trouble with a little brown sheep. "Boy," said his astonished father, "that one is a hare!" The same tale is related of the ruling brownie of the Isle of Man, who offers his services to farmers, the only difference being that the brownie called the brown "sheep" a "little ram." Probably some other tales of Guto Nythbran are of like origin.

At the luncheon which followed the conferring of degrees at Lampeter recently a most eloquent speech was delivered by Professor Smith of Philadelphia, one of the American representatives at the ninth jubilee of the University of Glasgow. One of his passages was peculiarly striking. "Though I was born 3,000 miles from here," said the professor, "I was yet born in

Wales." This paradoxical statement astonished his hearers, and he repeated it with emphasis, and proceeded, "My home is in the 'Welsh Tract' near Philadelphia, and there I was born. When my day's work is done I go home every evening to my quiet house in this dear Welsh Tract, and what are the names of the stations I pass through?—Merioneth, Narberth, Brynmawr, St. David's, and St. Asaph!"

The recent squabble in the Welsh Calvinistic body over the case of Rev. W. O. Jones, B. A., Liverpool, has been he means of giving rise to a new denomination, called the Free Church of Wales. The movement was formally inaugurated at a meeting held last Sunday at Hope hall, Liverpool, when the Rev. W. O. Jones read a long manifesto in Welsh stating the policy, principles and objects of the new sect. This new connection will, among other things, endeavor to promote missionary work, temperance, and other social virtues, and will be distinguished for its democratic character, all distinctions between the lay and clerical elements being ignored. The sect already numbers about a thousand adherents, most of whom have been drafted from Calvinistic Methodist circles.

Here are two Church items. The rector of Crickhowell writes: "Referring to a paragraph in the 'Western Mail' it is in the chancel of Crickhowell Church that there is an effigy supposed to represent Sir Grimbald Pauncefote. His widow, Dame Sibyl, was the foundress in the year 1303 of both church and parish, and her effigy lies on the opposite side of the chancel." From Tenby Mrs. Rees Stokes sends to tell us that there is an effigy of a cross-legged crusader in the chancel of Carew Church about six miles from Tenby. Mrs. Stokes is told that the reason the figure is cross-legged is that the crusader lived to return from the Holy Land, a reason which might perhaps be im-

proved by amplification. The recumbent figure has a coat of mail with a hood of mail, such as was made in wool for the troops in South Africa when they slept on the veldt. This hood leaves only the face exposed.

Long, indeed, before the final conquest of Welshmen by Edward the First, their church had been completely conquered, anomalous though such an inverted process seems, by Norman Bishops. A Welshman though his sword might still win him political recognition and respect, had little more chance of church preferment in the thirteenth century than he had in the eighteenth or the first half of the nineteenth. As early indeed as 1180 that clerical aristocrat of royal Welsh and noble Norman blood, Giraldus Cambrensis, pertinently asks the same question which from generation to generation and from reign to reign through the Hanoverian period must have been on every native churchman's tongue in the Principality, "Is it a crime to be a Welshman?"—"Owen Glyndwr" by Bradley.

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WELSH INDIANS.

"Not since the Spanish war," says the "Chicago Sunday Tribune" of October 20, has Columbus received such a jolt as was given him this week by Major E. H. Cooper, the well known explorer of the homes of the cliff-dwellers." Major A. H. Cooper has returned from the South West with proofs that the Welsh visited and lived in America a century or more before Columbus was born. The Major's story is similar to many that have been related by Welsh and English writers since the 17th century. Although these are very improbable, yet they still gain credence among a class of readers. This is the Major's story as told by himself in his room in a Chicago hotel:

"This may seem like a vague story to you and it did to me when I first heard of it, but it isn't so strange to me now. Did you ever hear that the Welsh visited

America centuries before Columbus heard of it? No, and there are not many Easterners who have. Down East they see the Norse relics and never imagine that other Northern peoples could have heard of Leif Ericson's discovery and followed him. But that knife shows they did.

"About twelve years ago I first heard of this. For twenty years before that I had been wandering about among the Moquis, the Zunis, and the Indians, absorbing traditions, talking with the old men, examining ruins, digging and delving, and trying to learn from the peoples now there where they came from themselves, who was in America before their forefathers came, and all they could tell me that legend told them. Twelve years ago, as I started to say, I was visiting in a village of the Creek Indians. There are many Welshmen in the Western States, and, as it happened, I had two of them in my party that trip. We had just arrived in the Creek village and I was exchanging greetings with the head men in their own tongue, when I heard the two Welshmen making comments on the camp in Welsh.

"To me it was unintelligible jargon, but the oldest chief stopped and listened. Suddenly, leaving me standing and gaping, he ran to the Welshmen and embraced first one and then the other, speaking rapidly in Creek—which they did not understand—and then more slowly pronouncing words which made them start and stare in amazement.

"'Here's a good one,' one of them called to me a moment later. 'Here's an Indian who speaks Welsh.'

"Either the old chief did speak Welsh or the Welshman spoke Creek. There were many words in their languages somewhat different in pronunciation, but sufficiently alike for the chief, as he stood there, to grasp the meaning of the others. He had at first thought them trying to talk Creek, but, suddenly remembering the traditions of his tribe,

had recognized in them white men who prophecy said, would come some day speaking a tongue like the Creeks.

"This tradition he then related. It appears than many years ago—we reckoned back by Creek chronology and made it about 1300—when the Creeks, Navajos, and Utes were great peoples, there came among them up the Arkansas River a considerable number of white men. These whites came as friends. They were the first the Indians had ever seen and were greeted in amazement. They brought many strange iron utensils and weapons, strange customs and language. They were adopted into the tribes, lived with them, became influential, and died among them. As their influence increased they impressed upon the Indians many of their customs, but chiefly words from their tongue—the Indians being quick to grasp a language. They told the Indians that some day other white men speaking these words would come among them and they must preserve these words to greet them in the memory of this first coming.

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A TRANSLATION OF "BETH SYDD I MI."

What have I in all this life,
But oppression full and rife;
Foes assail me night and day,
Often wound me in the fray.
Healer of the wounded soul,
Come, Oh, come, and make me whole;
Then I'll sing of blood divine,
Ere I cross the heavenly line.

Oh, that I could through my life,
Walk with God in all this strife;
Spend my days with full delight,
In His work from noon till night!
Loving Jesus—fount of grace,
Let me see thy blessed face;
Then I'll sing of blood divine,
Ere I cross the heavenly line.

REV. J. MICHAEL HUGHES.
Emporia, Kan.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

THE LATE JOHN D DAVIS, OAK HILL, OHIO.

By G. James Jones, D. D.

(The address delivered at his funeral in the Congregational Church, Oak Hill, O., October 2, 1901.)

A great life has just closed. John D. Davis was born in the Valley of Aeron, S. W., in 1822; died Sept. 29, 1901. He possessed a remarkable brilliant, strong and attractive character. From a poor but a pious home he ascended mountain heights and became a prince in the worlds of commerce and of religion. When he stepped on the shores of the "Land of Liberty" he had no education save such as was then obtained in the rural districts of Wales. By the force of his own energy he attained to a respectable mastery of the English language and mathematics. He could write a splendid letter and solve problems in mathematics which baffle many of the schoolmen. In his early days he read and studied the philosophical writings of Dr. Dix, and next to the Bible, that master mind was the most potent factor in the development, the strengthening, the solidifying of his character.

He as a pioneer in the development of the iron industries of Southern Ohio and a contemporary of such stalwarts as David Sinton, John Campbell, J. D. Clare, G. W. McConnell, William Kelly and many others who have made their names famous. Nearly all of them have passed to the great beyond. John D. Davis, Thomas T. Jones, and T. L. Hughes were among the earliest promoters of the Jefferson Iron Furnace Company. John D. Davis and Thomas T. Jones remained with it the longest and gave to it the greatest thought and service. Mr. Davis was its first founder.

That plant has been more successful than any other similar plant in the United States—it paid over forty per cent in dividends for forty years, and made every one of its stockholders wealthy, and not a stroke of work was ever struck on the Sabbath day. Men of shorter visions said then, as they say now, these men said, "We shall make iron and accumulate money in strict obedience to the divine law or go without," and they succeeded far above their fellows. The plant stands, when they are gone, a monument of righteous business conduct. An immense amount of wealth resulting from their honest and faithful toil is now doing service in the commerce of the world.

From the lowest place Mr. Davis rose to the highest. For nearly half a century he bore on his heart the interests of the trust given him. He treated all his associates with courtesy and consideration, whether they were stockholders, moulders, coal diggers or mule drivers, and he was most reverently treated by them in return. No corporation ever did so large a business for so long a time with so little friction. Not once did the men go on strike, not a single serious disagreement ever occurred. The workingmen felt that Mr. Davis was their best friend; the stockholders believed in him implicitly. Vast sums of money passed through his hands. No one doubted his honesty, no, not even his accuracy. Few men leave the world of commerce with so clean a record, none with a cleaner one.

All his religious life, work, influence, contributions, prayers were given to the Congregational church at Oak Hill, or through it. He was a member of it during a longer period than that which Moses spent with the Israelites in the

wilderness. In the church also was he elevated from the humblest to the highest place, and he honored every place and position. While he never put forth the smallest effort for his own promotion he was very solicitous for the advancement of his friends. Many to-day are in

case such a character as he was not always appreciated by all. All societies are invaded by some men who are themselves too small to see or to understand true greatness. Many a hard blow or a cutting, stinging remark did he let pass unnoticed. The great only can conduct



John D. Davis.

the highest place, and he honored every place and position. While he never put forth the smallest effort for his own promotion he was very solicitous for the advancement of his friends. Many to-day are on the mountain tops because of his quiet, kindly help in time of need. His patience was remarkable and his sagacity wonderful. As is always the

themselves with dignity. To the pastor, whether that one was great or small, wise or otherwise, learned or ignorant, he was a valuable counselor and an inspiring help. He gave to all the full benefit of every doubt. He always wanted to believe the best and to say the best of every one. If he had nothing good to say he would not say anything. Up to

his illness his home was a sort of a caravanserai, after the Jewish fashion, where pilgrims were welcomed and provided with food, shelter, possibly, with toll money for the journey of the morrow. His name and deeds are known near and far. As one most prominent has written us, "his kind deeds and words and cheer will live in the memory of men for many years to come."

What he was in business, in social circles, in church life he was pre-eminently doubly so in his home. He sustained an ideal home. Always a sufficiency that all were above anxiety, and yet a frugality and economy that nothing was wasted. Part of the legacy he left to his children is a practical knowledge of how to work for their living if need be. The material, social and spiritual needs and duties were recognized factors in his home life. When he was absent the concern of all was about him, when he returned he received a welcome, not alone as a king, but as an ideal father and husband. Whatever business problems he had to solve or business troubles he had to bear, and sometimes they were many and heavy, he never allowed them to mar the beautiful serenity of his home life. While in all things he was master and lord his reign was tenderness and sunshine. Hardly ever did he use a hard word, never a harsh one, but he was firm as the rock. After the evening repast the children vied with each other the privilege of obtaining for him his slippers, paper or book. After an hour or two of pleasant social intercourse the Bible was given the place of honor, an earnest prayer was offered at the family altar, all retired for the night at peace with men and God.

Men remained in his employ for a long time; they knew him, and those who knew him the best admired him the most. He had truly a great character. The strongest element in that character was faith in the righteousness of things. He could wait developments without being disturbed. He believed that God had the greatest share in maturing his plans,

and he stood still to see the salvation of the Lord. He filled a large part in all relations. The community is poorer because of his demise, but he has left a legacy of untarnished influence. His death is the first sorrow occasioned by him to his community. All of us mourn his departure.

But this funeral occasion is really not a time for weeping. He had matured like the golden grain in the field, and here are friends in a "Harvest Home" feast. A tremendous victory has been gained, an immortal crown has been won, a soul has assumed his place in glory. Let us dry our tears. Let us thank God that such a life has been given to shed lustre on the path we travel. The world is better because he has lived in it, and heaven is richer because he has entered it. It is for us to lift up our hearts and voices in praise and sing: "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and let all the people say, Amen.

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The interesting paper from the able pen of Mr. Taliesin Evans of the "San Francisco Chronicle," the first part of which appears in our present number, was read before the Cymrodorion Society of California at San Francisco, at their meeting, Sept. 17. It is published by special request of the members.

Mr. R. Peel Price, solicitor, Llandoverry, the treasurer to the Carmarthenshire County Council, has in his possession a Jamaica stamp with "Llandoverry Falls" printed thereon.

Chancellor Silvan Evans is the first Welshman on whom the degree of Doctor in Literature has been conferred, and the second recipient of a university degree on account of services to Welsh literature. Mr. Gwenogfryn Evans, who is the other, is an Oxford M. A.

Oct. 10, an Evening of Music was held by the pupils of Prof. George Mark Evans, in the Y. M. C. A. Lecture Room, Wilkesbarre, Pa. The tasteful program was made up of 12 numbers, the last be-

ing a new chorus by the Professor, entitled "Good Night to the Day," words by the Rev. T. C. Edwards, D. D., Kingston, Pa. Prof. Evans is very successful as a music teacher and director.

Archdeacon Prys, of Merioneth, who translated the Psalms into Welsh verse, was a very systematic worker. He used to versify one Psalm every week, and on the following Sunday he would give it out in Maentwrog Church to be sung by the congregation.

There is some talk of erecting a monument to the memory of Dr. W. Owen Pugh, the Welsh lexicographer. A monument ought to be erected to the memory of "Iolo Morganwg" as well in the chief town of the antiquarian's native county.

A curious tombstone was discovered at Ilfracombe Churchyard by a correspondent. The inscription reads as follows: "In Memory of Willm. Griffiths; died October 25, 1835, aged 127 years. Also of Willm., father of the above, who died October 2, 1845, aged 72 years." According to the dates given, the son was 65 years older than the father!

Preachers should select texts with possibilities. When Jones, Llangan, was once preaching in London he selected for his text the story of the fish in whose mouth the money to pay the toll was found. Next morning a liveried man called at the house where the celebrated Jones was staying and left a fish for the preacher. It was a fine salmon, and in its mouth Jones found a five pound note, with a short letter stating that it was for the preacher's own use. The name of the donor was never discovered.

There are some queer names of streets at Swansea. One puzzled the revising barrister recently. It was Ahi street, and it was very considerably explained that it was Scriptural—that Ahi was south of Canaan, and that Ahi street was south of Canaan Chapel, Llansamlet. It was not short for Ahitophel as we

thought. There is another street at Swansea called Hoo street, in memory of the Indian Mutiny. The two names Hoo and Ahi sound more like Liberal interruptions of a Conservative meeting than names of streets in an enlightened town.

Miss Hope Morgan, the Canadian soprano, whose recitals in London have gained excellent notices in the "Times" and other important journals, belongs to an old Welsh family, the Morgans of Llangattock, whose most distinguished member was the famous Sir Herry Morgan, known to fame as Captain Morgan the Buccaneer. It is ages since the family left Wales, but Miss Hope Morgan likes to think she is of Welsh origin, because, as she says, "they are such a musical people." So far, she has not appeared professionally in Wales, as an engagement she entered into she was obliged to break because of influenza. Miss Morgan, who is a daughter of Judge Morgan, of Ontario, was described by the "Times" critic as having "a voice of quite charming quality, a faultless method, and most artistic style."

David Hughes, the Welsh engine-driver who received the Royal Victorian Medal, has his portrait and biography in the new number of the "Railway Magazine." Hughes was born in Flintshire, and entered the Great Western Railway service some forty years ago. A year or two back, when the company commenced running from London to Birmingham without a stop, Hughes was chosen for the responsible post on the locomotive, and he soon earned his reputation as one of the hardest running drivers on the line. It is his ambition to do 129¼ miles in 120 minutes, and he may succeed yet. When her Majesty passed over the Great Western for the last time her remains were entrusted to Hughes, who drove the funeral train from Paddington to Windsor. In June last he received at the hands of the King the medal and insignia of the Royal Victorian Order. May he long wear them!

Original and Selected Miscellany

Brave and thoughtful to the last, our President was true to his soldier's training.

"A nation rebuilt" may almost be the description of what was done under Mr. McKinley's administration.

Teacher: And how do you know that you have been baptised?

Little Ellen: Please, ma'am, by the marks on my arm, ma'am.

Mr. Spurgeon, the famous London preacher, being asked whether a man could be a Christian and belong to a brass band, replied, "Yes, I think he might; but it would be a very difficult matter for his next door neighbor to be a Christian."

"In the long run a class of professional non-combatants is as hurtful to the best interests of a community as a class of professional wrong-doers." — President Roosevelt.

A discovery has been made by the "Llanelli Mercury." Even Baptist ministers (it says) are afraid of a drop of rain, and recently there was an exciting race between three of them to seek shelter from the downpour. They state they don't like being sprinkled.

Tramp—I wuz not always a tramp, mum! I wuz driven from home by a heartless woman!

Lady—Who was the woman?

Tramp—Mrs. Carrie Nation. I made me home in Casey's saloon, Wichita, Kansas, mum!

A robin made a dramatic appearance in Pendaulwyn Calvinistic Methodist Chapel some time ago. When the con-

gregation struck up the hymn "Peraidd ganodd ser y boreu" (which has reference to the birth of the Savior) a robin in the gallery joined in with his little song of praise, and sang with such fervor and persistency that the congregation was almost silenced into listening.

The "Lutheran Observer" reviewing the career of our martyr President, his great services to the country and his sincere Christian character, concludes: We may freely acknowledge the great services which President McKinley rendered to the nation and to the world, and yet truthfully say:

"Nothing in his life

Became him like the leaving it."

The tariff is a robber. It has robbed the free soup stand of its savor, the mill, the workshop and the furnaces of their desuetude and other useless conditions, and the country of its universal blueness. The Tariff has robbed old General Stagnation and set up General Activity in his stead. The Tariff is a robber and the United States is selling more abroad than ever before. The Tariff is plucking the home markets of the foreigners.

A Philadelphia Welshman—Evan P. Jones by name—who died recently in the Methodist Episcopal Home for the Aged in that city, is reported to have spent the last weeks of his life in making his own coffin, whistling cheerfully over the gruesome task, and taking a very evident pride in his work. The design of the coffin had, he said been disclosed to him in a dream. It was of two kinds of wood with fantastic designs exquisitely carved on the sides and ends, whilst the lid was a beautiful mosaic of different

colored woods. A week after the completion of the self-imposed task the old man died, and was buried in the coffin he had so beautifully made.

Henry Lewis Morris, a descendant of Gouverneur Morris, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, has just purchased for \$70,000 a piece of property in New York which was sold by his father in 1852 for \$155. The property is located at 149th street and Third avenue. When the 1852 transfer was made there were only eight houses between it and the Harlem river; now there are thirty thousand.

It should not escape attention that of all the long line of illustrious Presidents, Theodore Roosevelt is the first to be born and brought up in a great city. Other Presidents have passed over to cities, and so have become more or less identified with city conditions and city life, notably Presidents Arthur, Cleveland and Harrison; but Mr. Roosevelt is the first President to represent and to reflect in his every fiber the cosmopolitanism of the great modern city, and that city—New York.

Some time ago there was a shipwreck at St. Margaret's Bay, England, and the life-line brought sailor after sailor to shore amid the cheers of the rescuers. At last only the captain remained on board. The line was ready, the signal was given, but the answering jerk did not come. Again and again, for a quarter of an hour, the question passed along the rope without reply. At last, when hope was nearly dead, the signal came, and the captain was hauled dripping ashore. He picked himself up, drew a small, wet, quivering dog from his breast pocket and set it tenderly down. Then he looked round and said in simple apology: "I couldn't find the little fellow any where."—"Our Dumb Animals."

"When I come to a great library," said the archbishop of Canterbury recently, "when I think of all the men whose pro-

ductions are set up upon the walls, and when I think of what humanity would be without them; when I think of what I myself have learned from so many of them, I feel as if of all things for which I am grateful to God, I know but one that stands above the gift of literature and that is God's own revelation; and when we put that high above everything else, I know of nothing which I consider higher than the literature which ennobles my country."

Once an English friend found Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) sitting on the steps of a bathing machine on the sands, with a Lutheran Bible on her knee, looking out into the glory of a sunset that was shining over the waters. They talked, and the talk drew near the inevitable question—"O, Madame Goldschmidt, how was it that you ever came to abandon the stage?" "When every day it made me think less of this (laying a finger on the Bible), and nothing at all of that (pointing to the sunset), what else could I do."

In all the half century during which contests have been waged for the "America" Cup there was never fought out such a close and exciting struggle as took place in the first race of Saturday, September 28, and the last race of October 3. On the former day, from the moment when the yachts crossed the starting line practically abreast, to the boom of the finishing gun—4½ hours later—when the winner was only three or four lengths in the lead, there never was a time when the yachts were more than a stone's-throw apart, while there was more than one occasion when the proverbial biscuit could have been tossed from one yacht to the other; and in the last race the yachts were practically abreast.

Very curious interpretations of the laws occur at times, so curious that it seems as though the officer in charge did not see his way very clearly to any reasonable settlement. A workman go-

ing up the gang plank of a vessel in an English dock fell and hurt himself so badly that he died in a few days. The judge decided that his family was not entitled to compensation because a ship was not a factory; on appeal this decision was sustained by another court, but further appeal to the House of Lords resulted in a reversal of the verdict that a ship was not a factory. It was a factory to the plaintiff in the action, because that was where he was earning his living; the ship was in drydock and it was a factory, therefore the workman's family were entitled to recover.

Peace be to McKinley, justice be to his memory. If there was ever any danger of his not receiving this justice at the hands of posterity it is removed by the manner of his taking off, for humanity is always appreciative of martyrs.

Though McKinley is dead the republic lives. Probably one mind or at the worst a very few minds conceived and executed the horrible deed that laid the President low, but millions of minds and hearts stand aghast at the deed and will do all within their power to atone for the fell act. The republic is safe from such hands; individuals may suffer, but the institution endures.—"Unity."

But, after all, brethren, it is William McKinley the man, to whom the country is pre-eminently indebted. As such, it seems to me that he holds a position absolutely unique in the history of our country. Others who have been overtaken by death while occupying the Presidential chair have been respected and admired. As far as I know, he alone has been beloved. It is, for example, only since his death that Lincoln has secured a permanent place in the hearts of our people, while the late President has gone to his grave carrying with him the unqualified affection of an undivided nation. The sorrow and tears of our countrymen are for one whom they loved chiefly for what he was as a man. Here it is that all sectional ties and affiliations

absolutely disappear. The heat of party discussion, the echoes of political conflict, have all suffered a natural death beside the bier of Mr. McKinley.—Chaplain R. R. Hoes, U. S. N.

What a glorious legacy is that last speech he delivered in Buffalo on the eve of his assassination! It ought to be placed beside Washington's Farewell Address and Lincoln's second Inaugural.

"God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other the less occasion is there for misunderstanding, and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the court of arbitration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

Gentlemen, let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not in conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace and not those of war."

A novel method of teaching the French language by the phonograph is being attempted in England. Several prominent French professors are devoting their energies to preparing phonograph cylinders carrying French lessons upon them. The phonographic records are accompanied by a book, "The Pictorial French Course." Each book contains thirty lessons, each of which corresponds to a phonographic cylinder, and each lesson is ingeniously illustrated. All that the student has to do is to set the phonograph in motion, and the book will explain what the instrument is saying. The object of this system is to give the French accent correctly.

Theodore Roosevelt is the first president of New York birth. He is also the youngest man that ever reached the presidency, being now only 43. He was born at a time of tremendous political excitement, the year previous to Lincoln's election, when the nation was con-

vulsed with that great question which so soon led to the Civil War. The Roosevelts are one of the oldest New York families and the first directory contains Isaac Roosevelt and Son, sugar refiners, No. 152 Queen street, now Pearl. Isaac Roosevelt was the first president of the Bank of New York, the first bank ever started in that city, and since then the family has been noted as solid business men whose wealth was alike free from vanity or vice and who sought no public distinction. It was a good stock to spring from and one which might naturally produce such a man as our new chief magistrate.

OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

Our martyred chief reposes in the silent tomb,
From labor, pain and care; but his illustrious deeds
And name shall flourish in transcendent bloom,
And sacred memory on the kindled hearts
Of nations, and in reverence ever green.
He is not dead, his spirit brightly shines
In glorious joy in the eternal home
Where sin and woe and foes are all unknown;
Where peace and love and freedom never cease;
Where is no darkness, and no tears are shed;
Where the redeemed all wear their golden crowns,
And live eternal on the happy shores!

H. G. WILLIAMS

Wilkesbarre, Pa.

CELTIC COSTUMES.

It seems that we must look up our national costumes at once. For one of the objects to be attained in the Pan-Celtic revival is an honored and abiding place for the Celtic tailor. In some perturbation Mr. Ernest Rhys asks: "What kind of coat or tunic is the Irishman who is not a stage Irishman to wear so as to

be remarkable, but not ridiculous? Mr. Fournier said that the tendency was to wear special national dress on festive special occasions, and return to ordinary dress for every day wear. If national dress was insisted upon at all times he was afraid that it would defeat the purpose altogether. Captain Cuffe thought that ordinary dress could be devised for common wear of a convenient, but distinctive, character. Mr. W. B. Yeats, author of "Countess Kathleen," thought that Irish costume for both Sundays and Mondays might gradually be evolved. Lord Castletown preferred to begin with the shoes and work upwards. Children might lead the way, and wear an Irish national costume, and parents and elders might follow presently, when people had become more accustomed to it. Mr. Vaughan, Carnarvon, said that no distinct Welsh dress beside the druidic and bardic robes existed to-day, but, doubtless, such dress could be found in accordance with Welsh tradition. So the debate continued, proving at least that the Modern Celt has not lost his ancient love of colour. During the discussion the presence upon the platform in reflected afternoon sunshine of Highland chiefs in kilts and tartans, and the Hon. Wm. Gibson in a tawny Irish squire's costume, and Mr. Fournier in the proposed new holiday Gaelic dress, made a very picturesque object lesson."

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

O, give thanks unto the Lord,
Let our hearts with love abound;
Let our grateful spirits soar,
Pouring melodies around;
For the blessings we receive
From His providential store;
Let us serve Him while we live,
Praise His name forevermore.

Heavenly Father, now we raise!
Our glad song of thankfulness;
Thee, with all our hearts we praise,
And Thy Holy name we bless;

Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three;
All the glory, Lord of hosts,
Here we offer now to Thee.

—Llinos Taf.

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WHERE FOOD IS MONEY.

Between the countries with coinage and the Crusoe land, there are many places where all sorts of queer things are used as money—beads and shells and tea and soap. In China and Russia tea is pressed into what looks like little bricks and officially stamped as "coin of the realm"; the brick can be divided if a coin of less value is needed, or it can be broken up and put into the teapot.

A number of other funny sorts of cash are mentioned by a writer in the "English Illustrated Magazine." In the Nicobar Islands, you are paid so many cocoanuts for what you sell, and you offer a certain number of them for what you buy. A dozen nuts will buy a dozen nails, and two dozen is the price of a packet of matches. Sugar was money in Barbadoes in the 18th century, and salt still is in the islands around India. In Bokhara the fruit of the mulberry, made up into cakes of a certain size, used to be a medium of exchange. If one had to go shopping with a cherry cake, one would be very apt to eat one's money; but perhaps the mulberry cakes were not so tempting as they sound. Certainly it cannot have been nice to shop with a purse-full of fish, which were currency among the Malays. In parts of Asia oxen and buffaloes will buy what you require; what the people do for small change I don't know, but chicken are useful in the Maldino Islands and pigs in Tibet.

Quite as queer as these odd forms of pounds, shillings and pence are the eccentric moneys of Upper Burma, where bottles and jugs have been long accepted for the purpose; and queerest of all is that peculiar to the Manipur Hills—frying-pans!

BROTHER DICKEY'S VIEWS OF IT.

"Dey tol' me dat de war wid de Spaniels wuz over too 'long ago ter talk about," said Brother Dickey, "but I hez come to de conclusion dat dey made some mistakes—dey only moved de war ter Washin'ton, so dat Mr. Roswell, what can't be in it no mo', bein' President, kin superintend' it endurin' recess, w'en he ain't runnin' de gov'mint. Mr. Dewey slayed de Philistines all right, en he tol' em, 'I done it, en don't you say I didn't!' en hit wuz all right, and de war wuz over fer him; en he come home en say ter Congress: 'Gimme dat gol' sword you got fer me, en dat house, you buyed fer me, en dat parade you promised me, en den make me President er de country fer what I been a-doin' fer you, en den I'll settle down on you fer life en live reasonable!' But Mr. Sampson flourish his jawbone, 'en low dat de Spaniels on dis side de water wuz his meat; den Mr. Schley sey dey wuz his'n, en ne'er man 'low dat day wuz his, kaze he kilt 'em, en counted 'em, en cooked 'em brown! So, sence dey can't satisfy mo' one er 'em, de gov'ment 'cided dat de bes t'ing ter do wuz ter fight de war over at de expense er de public. De only trouble 'bout it is hits a war in which dey ain't no pensions, only cussin' en swearin', en talk—en dat's cheap ez cotton is at fo' cents a poun'!"—"Atlanta Constitution."

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EDWARD VII.

(Acrostic.)

By Clara E. Rewey, Utica, N. Y.

E—ver do thy duty, brave one,
D—auntless as the swift days run;
W—ise the King of Kings who guides
thee
A—nd rewards when life is done;
R—est in love in His Hand
D—earest homes in every land.

❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

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ROBLING'S CHRISTMAS.

By Cyfelach.

The management of the saloon or rather its toleration by modern society is one of the mysteries of civilization. There is no agency within the domains of the civilized community so hurtful and so degrading as the saloon; it helps to pauperize and even to brutalize men and women, and is a constant menace to the peace and good order of the people; and yet this immoral agency is protected and patronized by the State and the Church. It may seem untrue when we say that the saloon is patronized by the Church, but yet a superficial inquiry will satisfy any sensible man or woman that the saloon is among us as long as the State and the Church tolerate it. It lives and thrives simply because the Christian community finds in it something worth perpetuating. Its evil is tremendous, and its demoralizing and dehumanizing influences are well-known; yet it is a notable and a deplorable fact that there are many Christian churches without even a dozen abstainers among their members. Public opinion as a power against the saloon in many a community is all but helpless, which shows really that interest in morality is at a low ebb in spite of our high and showy profession of Christian-

ity. Christian profession is a mere empty tinkling, as the Apostle describes it.

Robling Jones was born of a Christian family, and had had what is termed a Christian training, which too often means that his father and mother were members of a church and took little Robling with them to the meetings. Sundays, Robling (sen.) was extremely sanctimonious, although during the week, at home and among his mates, he appeared devoid of any respect for moral and spiritual laws. Outside the church no one would suspect him of being religious. He would attend a saloon as cordially as the church; and it was well known among his co-members that he just loved his drink. When called to work at a prayer meeting, he was as clamorously eloquent as the best of them; but his professions and his morals were so constantly at war that it became a conundrum whether Robling (sen.) was really playing a part. So the religious training of young Robling did not amount to much. He had to attend Sunday School regularly, even if he had to be driven thither with a club.

When young Robling grew into manhood he became a toper, a habitual attendant at the saloon, except

ing when at work, which in a few years after his marriage to Mary Jones, became less regular every year. At the time our story begins he had become neglectful of his occupation, and had reduced his family to the ragged edge of poverty. His half-starved and poorly dressed wife had been compelled to go out washing; and very often her children went with her partaking of the kind hospitality of those good-hearted neighbors who engaged her services. In her absence Robling had been used to make raids on the furniture, which he carried out for beer, so that soon there was naught left except what was absolutely indispensable. It reflects utter disgrace on a saloon-keeper who keeps on supplying such a degraded member of the community with the poison that ruins him and his family, but it seems that the saloon-keeper has a code of morals of his own making, or that he has lost all sense of humaneness. It is also a mystery that the State does not take charge of such characters to restrain them from damning themselves and their families. A drunkard in charge of a horse may be arrested but he may continue to ruin himself and all dependent upon him for years without outside interference. Society hitherto has believed that a drunkard has this right as a citizen and a human being. The law allows him to get drunk and to waste the means that should go to the support of his family; and society too often laughs at the drunkard as something amusing, and church people will walk on the other side

of the street to avoid touching him. O! shame on the state and so-

Two weeks before Christmas of the year 18—, a Temperance reformer of the name of Morgan, a peace and conscience-awakener, came to the vicinity. He hired a hall in the town, and continued afternoon and evening arousing a sentiment against the saloon and the shop. There are indifferent people who don't believe in sentiment after all sentiment to morals is steam to engines. "O," said a cold-hearted man, "you can be without sentiment. Enthusiasm is nonsense." He may as well say an engine can be run without a fire or street cars without a horse house. Everything is run by the force of some kind.

Morgan in less than a week worked people's feelings to a high state of pressure, that several each meeting walked up to the hall to sign the temperance petition. These temperance reformers value the value of perseverance at opportunity, which may be more to influence society in the improvement of civilization. Frequent and constant application of a truth wonders in a moribund community where all have sunk into a condition of unconcern and apathy.

Morgan knew the power of opportunity, and day after day and evening after evening he persisted in blowing the bellows of enthusiasm until the sparks began to fly. His oratory was characteristic, straightforward, fearless and severing. It ran somewhat

this: "My drunkard-friend, you are on the wrong path; you need to turn right about and walk in the opposite direction. You don't take the right view of things. You think more of the interests of the saloon-keeper's family than of your own. You are diseased; but you think beer is medicine, but it ain't—it's poison. The saloon-keeper thinks nothing of you, as long as he gets your money. Don't you see that? It is as plain as a nose on a man's face. Temperance is the only policy that will straighten up your affairs."

Robling soon became touched and awakened by this kind of talk, and some new appreciation of things dawned on his mind. Several nights he very near became resolved to march up to the platform and sign, but he kept delaying until the last evening—the eve of Christmas. He had worked more that week than usual, but that would have given Mary no comfort because the probability was that he would call at a saloon to squander his pay and reach home in a state of riotous intoxication. It was now between nine and ten, when Mary had just reached home with a few groceries which she

had procured with her scant earnings, and the children were at the table staring at each small parcel being opened, when a heavy irregular tramping was heard and the door flew open slamming against the wall, with movements as if her husband was being led home drunk. "There he comes!" screamed Mary, "run children for your lives;" and they scampered up stairs into their bedroom whither they were used to escape from him.

When the inner door was opened, Mary to her great surprise, saw that Robling was sober, and was helped by another man to convey a heavy box into the room. Mary was struck dumb; she could hardly credit her more than usually opened eyes. As soon as the case had been placed in the centre of the room, the express man left, and the table was soon covered with what Robling called "arrears of Christmas gifts."

He became a changed man, and ever since the time that Morgan held his series of meetings near Robling's home, Robling has been a new man; sober, industrious, an exemplary husband and father, and a highly respected neighbor.



There are sounds in the sky when the year grows old,
 And the winds of the winter blow;
 When night and the moon are clear and cold,
 And the stars shine on the snow,
 Or wild is the blast and the bitter sleet
 That beats on the window-pane;
 But blest on the frosty hills are the feet
 Of the Christmas time again.

McKINLEY'S DEATH AND ITS INFLUENCE ON THE REPUBLIC.

By W. Roland Williams.

Saturday morning, September 7, on the streets of Colwyn Bay, North Wales, the news was told me that our beloved President had been shot by the hand of a brutal anarchist. The news caused a commotion in every circle around me. In a moment like this one could easily see how the hearts of the two countries beat together. Blood is thicker than water. We kept watching the reports day by day until Tuesday, the 10th, when we sailed on the "Saxonia" from Liverpool for Boston. The President's condition was so encouraging up to that date as to warrant us in entertaining a strong hope of his recovery. My fellow passengers were mostly Americans and we would often mention one to the other our hopes and fears concerning McKinley's condition. Sunday, the 15th, we assembled at 10:30 in the first cabin for divine service. The captain, a venerable looking man, read the service of the Episcopal Church. Rev. Dr. G. A. Gordon, of Boston, one of the most famous preachers in America, being present, read the Scripture lessons. And such reading, every word seemed to speak to us! A rare treat it was to listen to him. Then the captain called him to lead in prayer. We knew the burden of every part, but we knew not how to pray. Dr. Gordon prayed in two ways: for the

President's recovery, if still living; for the widow, and for the country if the President had already passed into the world beyond.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday came, but no chance for news. Wednesday night we were informed that Thursday morning early would find us approaching the harbor. Some of us mentioned the subject once or twice ere we went asleep. At 6 a. m. we were in sight of land. We dressed hurriedly, and were leaning over the deck in time to see the pilot climbing the rope ladder that had been lowered to him. Our boat was almost 600 feet long. We stood at the stern, the pilot came aboard at the bow, but almost as quick as lightning there passed from one end to another the sad word, "The President is dead."

Hearts that had been aglow with joy at the sight of land gave way to grief. Countenances that had beamed with cheer turned pale. We were all mourners. We landed as if into a funeral, and it turned out to be the funeral day of William McKinley. At 3:30 p. m. that afternoon his remains were sacredly laid away in that precious vault in the cemetery at Canton, Ohio. The day had been set apart as a day of mourning, and of special religious and memorial services by the whole nation. Many days have elapsed

since then. The machinery of our government moves along as before smoothly and with unceasing regularity. But the heart of the nation still aches for her late beloved ruler, and his death is destined to wield an untold influence upon the future of our country.

It may be too much to claim that his death will prove a deathblow to anarchy, but it will tend more than anything else to lessen its power, and to redeem men from its cruel grasp. The manner of his death cannot fail to touch the most hardened nature. In his words, "Let no one hurt the man," there is nothing to kindle anew the fiery elements in the hearts of the anarchist, but there is a great deal in them to extinguish the flame and to pacify his nature. The influence is identically the same benign influence as that of the Cross of Jesus. It does not bring about a sudden revolution, but it acts as a leaven, and will quietly reach the lowest strata. The bitter enemy of all rule and government found in that bleeding heart of our chief magistrate the touch of divine pity.

It will awaken the nation as a whole to the fact that there exists right in our very midst a company of men and women who are lawless heart, soul and body, and who breathe vengeance against all manner of government, and while the benign influence of McKinley's death will appeal to their sympathies, the heavy arm of the law must be exerted to limit their actions and proceedings. It will also force the nation to inquire more diligently to

the character of those who immigrate to our fair borders from distant lands. Instead of ascertaining the amount of money, and the nature of the goods which these new comers bring with them, it will be deemed more essential to know what manner of life did they lead in their home land. It might even be proper to demand a suitable passport signed by proper authorities.

The death of McKinley will strengthen more than any other event, the crusade against lynch law. As someone has remarked, "When next the temptation comes to some infuriated mob to slash or burn or strangle the untried, unjudged object of its suspicions, let someone in the crowd in clear tones, repeat these words, 'Let no one hurt the man,' now made tenfold more significant by the seal which death has set on them, and depend upon it there will be found to be magic in the cry." And the swift execution of righteous judgment that carried away the cruel assassin, will convince the mob that the arm of the law is mighty enough to deal a blow to every foul criminal.

But nowhere has the death of our beloved late President exerted a mightier influence than in the religious circles of our country. It gives a mighty inspiration to enter into a vast campaign for the evangelization of our whole populace. Seldom has the world known of a more triumphant Christian death. Only a consecrated Christian of a deep spiritual nature could face such a death with these words upon his lips, "Good by all; good by. It is God's way. His will be done." Well might

the "New York Evangelist" remark, that we would like to have William McKinley back for even a moment, to ask him how did he keep his inner religious life so pure and so warm amidst the turmoil and the chilly influences of American political life. His death is an impetus to faith, faith in God, faith in Jesus Christ. In the assassin we have the product of atheism; in William McKinley the triumph of divine grace. The two extremes met face to face that memorable day in Buffalo.

The conventions and associations of all our religious bodies recently held this fall have felt a new and strong inspiration coming to them from the Christian death of our late chief magistrate. In a Sunday School institute held here in Washington, Iowa, Dr. Worden, of Philadelphia, made a solemn appeal for missionary work. He said he had had a dream. He dreamt our President had not been shot, but to the contrary his assassin when a boy had been snatched from the streets and taken in hand by a consecrated Sabbath School teacher, who taught him tenderly the story of Jesus and the way of life; and made of him through grace a Christian worker. Alas, he said, it was a dream. But the fact of its possibility was made clear, and we became convinced that now is the time to double our forces and reclaim the children that are running loose on our streets ere

they be poisoned by the vicious creeds of evil men.

There is before me a tract published by the Home Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church and to be had gratis for distribution, entitled "Anarchism and the Gospel." It dwells on the fact that the danger to our institutions is both grave and imminent, and again, the conviction that only the power of God grappling conscience and transforming life is strong enough to reach the root of our troubles. It calls not for an occasional collection, not an arm's length sympathy, not a revival spasm. "Flesh and blood and soul must go into the campaign." The church must forget her ease, and herself and comrades must lock their shoulders. Moneyed men must invest less in special police, and more in agencies that take hold not of the collar, but the conscience. The godliest and best of our young men must train and give themselves to this mightiest battle of the age. They can do it, under the inspiration of saving souls from death, and a nation from disaster.

The indications are that the spiritual work undertaken and accomplished this winter will be unusually large and successful throughout our vast Republic. The death of our great patriot is a call to duty. If it is heeded and new life wholesome and beneficent permeates our social fabric, it will be proved that our martyred President did not die in vain.

A VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

By E. I. Jones, Cincinnati, Ohio.

We have seen Westminster Abbey in its earthly glory, glittering with crowns and coronets, pearls and diamonds. We have seen princes and nobles, priests and statesmen, rejoicing in the coronation of their sovereigns. We shall now turn to another chapter—a darker page. We shall look upon the Abbey as a cemetery, the resting place of the dead. Hundreds if not thousands have been buried in and near the Abbey. Many of the kings and queens of England were buried here. "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,

And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,

Await alike the inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

We have seen that king Sebert has a tomb and canopy in the Abbey. Edward the Confessor was buried in the Abbey which he built. His remains were removed with much ceremony to their present resting place in the Abbey of Henry III. We are told that devils were cast out of two men, when the Confessor's body was removed. William the Conqueror died in France, and was buried in the Abbey that he had built at Caen. William II. was buried without ceremony at Winchester; Henry I. was buried at Reading; Stephen was buried at Faversham; Henry II. and Richard I. in France. John at Worcester.

between two Saxon saints, Wulfstan and Oswald, "so that he might elude after death the demons whom he had so faithfully served during life." Henry III. was buried in the chapel of the Confessor in the Abbey; Edward I. and Eleanor, his wife, were buried in the Abbey; Edward II., of Carnarvon, was buried at Gloucester, "the nearest church to the scene of his dreadful end." Edward III. was buried in the Abbey; Richard II. was buried in the Abbey; Henry IV. died in the Jerusalem chamber, but was buried at Canterbury; Henry V. was buried in the Abbey; Henry VI. rests at Windsor; Henry VII. rests in the chapel which he built at the east end of the Abbey. There also rest Mary and Elizabeth, Mary, Queen of Scots, James I., Charles II., William III., and Mary II., Anne, and George II. No sovereign since George II. has been buried in the Abbey; but the Abbey continues to be the burying place of noted persons. At first those of royal blood and ecclesiastics were honored with resting place in the Abbey. Queen Elizabeth favored literary men, and Cromwell statesmen and warriors. Since that time men of great renown are honored with a resting place in the Abbey. Others have monuments and memorial tablets in this temple of fame. Lord Nelson said as he entered on his last naval

battle, "Now for victory or Westminster Abbey."

We shall now attend the ten o'clock morning service; then we

of the chapel 70 feet. Height of west window 45 feet, breadth 31 feet.

Entrance porch 28 feet, breadth 24 feet. First in the nave we find the



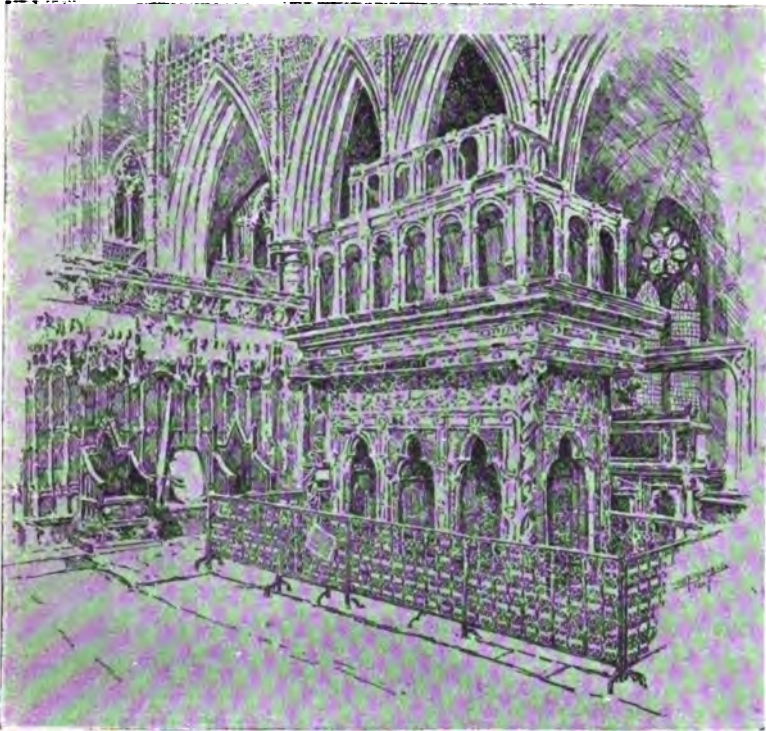
The Chapel of Henry VII, Westminster Abbey.

pay the verger sixpence, who will guide us through an iron gate, near the altar, into the old chapels at the east end of the Abbey. Passing east we enter through gates of brass into the magnificent chapel of Henry VII. This chapel is 103 feet long, 35 feet wide, 60 feet high, aisles 62 feet, breadth 17 feet; entire breadth

tomb of George II. with his Queen Caroline, and several princes and princesses. A little farther east, we come to the tomb of the builder, Henry VII., of which Lord Bacon said it was "one of the stateliest and daintiest in Europe." Within the tomb are effigies of Henry and Elizabeth, his wife, in their robes of state,

lying close to each other on black marble, the head is supported by a red dragon, the royal ensign of Cadwallader, the last king of Wales, from whom Henry was fond of tracing his descent. On either side are roses twisted and crowned, an emblem of the union of the red and

III. After 191 years their remains were discovered at the foot of the stairs leading to the White Tower. They were buried in the Abbey, by order of Charles II. In the south aisle are found the tombs of Mary, Queen of Scots, Charles II., William III., and Queen Anne. In the



The Shrine of Edward the Confessor and Coronation Chair.

white roses in the union of Henry of Lancaster and Elizabeth of York. The remains of James I. are also in this tomb, and those of his Queen, Ann.

In the north aisle are the tombs of Mary and Elizabeth, Mary, daughter of James I., Edward V., and the Duke of York, the two little brothers murdered in the tower in 1483 by their cruel uncle, Richard

east end of the chapel are buried Edward VI. and Dean Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. Here Oliver Cromwell was buried, but his body was removed after the restoration, hung under the gallows at Tyburn, his head severed, his body buried at the foot of the gallows, his head put on a spike over the wall of Westminster Hall. There it was bleached by snow and rain, summer and winter,

for 20 years. One stormy night it fell to the street, was taken up and placed in the museum. This head despised and degraded by royalty and royalists, was perhaps the greatest head that ever ruled over England.

We shall now return from the chapel of Henry VII. to the chapel of Edward the Confessor, east of the altar of the Abbey. The other old chapels of St. Paul and St. John the Baptist, of St. Nicholas and St. Edmund, St. Benedict and St. Erasmus, St. Andrew and St. Michael, contain the dust of nobles and ecclesiastics, but of no sovereigns. In St. Edward's chapel we find the shrine of the Confessor, the tomb of Henry III., Eleanor, Queen of Edward I., Edward I., Edward III., Richard II., and Henry V. We are told that Editha, wife of St. Edward, and Matilda, Queen of Henry I., were buried here, but there is no tomb or marble slab to mark their resting place. In this chapel are also seen the coronation chairs, the chair of Edward I. with stone of Scone, and the chair of Mary II. when crowned as equal sovereign with William III. This chair has been used since for king's consort.

We shall now return through the iron gate into the main body of the Abbey, where during certain hours inspection is free. Here we find tombs, monuments, busts, statues, tablets and inscriptions, with but little reference to the place of burial. Some of the honored have been buried here, but many elsewhere. The north transept has statues and monuments of warriors and states-

men. Sir Robert Peel, Sir Peter Warren, Benjamin Disraeli (Earl of Beaconsfield), Sir John Malcom, William Cavendish, Duke of New Castle, Earl Canning (viceroy of India), Admiral Vernon, Sir Charles Wager, the Right Hon. William Pitt, Lord Palmerston, Lord Robert Manners and Captain William Bayne, and Captain William Blair. Lord Mansfield, Sir William Webb Follet, Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Lieutenant-General Sir Eyre Coote, Right Hon. Charles Buller, Sir Henry Blackwood, Major General Sir Herbert Benjamin Edwards, Jonas Hanway, Sir Clifton Wintringham, Right Honorable Warren Hastings, Admiral Watson, Sir William Sanderson, General Guest, Right Rev. John Warren, D. D., (Bishop of Bangor), Lord Aubrey Beauclerk, Bishop Bradford of Rochester, Dr. Boutter (Archbishop of Armagh), and others. In the north aisle we find statues, monuments, busts and tablets of noted persons: Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Sir Thomas Hesketh, Mary James, Hugh Chamberlain, M. D. and F. R. S., Doctor Charles Burney, John Blow (doctor of music), William Croft (organist of Westminster Abbey), Dr. Monk, Sir Thomas Raffles, William Wilberforce, Sir Thomas Duppa, Sir William Sterndale Bennett, Rev. Evelyn Levett Sutton, Richard Le Neve, Sir George Leonard Staunton, Sir Edmund Prideau, John Thyne, D. D., Dr. Peter Heylin, Charles Williams of Caerleon, Monmouthshire, Charles Ager, Charles Robert Darwin, Thomas Livingston, Edward De Carteret.

James Stewart Denham, Henry Priestman, Edward Mansell (son of Sir Edward Mansell of Margam, Glamorganshire), Edward Herbert (a descendant of Sir George Herbert of Swansea, Glamorganshire), Mrs. Jane Hill, Miss Ann Whytell, Mrs. Mary Beaufoy, Robert Keillgrew, John Hunter, Sir Robert Wilson, Colonel James Bringfield, William Leving, Martha Price, General Lawrence, Colonel John Davis, Penelope Egerton, and others.

In the north-west tower are found memorials of Charles James Fox, Captain Montague, Right Hon. Sir James Macintosh, M. P., Charles Augustus Frederick Lake, Right Hon. George Tierney, Henry (Marquis of Lansdowne), John, Earl Russell, Sir Richard Fletcher, Sir George Hope, K.C.B., Hon. Charles Banks Stanhope, William Horneck, Major James Rennell, Zachary Macaulay, who did much for the cause of freedom. In the south transept, or Poets Corner, we find memorials in various forms of British poets and literary men, from Geoffrey Chaucer, the patriarch of English poetry who died in 1400, to the present time. There are some memorials of literary men of other nations also. There is a bust of H. W. Longfellow, our American poet. Shakespeare has a beautiful monument, with a quotation from his own pen, as follows:

The cloud capped towers, the gorgeous
palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe it-
self,

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve.
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision
Leave not a wreck behind.

The monument of David Garrick contains the following:

To paint fair Nature, by divine com-
mand,

Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,
A Shakespeare rose, then, to expand his
fame,

Wide o'er this breathing world, a Gar-
rick came.

The monuments of John Milton and Thomas Gray are near each other. On the monument of Gray the lyric muse points a finger to the bust of Milton, with this epitaph:

No more the Grecian muse unrivaled
reigns,

To Britain let the nations homage
pay;

She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's
strains,

A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray.

Thomas Parr of the county of Sallop was buried in the Poets' Corner. He was born in 1483, lived under ten reigns, died in 1635 at the age of 152 years. Two queens were also buried in this south transept—Anne, Queen of Richard III., daughter of Nevil, the Earl of Warwick, who was poisoned by her cruel husband, and Ann of Cleves, divorced by Henry VIII., married to Henry in January, and divorced in July. In this part were buried Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Samuel Johnson, LL.D., Sir William Chambers, Rev. Francis Cary, Lord Macaulay and Charles Dickens.

There is a monument to the memory of Ben Jonson in the Poets' Corner, but he was buried standing, in the north aisle, with his epitaph cut in the pavement over his head, "O rare Ben Jonson." There is also a monument of Joseph Addison in

this transept, but he was buried in the chapel of Henry VII., with this epitaph over his grave:

Ne'er to these chambers, where the
mighty rest
Since their foundation, came a nobler
guest.

In the south aisle we find monuments of Charles Kingsley (Canon of Westminster), Sir Lumley Robinson and Thomas Spratt, D. D., a statue of William Wordsworth, a tablet to the memory of Henry Wharton, and of the Wesleys, with this inscription: John Wesley, M. A., born June 17, 1703. Died March 2 1791. Charles Wesley, M. A., born December 13, 1708; died March 29, 1788. "The best of all is, God is with us." "I look upon the world as my parish." "God buries his workmen, but carries on His work." Here we find a monument of Major John Andre, erected by order of George III. His remains were buried near his tomb in 1821. We shall not attempt to name all who are honored in this aisle. A stone arch is turned over the west door entering the nave, on which is erected a monument, voted by Parliament, to the memory of Right Hon. William Pitt. In the nave, near the organ screen, we find a monument to one, of whom it has been said:

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was
light.

The monument of Sir Isaac Newton is grand and expressive. He is sculptured recumbent, leaning his right arm on four folios, thus entitled, Divinity, Chronology, Optics, and Phil. Prin. Math., and pointing

to a scroll supported by winged cherubs. Over him is a large globe, projecting from a pyramid behind, whereon is delineated the course of the comet in 1680, with the signs and constellations, and planets. On the globe sits the figure of astronomy with her book closed. The inscription concludes with the exclamation, "How much reason mortals have to pride themselves in the existence of such and so great an ornament to the human race." He was born December 25, 1642, and died March 20, 1726.

Near the monument of Newton is the grave of Sir John Hershell, with the inscription, "John Hershell, of William Hershell by birth, by work and by fame, the only son. The heavens having been explored, here near Newton he rests. One generation shall praise thy works to another." He lived 79 years, died May 11, 1871. There are a number of other tombs and monuments in the nave, as of James, Earl of Stanhope, Robert Stephenson, Sir Charles Barry, Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, Sir George Pollock, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., and Captain James Cornwall. Near the center of the nave we come to a large marble slab in the pavement, with the following inscription: "Brought by faithful hands over land and sea, here rests David Livingstone, missionary, traveller, philanthropist. Born March 19, 1813; died May 1, 1873, at Chatamba's village, Ulala. For 30 years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelize the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, to abolish the desolating slave trade

of Central Africa, where, with his last words, he wrote: "All I can add in my solitude is, may heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world. 'Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice.'"

We know not the future of Westminster Abbey. It may become a deserted tomb, covered with debris and moss, forming a mound, like the mounds over the ruined palaces of Nineveh and Babylon, and some inhabitant of a distant island may stand near the Abbey mound, and wonder what secrets it contains; but we believe that when the recording

angel shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear by him that liveth forever and ever, that time shall be no more, and when the mighty wings of the angel of the resurrection shall sweep over the ruins of the Abbey, and the dead shall rise, and all secrets shall be revealed, of kings and queens, princes and nobles, poets and priests, statesmen and warriors, philosophers and philanthropists, then the form of David Livingstone will be one of the brightest, who in the spirit of his divine Master gave his life to redeem benighted, bleeding Africa. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

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A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

By R. W. Matthews, Covington, Ky.

Let love our thoughts with music blend,
And joyful hearts our songs attend;
Proclaim the Lord of heaven and earth;
With gladness hail the Savior's birth.

Disrobed He laid His glory by,
For us He came to earth to die;
A spotless babe, sweet, pure and mild,
Shorn of His power an helpless child.

He came from seraph worlds on high,
His regal home above the sky;
To-day invites His loved ones there,
With Him the Father's joy to share.

He came the nations all to heal
Far brighter thoughts of God reveal;
He came for sinners to atone
To bear their guilt and shame alone.

He came to give them life and sight,
To save the soul from Egypt's night;
To teach them how to live and die,
The wiles of Sin through grace defy.

Praise Him, ye wonders of His love,
And infants praise His Name above;
Let all His works repeat the strain
"The God of love and grace doth reign!"

THE STUDY OF WELSH LANGUAGE AND HISTORY.

By Tal Evans (Tal o Eifion), San Francisco.

There are still two sources of information accessible to search in the study of Welsh history to cover the hiatus between the period where the antiquity of the language warrants us in believing it to have been dropped, and the period where our own written records take it up again. These sources are tradition and folklore, and the writings of recognized authors belonging to other races and other times. Tradition says the Welsh sprung from Troy. We know that Troy existed, and was destroyed by the Greeks because Homer has described its location so correctly in his immortal verse that Dr. Schliemann had no difficulty to find the site and uncover the ruins in our own times.

The tradition of the migration from Troy to the Crimea, and thence across Southern Europe to Gaul and through Gaul to Britain, is confirmed by the settlements established by the offshoots dropped from the main body along the route. It harmonizes with the evidence of the antiquity of the language. It accords with the condition in which Julius Caesar in his commentaries reports he found the Britons, whose domain he finally added to the Roman Empire.

In the time of the Roman conquest, the whole of Northern Europe was inhabited by barbarous or semi-barbarous races. Macaulay

does the British race the injustice of saying that before the Roman conquest, Britain was inhabited by savages clothed in the skins of wild beasts. Caesar says, on the other hand, that they were a highly civilized race, more skillful in the art of war than any race he had encountered anywhere else in his wars of conquest, in the possession of institutions of learning, and advanced in the arts and sciences. A race in that condition could not have sprung out of the group of barbarous and semi-barbarous tribes which occupied Gaul and the whole of Northern Europe. It is collateral evidence that the race brought with it in its migration the civilization which it possessed when inhabiting Troy. It is a well established fact that the British constitution is the outgrowth of the native code of laws Julius Caesar found being administered when he landed in Britain; and more than likely Justinian, who flourished in the sixth century, engrafted the principles of the British code on the code of laws compiled under his direction and since bearing his name. The principles of the ancient British code are to be found in the Triads. In speaking of Druidism as the religious faith of the ancient Britons, Burke in his "History of England," says in his comments on the religious faith of the Saxon invaders of Britain, that

"the great capital objects of their worship were taken from Druidism."

We thus have evidence from several sources that the race was a superior one, far superior to its surroundings; that it possessed a civilization quite as advanced if not superior to the Roman; that its religious ceremonies and the higher purposes of its religious faith were copied by the Saxons; and that it was the most skilled of all the then known nations of the earth in the art of war, except, perhaps, the Romans. The standard of a nation's civilization was determined in those days by the degree of its knowledge of the art of war, as it is, in a measure, determined to-day.

As Asia was the seat of all civilizations, ancient and modern, the ancient British civilization, which is the ground work of the Anglo-Saxon civilization of to-day, must have been derived from that great oriental source, a fact which harmonizes perfectly with the traditional account of the origin of the race.

The characters or signs used to convey language to the intelligence through the gifts of sight is a sure index of racial origin. The Egyptian hieroglyphics with which the obelisks, temples, tombs, pyramids and other structures in the Nile valley are covered constituted the alphabet of that ancient race. We have learned nearly all we know about the ancient inhabitants of the Nile valley through them. The sons of Jacob and the descendants of Ishmael have respectively characteristic language signs. So have the Chinese of to-day; so had the ancient

Greeks; the Danes and Saxons; the ancient Romans, and so had the ancient British which for the sake of convenience, I have so far been describing as the Welsh race. The basis of the written language of the ancient Persians and Mesopotamians was the cuneiform or arrow head character, formed by two straight lines meeting, at an angle. The Druidic triple line or "triban," as it is called in the vernacular, is composed of three straight lines pointing to a common place of meeting; the outer two inclined toward one another, the central one vertical. These three well-known lines so arranged constitute the Druidic sign of the Divine Existence, which the Druids worshipped. Some enthusiasts have interpreted it also as a prophetic sign of a belief in the divine trinity, as it existed before the doctrine of the trinity was introduced. Be that as it may, the purpose of introducing the sign into this discourse is to show you how infallible a guide language is to racial origin. The "triban" constitutes the basis of the ancient British alphabet. The letters in the alphabet used by our forefathers were all formed by those three lines as they appear in the "triban." The adoption of the Roman characters is a comparatively modern innovation, and it has caused an infinite amount of trouble because of the necessity of doubling the letters to convey the alphabetical sound which the ancient form indicated by a single distinctive sign character.

"By this sign, then, shall you know them." Note its suggestive

resemblance to the cuneiform arrowhead of the Mesopotamians and ancient Persians. Either those races copied from our ancestors, or our ancestors improved on them by adding one more line to the basic sign of their language. Such a close resemblance is not the result of accident, but of association. This deduction is irresistible. If it is due to association, then we have in it another collateral proof sustaining tradition as to the source whence the race sprang, and its subsequent western migration. It also brings us, of course, into the very neighborhood of the reputed site of the Garden of Eden and, if you please, pretty close to Adam and Eve.

Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, we are indebted to one presumably innocent of the taint of Welsh blood in his veins for one of the most important archaeological discoveries regarding the antecedents of the race—the proof positive, as it were, of its great antiquity. That alien was a Frenchman of Corsican extraction—Prince Lucien Bonaparte. To him, and not to any native archaeologist, is due the discovery and the proof that Welsh is the missing link in the chain of the dead languages of Latin, Greek and Hebrew. This has received the endorsement of the highest authorities in modern seats of learning. The greatest educational institutions of the most enlightened nations of modern times have accepted it without reservation by incorporating the study of Welsh in their curriculum in conjunction with the dead lan-

guages. It is thus admitted by the best judges, inferentially at least:

(1) That Welsh is the only survivor of the ancient languages once spoken by the chief nations of the earth at the dawn of history.

(2) That the Welsh race existed contemporaneously with those races whose vernaculars were the languages now classed as dead.

(3) That the language belongs to a race whose civilization had a material influence on contemporary and succeeding civilizations, and that as a factor in the proper understanding of ancient and modern civilization, it must be studied. It cannot, therefore, have been the language of savages clothed in the skins of animals, as falsely described by Macaulay. The languages of savage races are not adopted as subjects for study in modern universities.

That to seek the origin of the race we must go as far back at least, as the days when the ancient Greeks, Romans, Persians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Ninivehans, Hebrews, Nipurites and Egyptians flourished. This brings us again near enough to Adam, I presume, for all practical purposes.

The way is thus cleared, then, for an intelligent and comprehensive study of both the language and the history of the Welsh race. It gives life and substance to tradition, in the absence of written records, because the tradition of our origin and the source whence we sprang harmonizes with the acknowledged antiquity of the language.

The study of the Welsh and their language, therefore, includes every

civilization of which we have a record written either on parchment or on tablets of clay or graven in hieroglyphics in imperishable granite, from the time when the ancient city of Nippur ruled over Central Asia, and the Egyptian divinities Osiris, Isis and Horus directed the affairs of their subjects on the banks of the Nile, eight or nine thousand years ago. But in pursuing this interesting study, let me caution you against accepting, as historical, authorities writings which deal chiefly in probabilities. Conjecture, as I stated at the outset, cannot be accepted as fact, and facts, you know, constitute history.

If there is any virtue in the preservation of a national entity from time immemorial; if there is any distinctive honor in antiquity of descent, and any pride in the virility of race; if there is any reflected glory in ancestral deeds of valor in war and in noble achievements in the arts of peace, and if there is any national ground for boasting over the survival of an ancient vernacular as a spoken tongue, ages after its earlier contemporaries have been listed as dead, then the people of Wales and their kin, wherever scattered, may rightfully claim all as their particular birthright and legitimate inheritance.



THE LAST ENTERPRISE OF MORGAN JOHN RHEES.

By Rev. J. T. Griffith, Bethlehem, Pa.

Some places are famous in history, not because of what they are now, but because of what they have been, and on account of their relationship to noted characters; this may be truly said of Beulah, Cambria County, Pa., which may very properly be said to have been the last enterprise of the renowned Morgan John Rhees. This place is about three miles south-west of Ebensburg, Pa. Nothing of what was once the town of Beulah remains now but the ruins of the chimney of the old meeting house, cemetery and jail. Mr. Webster Griffith, a lumber merchant of Ebensburg, has a lumber yard and saw mill on the

ground on which the hotel used to be, and there are a few houses there for the use of the lumber men, and a railway runs through the place now, which is a branch of P. R. R., extending from Cresson on the main line to Vintondale. But though it is now only what some have called "a deserted village," yet when it was laid out by the celebrated Morgan John Rhees, it was intended for a popular and prosperous town and settlement. The natural resources and purposes of this spot in the Allegheny mountains, which Mr. Rhees bought from Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia, are very graphically described by Mr. Rhees

himself in his own advertisement of the place, and I think that this is the best exposition of Beulah, hence we give it as given by him:

Morgan John Rhees's Advertisement of Beulah.

"An advertisement bearing the signature of Morgan J. Rhees, printed in a Carlisle paper in May, 1797, is a curious illustration of the inducements the Cambrian Settlement had to offer: * * * "This settlement although in its infant state, offers considerable encouragements to emigrants, and others, who have an enterprising spirit, and are willing for a few years to undergo, and surmount difficulties in the acquirement of independence. Several families are now on the land, and many more have engaged to follow in the spring, when a town named Beulah one mile square, will be laid out; 395 acres of which will be given and sold for the sole benefit of the first settlers, viz., for public buildings, schools, a library, the encouragement of agriculture and manufacture, and 200 acres in the settlement for the dissemination of religious knowledge.

"Such institutions, it is presumed, must have a tendency to promote the welfare of the settlement, and be of public utility to the neighborhood in general—a neighborhood which the late John Craig Miller, Esq., did not hesitate to declare would become in time 'The Garden of Pennsylvania.' The situation is certainly healthy, fertile and pleasant. The surveyor, J. Harris, Esq., certifies 'that the spot on which the settlement is formed consisting of 20,000

acres is in quality good, and in general sufficiently level for cultivation; that most of the tracts (400 acres each) are altogether tillable, that the whole is proper for pasture, and wheat, abounding in meadow, which may be watered by numerous streams.

"Colonel Elliot asserts 'that the land is peculiarly adapted to grass, and that it is fit for any kind of cultivation.

"Patrick Cassidy, Esq., testifies 'that at least one fourth thereof will make meadow, that, on an average it is level enough for farming; that the hills are of the richest soil, and that it abounds with durable springs and runs which are sufficiently large for water works. Many of the settlers now on the spot confirm the above testimonies. The great weight of timber is the principal objection. The trees, however, are of the best quality, and consist of the sugar tree, cherry, white walnut, hickory, chestnut, lime, beech, poplar, ash oak, cucumber, birch and hemlock, or spruce.

"The distance from navigable streams, according to P. Cassidy, is as follows: From the Frankstown branch of the Juniata, 13 miles; from the west branch of the Susquehanna, 13 miles; from the Clearfield Creek, 14 miles; from Chest Creek, 8 miles, and lying on the Blacklick and Connemaugh, which empties into the Allegheny River.

"The imagination may figure to itself numerous advantages arising from such a situation, but there are real ones to be expected from this spot. It is on the Juniata road from

Philadelphia to Pittsburg, about 230 miles from the former, and near 80 from the latter. This route to the westward is likely to become the most public on account of its being more level and equally near. It avoids the sideling hill, the Tuscarora, the shade and the North mountains. The portage from the Juniata to the Conemaugh is likewise the shortest between the eastern and the western waters. This will, of course, cause it to be a natural deposit for stores, and it is not out of the scale of probability, but Beulah being in the centre of a new settlement, will in time be a manufacturing town, a seat of justice, and a considerable mart for inland trade.

"At present it is supposed that 500 families may be supplied by different proprietors with farms within a moderate distance of the town. Those who are anxious to have situations in its vicinity may be suited by applying to Morgan J. Rhees on the land, or to W. Griffiths, No. 177 South Second Street, Philadelphia, who will either sell or grant improvement leases. Terms of payment will be rendered easy to the purchasers, and every possible encouragement will be given to the industrious laborer and mechanic. Saw and grist mills will be immediately erected, and in the course of next summer public building and the cutting of roads will employ a great number of hands, all of whom will have it in their power to become proprietors of part of that soil which they clear and cultivate.

"Every purchaser of a tract or patent of about 400 acres is entitled

to one acre, or four lots 58 by 125 each, in the town. Professional men and mechanics by building a house with a stone or brick chimney, and becoming residents before the first day of October, 1797, shall have the same privilege. No ground rent on the lots will be required from those who purchase in the settlement or build in the town previous to that period.

"Five hundred lots of the above dimensions are now for sale at ten dollars per lot, payable in cash or valuable books. The books are to form a public library in the town, for the use of the settlers, and all the money arising from the sale will be laid out for the purposes above mentioned.

"Indisputable titles will be given by the subscriber as soon as the number of the lots are known, which shall be determined by lottery on or before the first day of October next."*

Such was the glowing description which Mr. Rhees himself gave of the natural resources, the prospects and purposes of this settlement. It grew rapidly for a while. Mr. Rhees brought quite a number of Welsh families from Philadelphia, and others were attracted to the place in anticipation of the future greatness of the "Mountain City." Some sixty or seventy good, substantial log buildings were erected in the centre of the city, whilst numerous clearings were opened up and homes established in the suburbs. * * *

*See "The Story of Johnstown," &c., by J. J. McLaurin.

At one time Beulah had a population of upwards of 300, and there were located in the city, two hotels, a store, one church, a mill, a school, and a library containing about 600 volumes, besides a sufficient number of mechanical shops to meet the requirements of the community and travelers. * * * A newspaper was published at Beulah by Morgan John Rhees.* A Sabbath School was organized in 1797, and a day school soon afterwards. * * * These schools at Beulah were doubtless the first schools established within the limits of Cambria County. Many lots were sold in the years 1797, 1798, 1799. The writer has in his possession the deed with the signature of Morgan J. Rhees, which was given for lot No. 2, East Lamb St., to Thomas W. Jones, surveyor, October 1st, 1797, price \$10.00, size 58 by 125. This deed was presented to me November 19, 1901, at Beulah by Griffith J. Jones, who now owns the land of the old town of Beulah, and who then lived near the old cemetery and church of Beulah. Beulah continued to flourish until 1805, when it was decided that

Ebensburg on account of its central location should be the county seat of Cambria County. From that time on Beulah began to decline, until it was finally deserted. About one year previous to this, December 8th, 1804, its famous founder and died at Somerset, Pa., where he resided at the time, and occupied the position of Associate Judge.

Thus as we look at this enterprise from a financial or commercial standpoint, it was a failure, but when we look at it in its relation to education, literature and religion, it was a glorious success. The memory of Morgan John Rhees will always be blessed as one of the chief founders of education, literature and Christianity in this section of central Pennsylvania, hence though dead in one sense, he speaketh in another sense and will do as long as the State will last. (See the city the of Beulah, &c., by J. F. Barnes in "Rev. Morgan John Rhees" by J. T. Griffith).

*The name of this newspaper was "The Western Sky," began in 1798, printed in Philadelphia, by Ephraim Conrad.



Don't talk to me of solemn days
In autumn's time of splendor,
Because the sun shines fewer rays,
And these grow slant and slender.

Why, it's the climax of the year—
The highest time of living!
Till naturally its bursting cheer
Just melts into Thanksgiving.

—Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

MUSIC NOTES.

By William ApMadoc, Chicago.

In the recent death of Frederick Archer, the world lost one of its few great organists, and a musician of the first order. He died at Pittsburg, Pa., last October 22, after a lingering illness. Mr. Archer was organist of Carnegie Music Hall, and from 1895 to 1898 conductor of the Pittsburg orchestra. He was born at Oxford, England, June 16, 1838. From the many reports of his brilliant musical career, we glean that in 1847 he became the chorister at Margaret Chapel, now All Saints' Church, London, and later organist at St. Clement's, Oxford, and then of Merton College, holding both appointments. In 1863, in association with Julius Benedict, he directed the concerts of the vocal association; in 1865 became organist and choirmaster of Christ Church, then of the Jesuit Fathers, until 1873, when he was appointed to a similar position at Alexandra Palace, and gave more than 2000 recitals on the great organ without repeating a program. In 1877 he was given the entire musical direction of Alexandra Palace, and, besides the organ recitals conducted the orchestral concerts and the English opera in the theater. In 1879 he became musical examiner in the University of Glasgow. Mr. Archer visited the United States in 1881, played in many of the principal cities, and after a short visit to London, became organist of the Ply-

mouth Church, Brooklyn. In 1885 he founded the "Keynote" at Boston, and was its editor.

It was always a question why should a musician of Mr. Archer's ability and positions in Great Britain, come to this country. But to this country he came, and made no little stir by his brilliant performances and caustic criticisms of American music at the time. Through his scholarship he detected and exposed several plagiarisms in musical composition. In 1893 he gave skillful exhibitions of organ-playing in Chicago. At that time a distinguished musician said that the four greatest organists then living were William Thomas Best, London; Dr. John Henry Gower, Denver; Frederick Archer, and Alexander Felix Guilmant, Paris.

Professor W. Rhys-Herbert, Mus. Bac., of St. Paul, writes that during his recent study in Paris, he heard the best male choral singing, probably, of the world, at the Trocadero, where the Norwegian singers held forth. Such brilliant voices, purity of tone, perfection of attack and precision, and the extraordinary performance of singing two and three selections in succession in different and remote keys, without taking the pitch between, neither from leader nor keyboard. Masters of pitch and intervals only could perform such feats.

According to William E. Curtis, the syndicate newspaper letter-writer, now abroad, and writing on September the 19th from St. Petersburg, the cathedral of Alexander Nevskoi "has the finest choir in all the world." Mr. Curtis explains that Alexander Nevskoi is the St. Louis of the Slavs, the son of Yaroslav the Prudent, whose majestic beauty, herculean strength, unflinching courage and trumpetlike voice are celebrated in the epics of Russian literature. In some of the other cathedrals of the Russian capital, such as St. Isaac's and the Kazan, there are boy choirs that sing beautifully. At the St. Peter and St. Paul Cathedral, the choir is composed of soldiers, chosen on account of vocal excellence. It must be a strange sight to hear in the chancel, uniformed soldiers singing the songs of peace. The following quotation is of interest:

"The choir at Alexander Nevskoi is composed of about thirty of the best voices in all the Russian monasteries. When a fine singer appears among the novitiates he is sent to the monastery of Alexander Nevskoi, where he is trained as carefully as an opera singer, and remains there doing nothing except assisting at the music at mass in the morning and vespers in the afternoon, until he becomes aged, when he is retired on a pension. Some of the voices are of marvelous strength and sweetness, and it is said that every man in the choir can shatter an ordinary goblet glass into fragments by singing into it, so powerful are the vibrations of his tones."

If some of our readers are ready to, or capable of believing the shattering of "goblet glasses" possible by vocal strength, they are welcomed to so believe. Those cathedrals should be roofless for the sake of economy. The story is too preposterous for any consideration.

While returning to Chicago from the Pan-American Exposition "Welsh Day" in the company of Gwilym Eryri, Prof. Dan Protheroe, Mus. Bac., and the genial "Robat Ec," a breathing spell was watched amidst the incessant drollery, to ask Protheroe to describe the much-prized North Staffordshire Choir, which he heard at the Liverpool National Eisteddfod, and which excelled so notably at the late Merthyr Eisteddfod. Instantly he replied that it was a choir very much the same as the Utica Philharmonic Society, which won the "Welsh Day" prize of \$1,000. This, indeed, is a great compliment to the Utica choir. The characterizations of both were beauty of tone, good blending of the parts, fidelity to lights and shades, faultless phrasing, and sufficient accentuation to make the harmony and interpretation things of delight.

Miss Clara Williams, Minneapolis, and late of the London Royal Academy of Music, made a week's visit, lately, among the musicians of Chicago. Her conversation and singing were things of beauty and joy. It was a rare treat to have a musician of so much attainment to speak and sing to us—a pupil in voice to Signor Randegger, a master of voice-building—and, one who was signally honored at the close of her

three years of studying, by an appointment on the staff of instructors of the famous academy. After four years of teaching, and association with the leading musical and literary minds of London, Miss Williams is home on a visit to her parents and friends. Her parents deserve all honor for fostering her talent and education, and the day of their reward came surely. We hardly dare to hope that her stay in this country will be permanent, because there is no city like London, musically, and in many other artistic ways.

Last August, in the Mormon Tabernacle, we had the pleasure of getting acquainted with Mr. Alfred Williams of the Chicago Fine Arts Building, while listening to a recital by the brilliant young organist of the Tabernacle, Prof. John J. McClellan, who is also the accompanist to the great Stephen's choir of World's Fair Eisteddfod fame. Mr. Williams is a voice teacher of excellent reputation, and possesses abundance of the poetic temperament. He is a Williams all over, his mother being a Williams, and, also, his father. He is also a direct descendant of the famous Roger Williams—through seven generations—of which he is proud to talk. In singing and teaching, we learned long before knowing him, that he stood in the front rank of our best teachers and vocalists. We hope Mr. Williams will be soon invited to sing among his far-away countrymen.

Lately, we were asked to mention

in these "Notes" some of the new sacred songs, issued in Chicago, or elsewhere. In reply, we believe the latest and best have come from Clayton F. Summy & Co.—songs we have tried, and found satisfactory throughout; namely, "Still With Thee, O My God" (in two keys) Margaret Jones Adams; "Just For To-day," Jane Bingham Abbott; and "Father Thou Knowest," Geo. L. Tracy. Our singers should not forget the productions of our Welsh talent, such as Protheroe's, "Lead Kindly Light;" "Rhys-Herbert's, "The Wonderful Story;" David Davis' "Like as a Father;" and Gwent's "O Lord, Be Merciful," songs that are sung by our American and German soloists.

What the Clayton F. Summy Company of this city is doing in giving annual series of "Ballad Concerts" should be emulated by all other music publishing firms. Such a course gives opportunities to hear the best music by the best artists, while the tickets have but a nominal price. Many new publications will be tested by public performances—songs, duetts, and piano pieces, published in America and in Europe. It is only by public performances that these productions can be tested. Mr. Summy, who is a fine musician himself and a most genial gentleman, will serve the teaching fraternity well by his "Ballad Concerts," and serve, also, to put a check on the rush of new and many "effusive effusions."

THE QUADRIMILLENNIAL EISTEDDFOD OF THE CYMRY.

By Daniel Phillips.

(Continued).

As soon as the president had concluded his clear, patriotic and eloquent address, delegates were on their feet all over the house to claim the floor, and the president recognized as the first to address the chair Sir William Jones, Barrister, chairman of the delegates from Glamorganshire, who held in his hand and moved the adoption of the following resolutions:

"Whereas the Cymric nations are among the oldest nations of Europe and Asia, deriving their origin from the grandson of the patriarch Noah, and continuing their line of descent during the lapse and among the vicissitudes of nearly forty centuries;

Whereas the Cymric nations have during many centuries figured largely and accomplished much among the nations of the earth, making their name known and their power felt from the Euphrates to the Thames;

And whereas the Cymric nations during these hundreds and thousands of years, notwithstanding their antiquity and influence among the nations of the earth, have not been clearly and adequately recognised and appreciated as important factors in the problem of destiny and essential elements in the progress of the race and have not been adequately appreciated and appropriately honored, either by monument, history or Eisteddfod, by those who bear their name and occupy their coun-

try as well as pulsate their blood and possess their nature;

Therefore resolved, that we recognise the fitness, appreciate the importance, endorse the suggestion, and move the celebration of the quadrimillennial Eisteddfod of the Cymric nations (loud and prolonged applause);

Resolved, in the second place, that the said quadrimillennial Eisteddfod of the Cymric nations be held in the country and among the people that bear their name and do them honor (hear, hear);

Resolved, in the third place, that the said quadrimillennial Eisteddfod be held during the third year from the close of the present year, and that that year be observed as the jubilee year by all the Cymric nations throughout the world (cheers);

Resolved, in the fourth place, that one-half the expenses of the said Eisteddfod be paid from the public treasury, and one-half from voluntary contributions from the people (hear, hear);

Resolved, in the fifth place, that a committee of one hundred be chosen, one-half of whom shall be men, and one-half women, to issue the call and make arrangements for the said Eisteddfod, with full power to add to their number, to levy taxes, and collect all moneys to defray the expenses of the same" (loud cheers).

As soon as the resolutions were made, several delegates were on their feet to second them, and the president recognized the first to address the chair, Sir Robert Williams, chairman of the delegates from Carmarvonshire.

"I rise, Mr. President, to second these resolutions, or these five motions all in one," said Sir Robert, "for the reason that such a year of jubilee as the Quadrimillennial Eisteddfod of the Cymric nations afford, is due their antiquity, their history, their valor, and their service in the progress of the race; and for the reason that we need the inspiration to do our part and perpetuate their fame."

"The motion has been made and seconded in five divisions," said the President, "and how shall we vote upon it, by divisions or as a whole?" The motion was made and seconded to vote on the motion as a whole and by a standing vote. When this had been done, the President said, "You will now vote on the original motion as a whole;" and he had hardly said it, when the vast assembly, numbering many thousands, delegates and spectators together, rose to their feet, and cheered till they were hoarse. Some clapping their hands, some waving their handkerchiefs, and some their hats into the air.

When order and silence had been restored the President said, "Gentlemen of the convention, you have promptly, unanimously and enthusiastically voted for the resolutions, as I expected you would, and in doing so, you have voted to appoint a committee of one hundred, one

half of which to be men, and one-half women, to issue a call and make arrangements for the Eisteddfod, and how shall this committee be appointed?"

"Mr. President," said the chairman of the delegates from Carmarthenshire, Sir John Lewis, "I move that the delegates of each county shall nominate as many persons as their county is entitled to represent it on the committee, and that these nominees shall be voted upon at this convention; and that the committee of one hundred shall elect one outside of their own number to preside over their deliberations, namely Anonymous ab Gomer, who suggested the Eisteddfod, and has studied the subject (loud applause).

"I second the motion," said the chairman of the delegates from Breconshire, Llewelyn Evans, Barrister. "The mover of this motion expresses my views exactly; for it is perfectly natural that each county should be represented according to the number of its inhabitants, and it is equally natural that Anonymous ab Gomer, the father of the subject, should be added to and placed at the head of the one hundred by a vote of this convention" (Great applause).

The motion was carried unanimously by a standing vote in the midst of a deafening applause. When applause had subsided, the chairman of the delegates from Flintshire, moved that the father of the idea and the inspiration of the subject, Anonymous ab Gomer, take the platform and address the convention, for there were thousands present who had neither seen nor

heard him. The motion was seconded by the chairman of the delegates from Merionethshire, "for this vast audience," said he, "will not be satisfied without seeing and hearing the man."

When the motion was carried amid deafening applause, the President appointed the mover and seconder of the motion to escort Anonymous ab Gomer to the platform, which they did amid tumultuous cheering, and when the President had taken him by the hand with a hearty welcome and introduced him to the audience, the vast multitude rose to their feet with deafening cheers. Ere the cheering had fully subsided he stepped to the front of the platform and spoke as follows:

"Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, delegates from the several counties and others present, I most sincerely and heartily thank you for your kind sympathy and encouraging words. We are all Cymry, and we are all here in the interest of the Cymry (Great applause). By whatever name they may be called, whether Gomeri, Gimiri, Kimmerioi, Gimmerii, Cimbri, or Cymry, they are the same people and descendants of Japheth through the line of Gomer. And these people along the distance of two thousand miles, and over the lapse of four thousand years, have left their marks on the soil of earth and the sand of time, which we should recognize, invitate and honor. And the Eisteddfod proposed is one of the ways by which we can call attention to them and do them honor, as become their descendants and admirers. It will be

of little value to claim the name and call ourselves Cymry. It will be of little value to say 'While sea while Britons.' And it will be of little value to repeat 'Age of the world to the Cymric language.' But it will be of great value to raise monuments, write books and hold Eisteddfodau to do them justice and give them honor. And doubly happy am I that you have responded so readily and acted so nobly. With such readiness and such nobility, and withal such enthusiasm. The Eisteddfod cannot fail. It must succeed. Success is sure (Applause). Again I thank you for your kind sympathy, encouraging words, and hearty co-operation (Prolonged applause).

In the midst of the enthusiasm and cheers some started "My country, 'tis of Thee," and the whole audience caught the sound and sang the whole with great power and effect.

Thus closed one of the most remarkable and most important conventions in the history of the Principality. The mind of the nation looked backward and looked forward, and were all aglow and inspired with rehearsals of the past and anticipations of the future. The ancient Cymry and the coming Eisteddfod were in the mind and on the tongue of all. Bards were in the mood to write, and musicians in the mood to sing, while statesmen and historians grappled with laws of nations and the history of the Cymry. Enthusiasm and nobility imbued and actuated all to honor the Cymry and do them justice.

Within one week after the close of the great convention the committee of one hundred met at the same place to issue the call for the Eisteddfod and to organise themselves into working forces, with Anonymous ab Gomer, President; Owen ab Morgan, M. P., Vice President; Griffith ab Owen, editor of the "Times," Scribe; and Caradog ab Rhys, President of the Board of Trade, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. In addition to this general organization the one hundred divided themselves into twelve subordinate committees, and each committee selected its own chairman and scribe. When the general organization and the subordinate organizations were all completed the one hundred resolved themselves into a committee of the whole to draft articles of procedure and to issue the call which was in substance as follows:

"A Quadrimillennial Eisteddfod of the Cymric Nations will be held in the Principality of Wales during the third year from the close of this year, and the Cymry of all times and all countries throughout the world are most cordially invited to attend and unite to make the Eisteddfod and the year one grand jubilee of the Cymric race. The Cymry owe the Eisteddfod to themselves and the world. The union of all the centuries and all the countries will be unique and instructive. Their origin, their history, and their influence will become evident and assert themselves. The mutual relation of the mother nation and the daughter and grand-daughter nations, as well as the mutual relation of these nations with other nations of different blood and pedigree will come to light and afford instruction. Whence the Cym-

ry came; where they tarried on the way; when they crossed the channel, and how they established and maintained themselves in Britain will be seen comparatively clear and believed comparatively firm. The province and influence of the Cymry among and upon the nations of the earth, and the progress of the race will stand forth and made conspicuous.

The Cymry, like the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans had their place in the world and their work in life, and it will be seen how they filled and accomplished it. The Quadrimillennial Eisteddfod of the Cymric nations will throw light on their province and history, and furnish stimulus to study them. Addresses of thrilling interest and eloquence will be made, and papers of great importance and value on the ethnology and history of the Cymry will be read, as well as on their language and institutions. Their religion, past and present, and their government and civilization, during the same period will be treated by experts on the subjects. Musical concerts and musical contests will have place on the program, and contests in declamations, discussions and athletics will not be forgotten.

All classes and conditions and all tastes and affinities will be remembered. In short, come and see, hear and enjoy; come and sing, speak and do; come all who can, and come all together. The age of the world to the Cymric nations, and the age of the world to the Cymric language!

In behalf of the Cymry of the Principality we are with pleasure commercially yours Committee of One Hundred.

Central Wales, Oct. 3rd, 189—

(To be continued.)

HOME, SWEET HOME.

By Rev. Howell Davies.

"Be it ever so humble, there's nae place like hame."

So sang Archie McDougall in the long ago when he was but a "wee laddie in Bonnie Scotland, and we wonder at his love for home and native land when we are told that his early days were passed in privation and struggle. Had his early surroundings been different, had he been born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth and reared in luxury and refinement our surprise would cease, but when we remember the peculiarly trying circumstances of his boyhood days, our astonishment at the ardor of his patriotism grows apace.

His parental home was located in a densely populated section of the ancient city of Glasgow where the struggle for bread was perpetually waged amid a Babel of discordant sounds. Before the imperious demand for the bare necessities of life, the highest interests of Archie had to suffer, at least for a time, to keep the wolf from the door, required incessant toil on the part of the family. As they flitted to and fro Archie often envied the birds in their exquisite enjoyment of life, with its unrestricted freedom, pure air and radiant sunshine, together with unlimited supplies of food, but these were to him for the most part deferred pleasures. They would probably come later on, but for the time being he has to content himself with cramped quarters in a dingy part of the city. What made the struggle for existence to him still harder was the loss of his father, and at nine years of age he found himself the only boy and oldest child in a family of four, besides his devoted mother. A common sorrow, like a glowing fire, welded the members of the family more closely together than ever. At night the heavens are unveiled, so in their night of sor-

row the mother-love, the glory of womanhood, shone forth in all its splendor. Poverty and common sorrow instead of diminishing, intensified her zeal for the welfare of her precious "bairns." If like storied Jacob she was more partial to one than to the other, it was her ruddy-faced, black-eyed Archie. In countenance, voice, manner, he was the reflection of his departed father.

Her hopes were bound up in him, nor was she doomed to disappointment. Mother-love brooded over him and his future prospects. She expected great things of Archie and was willing to sacrifice much that he might have a chance to rise.

Through the kindness of friends the perplexing question of the education of the boy is solved. Archie is taken to the "Orphan's Home," which proved to be the first round in the ladder of his successful career. While there his mother frequently visited him, always leaving some visible token of her affection, while the boy deeply appreciated it. Thus the seeds of an undying love for his home were sown in the heart of young Archie, which later on brought forth a rich harvest of heroic deeds. Truly he could then sing: "Be it ever so humble, there's nae place like hame."

Leaving school at 14 years of age, having mastered the three "R's" and other useful lessons, he faced a serious problem, one that involves seemingly a life-long separation from home. By the directors and teachers of the Orphans' Home the advantages of farm-life in one of the British colonies are glowingly set forth and Archie, together with many others, is advised to make Canada his future home. The tug of war is now on. Ambition to excel on the one hand, and home-love on the other,

are struggling in his mind, for the ascendance: To go or not to go, that is the question. Archie decides to emigrate.

The second chapter in the life of Archie McDougall begins with the arrival in Canada and settlement as a farm-hand on the outskirts of the village of M—— on the Grand Trunk R. R. east of the historic city of Montreal.

What a change from home to a foreign land, from city to country. So far as his surroundings were concerned his lines have fallen in pleasant places. A warm Christian spirit pervades the family, and Archie is made to feel as if he belonged to them. His home-love is to be severely tested once more. Although among friends, he begins to realize his loneliness. The former struggle is renewed within his breast, this time with redoubled force. Archie McDougall is homesick. He feels desolate where everybody else seems to be happy. Many are the expedients to which he resorts in order to allay the souistrife and reconcile himself to colonial life with its hardships. First of all he seeks relief in work. He is an industrious boy. With increasing ardor he applies himself to his daily tasks and soon wins the good opinion of his employer. But when the day's work is over, and he returns to the homestead for the night, the struggle is renewed. He is sadder than ever. His heart rests heavily within him. "This will never do," he says, "I will die if it continues much longer."

Again: being a religious boy and fond of company, he seeks to dissipate the feeling of home sickness by attending the Sabbath services at the Auld Kirk near by. How it rejoices his heart to converse and shake hands with the village boys as they go to and from church. During the service Archie is deeply interested. He joins in the singing with genuine fervor. To the sermon he listens attentively for a while, then his mind begins to wander. A classic allusion to the land of his birth carries his

mind back to the banks of the Clyde, and there he remains until the sermon is over. The closing hymn arouses him from his blissful reverie and he realizes once more that he is still away from home. What is to be done? Shall he give up his struggle and return on the first ocean-bound steamer? Still he persists in his efforts to drive away the evil spirit of despondency.

Now he resorts to letter-writing. A tinge of sadness runs through him. He no longer looks at life through the person of imagination, but with the naked eye, for he is awakened to the stern realities of life. Letter-writing, however, while affording temporary relief, does not effect a permanent cure. It serves rather to kindle his imagination to a white heat, and objects that were dim by reason of distance are brought vividly near.

In his dreams he thought he could see his mother, and, like Samuel of the tabernacle, hear her tender voice calling as of old. Archie! Archie! Startled from his slumbers, he was surprised to find that it was only a dream.

Archie's fame as a flute-player was known in the village. In times of despondency he would often regale himself with the stirring strains of his favorite instrument. At such seasons he was often visited by a theological student who happened to be supplying one of the churches of the neighborhood during the summer vacation. They were kindred spirits, and the visits of the student brought good cheer to Archie and inspired him as one by one he played the Scottish air. The flute seemed to be a part of himself—a living thing endowed with fellow-feeling, his companion in trouble. No mechanical playing this—for heart as well as fingers were engaged in the production of the patriotic and soul-stirring melodies. His friend—the theologian—was deeply moved as memories of days of yore came rushing back to him and prolonged the delightful hour by calling for "just one more selection" before leav-

ing. Laughter and tears followed in quick succession, and often intermingled.

Irrepressible this love of home and native land! Incurable this home-sickness! So thought Archie the following morning after the visit of his clerical friend. Shall he give up the struggle? Inclination says: "yes!" but duty and ambition: "no." Archie had a practical as well as a sentimental side to his nature. In his more thoughtful moods he could be influenced by considerations of utility. "If I return home," said he to himself, "I would be regarded as a coward by my patrons of the 'Orphans' school." My mother would receive me with joy but others would resent it as an act of ingratitude and taunt me with being another failure. This he could not endure, for it touches his pride. "A coward in appearance only," said he, "but a hero at heart." Then should he return home now, his prospects of acquiring a farm would be forever gone. This practical view of the subject had a salutary effect upon Archie.

His mind is made up. He is determined to stay and fight it out. A ray of sunshine comes into his life. Resolution to act the part of a hero enters like iron into his soul. He then and there decides to send for his mother and bring the family out to Canada to share with him the joys and hardships of colonial life. From this time on he was less troubled by the melancholy spirit of homesickness. The youthful pessimist became an enthusiastic optimist. To carry his resolution into effect, however, will put him on his metal. Archie is equal to the task. The lessons which he learned at home and school—lessons of industry, economy and sobriety spur him on to the performance of his self-imposed duty. His value to his employer is recognized in a substantial way, and his wages increased. Four or five years go by and the problem of the emigration of the family is solved. With a light heart he writes home.

Dear Mother:—This is the happiest moment of my life. The long-looked for time has arrived for us to be united as a family. I send you the passage money and \$50 besides to cover the expenses of moving. I understand the Allan Line S. S. Samaritan sails from Glasgow to Montreal on the 20th of April. Write back by return that you will sail then, and I will meet you on arrival.

Your devoted son,
Archie.

In due time on a beautiful spring morning the vessel arrived with its precious cargo, and the meeting of the mother and son, sister and brother, was deeply affecting, reminding one of the happy reunions on the "Evergreen Shore." As they walked the streets of the historic city of Montreal, and later, as they boarded the Grand Trunk train for their destination, Archie was eloquent with the praises of the country, with its hospitable and aggressive people, enchanting scenery and almost limitless resources. Toward dusk the train moved slowly into the station of M— where teams were waiting to conduct them to their new home. Kind friends had anticipated their wants and provided a generous supper. Archie's wish is realized. With a light heart and radiant face he once more plays on his favorite flute, and the sweet strains made sweeter by the happy occasion, are caught up by the assembled company and sung with patriotic fervor. That night the sorrows were forgotten in their new found joy. With the Psalmist—Archie, his mother and sisters could say—"Our cup runneth over." "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

There are heroes of peace, as well as heroes of war, Archie McDougall as well as Wellington. All hail to our farmer-hero. The world has need of such people in new territories to lay the foundations of empire. What an example and inspiration to the youth of all lands!

Three cheers for Archie McDougall and his "gowd mither!"



FIELD OF LETTERS

PEL FOR AN AGE OF HOPE
Rev. T. Newton Owen, M. A.,
Rhode Island. London: A.
rwell, Paternoster Row, E. C.,

ttle volume is made up of 17
mons on live subjects, and
already appeared in the
s' Assistant" and the "Volun-
ette," and are now put in book
nspire hope in the hearts of
o despair of God's help and
temptation. These sermonettes
ithy and inspiring. Mr. Owen
a of the late lamented Rev.
A. Owen, formerly of Utica.

the contents of "Cymru" for
are "History of Wales" (XI.);
lyndwr's Parliament;" "The
orm;" "The New Red Sand-
The Songs of the Civil War in
"Wales and the Papacy;"
About Twm o'r Nant;" "Lam-
c. The illustrations are in
Monsters of the Primitive
garon, Berwyn Valley, Tan yr
yr Allt Oak.

ael" is a monthly bilingual
devoted to the promotion of
age, literature, music and art
It is beautifully got up, fine-
ated and contains entertaining
In the November number are
y prominent Irish authors:
Inspections in Ireland," by J
; "Mhaire Dubh Dileas" (a
v Cellas Mar; "The Curragh-
rleys," by the Rev. James B.
"The Truthfulness of Ancient
storical Records," by Patrick
e. The poems, "The Hills o'

Carrickbeg" and "The Little Son" are
beautiful and pathetic.

In "Young Wales" we have from the
pen of J. Arthur Price, B. A., "Some
Suggestions for Welsh Church Reform-
ers;" "The Place of Oswestry in the
History of Wales," by J. Parry-Jones;
"A Young Welshman in South Africa,"
by Perceval Gibbon; "A Maid of Cym-
ru" (Part III.), by "y Ddau Wynne;"
"The Welsh Colleges" (II.)—The Uni-
versity College, Aberystwyth, and "Uch-
mor Lloyd" (a story).

—In his "Suggestions" A. P. teaches
the Church of England how to exercise
herself to the utmost of her narrow
legal limits. The Church in Wales is
like a captive bird, weary with her
worldly bars, and yet she prefers her
cage comforts to the full freedom of the
sons of God. State ease and endow-
ment have been her stumbling and rock
of offence, her gin and her snare.

In the "General Notes" the Editor of
the "Haul" discusses the following
questions: Scarcity of Candidates for
the Ministry of the Church; the Bishops
of St. Asaph and Llandaff and their
Diocesan addresses; Judge Gwilym
Williams and Wales; the National So-
ciety for the Prevention of Consump-
tion; the Ameer of Afghanistan; War
Ships; The Welsh Language in the Com-
mon Schools; The Penrhyn Trouble;
The Lord's Day; General Buller; United
Congregationalism. Then follow articles
and papers on the Rev. David Evans,
Archdeacon of St. Asaph; Caerphilly;
The Bishop of St. David on Religious
Education; Missionary Facts; A
Thanksgiving Sermon; The Archbish-
ops at the St. Asaph Conference; An

Obituary of the Rev. Thomas Jenkins, Oilgraig, Llandyssul; The Cathedral of St. David, and Sketches of Sermons, Reviews and Notes.

The contents of "Y Traethodydd" are: Owen Jones, Atonement and Personality, Adulam's Cave, a General Methodist Conference, Jacob Boehme (VI.), The Philosophy of Religion, A Correspondence, The Place of Wales in the British Empire, Notes and Reviews, &c.

The paper entitled "Owen Jones" is an entertaining and precious sketch of the life and labors of a diligent Welsh gospel minister. It is stated that he preached for 62 years, during which period he preached 12,000 times. He left 6000 sermons in manuscript, prepared for publication. He baptized also 2000 children. He delivered 1,100 addresses on behalf of the Bible Society, and over 8,000 addresses on the temperance question. "The Place of Wales in the British Empire" is somewhat irrelevant. The paper is too comprehensive and scattered as a discussion of the particular question "Wales's Place in the Empire." Little attention is given to Wales's relation to the other members of the Empire. It is evident that Wales's place will be insignificant until she becomes more incorporated in sympathy and language with the Empire.

Of late we have received several numbers of the "Ymofynydd," the Unitarian monthly organ, published at Llandysul, S. W. Its motto is "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Unitarians have been pioneers of independent thought, and this modest monthly magazine advocates progress in thought and religion. A superficial review of its contents shows it to be rationalistic, and although advanced in its views of theology, it yet contains articles that are instructive and suggestive of practical truth. In the November number it reviews recent changes in theological creeds, and especially in

the belief regarding hell. The writer states that the fiery preaching of 50 years ago has changed into something milder and more rational, and even orthodox preachers now hardly mention the hell of the fathers. "Hell fire is almost, if not wholly extinguished," it says.

In the Musicians' Gallery in the "Cerdor," No. 65 of the series is Daniel Price, a musical artiste and teacher of ability. Mr. Price was born in Dowlais, S. W., and comes from a musical stock. He studied at the Royal Academy and was for some time vocal teacher at the College. He also served as chief bass at the Church of Westminster. In this "Cerdor" also is an address by Ellis Edwards, M. A., which advances some peculiar views regarding a successful musical director. A musical director should be preacher, prophet, a man of prayer, etc. This may be a mere theory; experience is the best teacher in music as well as in other achievements. A good preacher, prophet, or man of prayer may be a poor and incompetent musical director, and it is a patent fact that some great leaders were neither preachers, prophets nor men of prayer. A musical director is endowed with especial gifts, but it may suffice to say that they are merely musical.

"Croniel" has the usual amount of reading material of a religious quality, with "Notes" by Eynon and Keinion. Eynon raises a deserving question, How to have co-operation between the poor and the richer churches? How to attain this without destroying the independence of the poor churches? Poor churches are suffered to die for want of help, while rich churches wallow in wealth. Here we have a rich church with a highly-salaried minister; there a church (so to speak) in rags with a half-starved minister; and yet both these churches, and both the ministers, profess the possession of God's grace and Christ's love!

—Keinion is offended and provoked because the Congregational Union abstained from passing resolutions condemnatory of the war in South Africa. "At least," he goes on to say, "they might have passed resolutions of sympathy with the women and children in the concentrado camps." The British government appears to care much more for the Boer women and children than do the Boers themselves. Left to themselves they would have died at a much rapider rate. Resolutions of sympathy would afford but slight assistance.

"Cwrs y Byd" discusses questions which no other periodical would have the courage to. In its November number, we find an interesting paper on Buddha; a sketch of his life and a few of his teachings. "The Confines of Matter and Spirit" is continued, this being the 16th paper. This deals with "Hypnotism" or the "Powers of the Mind." The author of the "Abuse of Christianity" writes bitterly of Christian professors and dares to state that bishops, employers of labor, workmen and all are traitors to the cause of Christ. The question of the Boer war is still debated by D. Jones with great determination. "Hither and Thither" by the Editor is deliciously frank upon all the questions he touches. Touching and appertaining to the Penrhyn strike, he says that landlordism is a diabolical system when carried to its logical length. It is tolerated because some landlords are better than the system.

—"Cwrs" states that three years ago, he felt ready to take an oath that every preacher in Wales in case of war, would go against; but now he believes otherwise. He hopes he will never be asked to sit down to listen to these martial ministers of the peaceful Christ preach any more!

In "Y Dysgedydd" we find "Reminiscences of Remarkable Religious Conferences" (Part III.) by the Rev. D.

Evans, Carmarthen. Stories about celebrated preachers and enthusiastic preaching gatherings in Wales are always delighted in by Welsh readers. They are much more interested in them than in political meetings. For many years, these were the Welsh people's means of education and culture. The other papers and articles are The Martyrdom of John Penry, Sacred Music, The Young Man, The Bulwark of His Country, Sunday School Discussions, Events of the Month, Reviews, etc.

In "Events of the Month," the Editor reviews the work of the Congregational Union held at Manchester last October, and the new plan of incorporating the churches of the denomination. In a powerful address at Manchester, Dr. Parker of the City Temple, London, the champion of incorporation, advocated and discussed the new movement with his usual ability and enthusiasm. It is a notable fact that no creed was recommended, and it is probable that no stress will be laid on any particular creed. Congregationalism will be centralized, and every church, mission, domestic and foreign, will be controlled from a central board. It is hoped that more life and energy will be thrown into the religious bodies, now somewhat too independent and lax.

Among other papers of interest in the "Drysorfa" for November, we find an unusual discussion by Peter Roberts on the question of Fasting. It seems that during the month of October a call was made on the Calvinistic Methodists to observe a week of fasting between October 27 and November 3. The writer admits that such a call was unprecedented in the history of Welsh Calvinism, but nevertheless he proceeds to give certain reasons for observing a week of fasting. He believes that a week of fasting might have beneficial effect on the members of the Connexion. It might counteract the present spirit of worldliness and wastefulness;

it might give substantial help to the Forward Movement in Wales; it might intensify religious consciousness and stimulate spiritual activity. One peculiar reason is advanced which has a financial merit. By partial abstinence from the necessities, and especially the luxuries of life for a week, a considerable sum of money might be realized to support the Forward Movement and to meet current expenses. In some poor localities, halls have without forethought been erected, and have become a serious burden, so the writer seems to advocate fasting as means of revenue.

—In his "Monthly Notes" the Editor commends the animation and energy noticeable in the English Calvinistic Association held at Merthyr Tydvil recently. He ascribes it to the youth of the members. The Welsh Associations are notable for their sluggishness and solemnity. This new English branch of the old Welsh Association promises a bright harvest in the near future.

—The Editor views the Free Church movement resulting from the cause celebre in which W. O. Jones played such prominent role. He thinks the movement is a Jonah's gourd which God's worm will smite down ere long. Although it has grown somewhat miraculously, it will afford no permanent shelter to the new cause.

"Y Geninen" for October has the usual quota of entertaining articles and papers. It opens with an attempt to improve the construction of the Welsh language, or at least a condemnation of the kind of Welsh now in use among the newspapers of Wales. Pulpit Welsh also is subjected to bitter censure. There is certainly room enough to improve Welsh literature of to-day in the pulpit, as well as out of it. Some horribly mis-shapen Welsh often appears in Welsh journals. The trouble arises from the neglect of the study of the

language. Our candidates for the pulpit are made more anxious to preach than to master the vernacular. All applicants for a license to preach should be asked to pass a severe Welsh examination. A practical knowledge of Welsh is as necessary as grace. The other papers and articles are Recollections of Eben Fardd, Criticism and the Bible, The Welsh Language in the Schools, Richard Bonner, The Eisteddfodau held at Merthyr during the Nineteenth Century, Recollections of Llew-rwg, Ioan Goch, the Essayist, Cynon Valley, The Slate, My Life in Anglesey for 80 years, An Appeal for Purer Welsh, Why I am Not a Quaker, the Merthyr National Eisteddfod, the Church and the Renaissance in Wales, and a promiscuous collection of interesting poems.

—It is encouraging to find the increased attention paid to the study of Welsh among the Welsh people. It is a lamentable fact that our Welsh colleges and schools direct very little attention to the teaching of the vernacular. After years of attendance and study, students leave with a smattering of Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and a very imperfect knowledge of their own mother tongue. In the paper "The Welsh Language in the Schools" the author ascribes bad Welsh to two causes, viz., preference for the English as being more commercial, and indifference. Indifference is, undoubtedly, the chief cause. A knowledge of English is no obstacle in the way of a perfect knowledge of Welsh. The degeneration of Welsh in Wales is ascribable to ignorance resulting from indifference as to the value of good Welsh. There is much more enthusiasm among the Welsh for the survival of the language than for her reformation. The ordinary Welshman wants the Welsh language to last as long as the world, but he cares little in what stage of corruption or decomposition.



A hundred years ago they used blood as a varnish in some parts of Wales.

British census reports of family names give for England and Wales 253,686 Smiths and 242,100 Joneses.

A copy of the Welsh biography of Queen Victoria, written by the Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A., of Bootle, has been accepted by his Majesty the King, who has commanded his thanks to be expressed for the volume.

At the beginning of last century Glamorganshire had 71,525 inhabitants, and it was then (as now) the most populous county in Wales; but all Wales then had not as many inhabitants as Glamorgan alone boasts to-day, for the total population of the Principality, including Monmouthshire, was under 600,000.

Mr. Edwin Lester Arnold, son of Sir Edwin Arnold, gives an entertaining account of how the Welsh fought at Crecy in his novel, "Phra, the Phoenixion." In the story it is said of them "a good, a gallant crew that I have ever liked, with half a dozen vices, and a score of virtues." They were worked up to a "fine fury by their chanting minstrels whose shrill piping came ever and anon upon the wind."

In a Calvinistic Methodist Church at Llangefni, in Anglesea, the members are not often called upon to appoint a conductor of the singing. That post has been filled during the past 65 years by two persons only, father and son. The

son, Mr. Robert Jones, now resigns owing to failure of health, after a service of 35 years.

A South Wallian, who recently visited the little Kent village, Hayes, near London, was a bit surprised to find in the churchyard a stone bearing the inscription: "Here lies an honest Welshman." Unfortunately, the name was illegible but the inscription further stated that the stone was erected by his grateful master, a London merchant. The date is 1688.

Welshmen on their return from the United States or Canada on a visit to the old country are imbued with a strong affection for everything old in the way of porcelain, china, or earthenware. Thousands of old Welsh jugs, cups and saucers, mugs, and other articles have found their way to the new world. Not long ago a rich American Welshman gave £5 for a broken jug which was not worth 3d. to anybody.

Welshmen push their way into all parts of the world. A letter just received from a resident in Kobo, in Japan, says: "Besides my own family, there are four Welshmen resident in this town. Two are natives of Holywell, one of Hope, in Flintshire, and one of Denbighshire. In March, 1900, was buried a Mrs. Thomas, widow of Captain Joseph Thomas, a native of Pembrokeshire, who had lived here more than twenty years. In the cemetery at Yokohama, 350 miles from here I noticed on headstones the following Welsh names: Robert Owen, Edward

Morris, David Morris, and Charles W. Jones."

A West Wales solicitor, who was asked the other day why he did not go to the Bar, replied, "I don't get much work now, and I would get less then. But if I did become a barrister I am sure my experience would be rosier than that of — (naming a deceased member of the Bar). He only had one case in which he had to defend a man charged with stealing a pair of ducks." "Did he obtain a favorable verdict?" "Not he," was the reply, "and no wonder, for the defense he set up was that prisoner had snatched the ducks off the pond to prevent them drowning!"

A travelling correspondent lets in a flood of light on the industrial condition of things in Wales. "I would enumerate in one farming district in Mid-Wales" he writes, "a dozen farms which used to have their four, five, or six men. Now it is a case of a man and a boy. The mass of them have drifted down into South Wales, and there you may find them working as ordinary colliers. I know one important colliery where you may find farm laborers, painters masons, quarrymen from North Wales carpenters, sweeps, genuine niggers from the West Coast, and Spaniards. This is a plain fact and no romancing. The result is, pits are overcrowded, and the regular collier complains that he cannot earn anything like what he might if there were 'ten mice in the pantry.' As for the farmers, many a one grumbles at his lot in life and wishes he could leave the surface and turn coal-owner."

The "Morning Leader" says: "The visit of a Welsh football team to Blackheath is regarded by many London Welshmen as a fitting opportunity for the gathering of the Celtic clans, and in consequence of the cheap excursions made from many South Wales towns on such occasions friends and relations

meet in London far more frequently than they otherwise would. A Saturday of late was no exception to the rule, and among the crowd that watched Newport and Blackheath could frequently be heard remarks made in a tongue as unintelligible to the "man in the street" as Arabic or Hindustani—it was the language of the ancient Briton. The forbidding character of the Welsh language, as it appears in print, with its plenteous w's, dd's, and ll's, does not seem to be present in its conversational form, judging from the volubility of its speakers. A bystander was convinced that he understood a Welshman's remark in the evening, after the match, "No stars!" presumably in reference to the fog; but was considerably surprised when it was explained that the remark was "Nos da!" the Welsh form of saying "Good night."

It is a well-known custom, when speaking of anything lengthy, to say it was as long "as a Welshman's pedigree." The Welsh are known to have always been partial to pedigrees, and refer with pride to the rock they were hewn from. Of the old documents which have come down to us from past ages, no small proportion of them belong to the subject of Welsh genealogy. Dr. Nicholas tells us, in his "Annals and Antiquities of the Counties and the County Families of Wales" (1872), that genealogy amongst the ancient Welsh was a study intertwined with the whole of their social life, and an element in their law of property, which accounts for the Welshman's predilection for the practice is clearly and rationally traceable. By law (i.e., the Welsh law) a man held rank and claimed property "by kin and descent." He must show his lineage through nine generations to be a free Cymro and holder of land. A person past the ninth descent formed a new Pen Cenedl, or head of family. Every family was represented by its elders, and these elders from every family were delegated to the national council."

In the current number of the "Gen-
inen," the Welsh national magazine,
Mr. Edmund D. Jones, M. A., principal
of Barmouth County School, has an in-
teresting article on the Welsh Language
in schools in which he says: "Owing to
general indifference and the prevalence
of a utilitarian spirit, the Welsh lan-
guage has not yet obtained in schools
the consideration due to it as the moth-
er-tongue of the Welsh nation. The
Board of Education has given every en-
couragement to the teaching of the
Welsh language in elementary schools,
but hitherto little has been done. Gen-
erally speaking, Welsh is used simply
as a medium of instruction, and not as
a subject for its own sake. It is, how-
ever, a great mistake to begin with Eng-
lish literature and composition. Pupils
cannot appreciate English literary
pieces, as their knowledge of the Eng-
lish language and of English life is so
limited. In composition, too, their
knowledge is so small and their knowl-
edge of English style so defective that
it is beyond their powers to give free
vent to their ideas, with the result that
composition, instead of being an exer-
cise in clear thinking and correct ex-
pression, dwindles into a mechanical
memory exercise. But if Welsh com-
position were taught first the pupil
would soon learn to give free scope to
his thoughts, his imagination would be
trained, and 'composition' would become
an exercise of much greater educational
value."

—:O:—

PECULIAR OLD WELSH HYMNS.

(Curious Examples).

O bridd i bridd ystyria'n brudd,
Roi'r pridd mewn pridd i lechu;
Ac erys pridd mewn pridd nes bydd
Y pridd o'r pridd yn codi.

Priddyn ydwyf ar y pruddaf,
Pridd a phryfaid fyddaf nesaf;
Prudd im' feddwl mai pridd fyddaf,
O'r pridd yr wyf, i'r pridd dychwelaf.

Nid i feddwl achub 'chydig
Y daeth Crist i'n daear ni;
Nid i feddwl achub 'chydig
'R aeth i fynydd Caifari;
Nid i feddwl achub 'chydig
'R aeth i lawr i waelod bedd;
Nid i feddwl achub 'chydig
Y daeth i fyny'n hardd o'r bedd.

Ond deuddeg anysgedig
Sydd fwy na dynion cry,
I lanw'r byd o 'fengyl,
Pan Iesu fo o'n iu.
Gideon sydd yn abl
Dystrywio Midian hen,
Dim ond tri chant o bobi,
A phawb i dori 'sten.

Bu hir ddysgwyl am y dydd
Gan y caeth am fyn'd yn rhydd,
Ond o'r diwedd torodd gwawr,
Pan Goliath gawd i lawr.

—O:O—

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

(Part of the address of the Rev. G.
James Jones, D. D., at the funeral of
the late John D. Davis, Oak Hill, O.)

We have been treading the banks of
a stream, and have seen it sinking to
eternity. It was not the narrow, noisy
impetuous mountain rivulet dashing
and foaming against the rocks, or
moaning and walling amidst the crags,
but a deep, wide stream, slowly and
meditatively progressing in its course
with the majesty and rhythm charac-
teristic of inherent grandeur or divine
purpose. There is a moral quality
which is greater than greatness, and
that is inborn goodness enlarged and
sanctified of God. Viewing what is seen
or that stream to human eyes we be-
hold its first bubbling forth as spring in
the valley of Aeron in Cardiganshire,
S. W., in 1822. Those looking at it then
could discover nothing of its potential-
ities; nothing of what it was destined
to become at the behest of God; nothing
of its tremendous force as it was felt
for many years. Its length as men
count time is 75 miles, its breadth and

depth are known only to Him who ordered it. At the end of the 28th mile another stream issuing from the plains of Cilcenin, bearing on its bosom precious treasures, united with it, and the two became one. Then, like all great things of God that united stream began to give itself to the building up of the nations. From that one sprang seven others; they met with other influences, and they too, have become energies of civilization, of progress, of religion.

One of the streams meeting at the confluence in 1850 sank to the sea in 1897, but the first mentioned stream flowed on, somewhat troubled and less vigorous in its course, but grander, more majestic, sweet, translucent, attractive. Some few rods from its earthly termination it became animated with a new element of power, and it yearned gently for union again with its love of long ago, and then quietly on September 29, 1901, sank out of sight of men. The sun was dark, strong eyes could not see: keen ears could not hear: it was midnight, but then that is the birth place of another day. Between twelve and one among men a redeemed soul was ushered in among the angels. The plans of men and the purposes of God were completed.

—o.o—

THE DANIEL OWEN MEMORIAL.

The bronze statue to the late Daniel Owen, the first of Welsh novelists, was unveiled at Mold lately, the ceremony taking place in the presence of a huge concourse of the public, and in perfect weather. Mr. Goscombe John's bronze figure, life-size, and universally declared to be an exact likeness and to give an exactly characteristic attitude of its subject, is placed on a low plinth and pedestal of Flintshire stone in front of the new County Council buildings, close to the Mold Railway Station. Just to the left of it is the ancient Shire Hall of the county, where the Assizes are held. The two structures are within a gravelled

enclosure, which it is intended to ornament in due course with trees, and which is now embellished by the really admirable creation of Mr. Goscombe John.

Prompt to the time appointed the unveiling ceremony was commenced, the president being Mr. J. Herbert Lewis, M. P. for Flint Boroughs, who was supported by Lord Kenyon, Mr. P. P. Pen-nant, Mr. W. Davies (chairman of the County Council), Professor Ellis Edwards (Bala), Professor W. Lewis Jones (Bangor), Mr. Robert Morris (chairman of the Mold Urban Council) Mr. H. Lester Smith (agent to the Duke of Westminster), Mr. Goscombe John, and Mr. E. O. V. Lloyd (Rhagatt). Among those present were Messrs. C. Tudor Hughes, Wrexham; R. Bryan Ezra Roberts, Ruthin; T. Roberts, Mold; H. U. Jones, Rhesycae; P. Mostyn Williams, Rhyi; E. Lloyd, Liverpool; W. Lloyd Parry, Bala; and D. M. Davies, Rhosesmor; Revs. R. Peris Williams, Wrexham; T. M. Rees, Buckley; W. Morgan, Mold; J. Owen, Mold; E. Bithell, Leeswood; Gwilym Rees, Brecon; and Isfryn Jones, Ponkey.

Lord Kenyon, in drawing the cord which caused the drapery about the statue to fall to the ground, said it was his proud duty to unveil the statue of Mr. Daniel Owen, erected in his native town, in which he had spent the greater part of his life in doing them all good. (Cheers). Among his friends and neighbors that statue was unveiled as a permanent memorial to a good life. (Cheers). As the cloth fluttered to the ground a loud cheer was raised, and a verse of "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" was impressively sung. A vote of thanks to Lord Kenyon was carried on the motion of the Chairman of the County Council (Mr. Davies), seconded by the Chairman of the Urban Council (Mr. Morris). A verse of national anthem having been sung, a procession to the Town Hall was formed, and a crowded commemorative meeting was held there, at which Lord Kenyon presided.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

JOSIAH HUGHES, DENVER.

The Editors of "The Cambrian" are pleased to learn of the high standing of many of our countrymen in Colorado, Utah and their adjacent States. By their native ability, by their acquired culture, and by sterling character, they have proven themselves to be potent factors in the building up of communities on the steep hills and canyons of the Rocky States. The subject of the present sketch is a representative of the best type of Cambria's product.

Josiah Hughes was born at Llanadron, near the village of Pontrobert, Montgomeryshire, North Wales, March 19, 1841, the son of John Hughes, who was, also, son of John Hughes, the well-known miller of the neighborhood. His mother's maiden name was Gwen Gitting, daughter of a very respectable family living near by. The boy Josiah, at 7, was a pupil in a Pontrobert private school, exceptional opportunities in those days. Of course his Welsh, which is clear and pure to-day, was taught and polished in the first college of all Welsh children, the Sunday School. This, in his case, was at the Congregational Church, the Rev. Mr. Jones, Peniys, being its pastor, and at that of the Calvinistic Church, Rev. John Hughes, pastor (Hughes, Pontrobert). From these churches came quite a number of public men. Our subject was brought up in the church, came to America when nine, grew up to young manhood at Pike Grove, near Racine, Wis., and was a member of its Congregational church. He entered the country school of the neighborhood, which covered only a period of four months of the year. When 18 he moved to Granville O., and attended Dennison College one year, being de-

termined to use every opportunity to obtain an education. After that he spent two years in Newark, snatching school advantages alternately with working in the lumber business. From Newark he went to the Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, O., where he spent six years, graduating in 1868 with honor, the title of his oration being, "Guard the Beginning," a significant idea, which he has lived up to, and one which has been with him a motto of success throughout his busy and honorable life.

"Honor and fame from no condition rise
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

We should have mentioned heretofore that in 1864, Mr. Hughes volunteered in the 135th, Company C, Ohio National Guard, and stood forth to maintain the honor of the flag of his adopted country. He was a member of the famous "Squirrel Hunters," who were hurriedly formed when Bragg threatened Cincinnati.

During 1868-69, Mr. Hughes took charge of the Paddy's Run Academy. In 1870 he moved to Brownsville, Mo., and took charge of the village school. While here the superintendency of the schools of the State Capital, Jefferson, was offered to him, but on account of impaired health, he was constrained to decline the honor. About this time, he decided to go out to Colorado—a dangerous undertaking in those days, because the "Missouri route" westward was nothing less than rampant rebellion—the party almost being attacked by rebellious spies in all guises. There were no trains, only the pioneer stage. The party wended their way from Kit Carson through the then wilderness in their march toward their goal, Pueblo.

The Hughes' lumber yard at Pueblo was a business landmark of that city, and a firm respected in all circles for straightforwardness and integrity.

In the summer of 1890, Mr. Hughes moved to Denver, where, conjointly with his brother, he has conducted a lumber business on a large scale. Mr.

personality. At no time was this truth exemplified more than at the time the Cambrian Society was organizing the forces around in order to hold the three-day grand Elsteddfod of 1896. Then the steady hand, the firm judgment, the conservative action, yet enthusiastic, the oratorical power, and the calm



Josiah Hughes.

Hughes was soon the president of the Lumbermen's Association, and also the president of the Cambrian Society for several terms, his business ability, his cultured mind, and spotless character ever bringing him to the front. Mr Hughes is a type of the best class of Welshmen—one who has made a deep impression upon the community of Denver, and indeed of the State, by the potency of his culture, and of his noble

presidency of Mr. Hughes came into fine play, and well it was for all concerned that it was so.

It is just that we should, through the columns of our Cambro-American magazine, acknowledge the great and continued courtesy and kindness of the Denver press toward the Cambrian Society, and all public doings of the Cambrian people, especially the grand Elsteddfod of 1896. The press believed in

the personality, integrity and ability of the Elsteddfod president and his main associates, hence its unqualified support of the festival which proved to be such an artistic and social success.

—o:—

MRS. JOSIAH HUGHES, DENVER.

With regard to the foregoing sketch of Mr. Josiah Hughes, "the half has not been told." The other half, and a brilliant half, must also be told. The

wyn, Glamorganshire, Wales. We are told by substantial friends that the girlhood of the then Mary J. Davies was a prophecy of later fulfilment. Her eagerness for education made her a model pupil in the Delaware public school, and the sweetness of her character made her an influence for the upliftment of her co-students. The humorous side of her nature seemed to enliven all around. Her public school education culminated when she was 17. Then she



Mrs. Josiah Hughes.

writer will risk his reputation (if he has any) that Mr. Hughes and Julius Caesar are one in their estimation of their wives, when the latter, a la Shakespeare said:

"You are my true and honorable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops,
That visit my sad heart."

But Mr. Hughes never had a "sad" heart, his happy surroundings, his true helpmeet, and the will power and culture of both have been guides and bulwarks in their lives.

Mrs. Josiah Hughes was born at Delaware, O., April 20, 1850. Her father, John J. Davies, was a native of Pontyberem, Carmarthenshire, and her mother (Catherine Owen) was born at Tu-

entered the Junior year at the Ohio Wesleyan Seminary, in her native city. During her Senior year, she was offered and accepted a position in the public schools of Galena, O., where she taught for one year; then back to Delaware to teach with great success for ten years, and establishing by her ability and tact a state reputation.

Into most of such lives there cometh a story. The Welsh people of Delaware were commendably solicitous about the welfare of young men of talent and promise. So, a young gentleman entered the social and literary life of that beautiful city, and, with him, or about the same time, one D. I. Jones, afterwards the Rev. D. I. Jones, the first publisher

of the "Cambrian." The first young gentleman, who by his native dignity, his scholarship, gentleness of character and unconscious influence, became a leading power at once, was Josiah Hughes. Miss Davies, then, was a young girl, sweetly leading on Sundays her blind grandmother to the "Capel Bach"—a picture of goodness and devotion that caught the heart of Mr. Hughes, with the result of a matrimonial alliance, which has continued in one dignified and happy career up to this day. They were married September 9, 1879, at Delaware, at the old home of the family, the Rev. A. D. Hawn, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Jones, officiating. After that, they both came direct to Pueblo. One son, a bright lad of 11 years, Josiah Hughes, Jr., is the issue of their wedded life.

Previously, as well as after the wedding, Mrs. Hughes has been an active and leading church worker, and when at Pueblo proved herself to be of the greatest assistance to Mr. Hughes in pioneer church work. Her experience with children made her an adept in building up and teaching children's classes, in Sunday School and out of it.

While in Pueblo Mrs. Hughes was instrumental in organizing a Benevolent Association, which gave to the poor and sick a home, without charge. This work grew to such an extent that it soon became a State institution. Mrs. Hughes acted as its secretary for eleven years.

Moving to Denver in 1890, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes identified themselves with the Central Presbyterian Church. But they always felt a deep and lasting interest in every movement connected with their nation—in and out of the Welsh church—and keeping in touch all the time with everything that tends to exalt the Welsh name. As a member of the Cambrian Society, and at present its secretary, Mrs. Hughes has been a leading spirit in the movements of an organization which is superior to most, and not inferior to the best among the Cambrian societies of the United States.

The board of lady managers of the 1896 Eisteddfod of Denver honored themselves, and exhibited good judgment in the election of Mrs. Hughes as its president. Her knowledge of and tact in dealing with human nature, her broad culture, executive ability and social standing, along with the splendid company of the patriotic ladies of the board, among them Mrs. W. A. Brubaker, Mrs. John G. Jenkins, Mrs. M. A. Ellis, Mrs. John Evans, Mrs. E. G. Owens, Mrs. M. L. Williams, Mrs. Chas. A. Scott Mrs. Archie Davies, Mrs. Edward Williams and many others, gave to the general public the best impression and promise of the festival that was to make Denver famous in Eisteddfodic annals. Mrs. Hughes in her terse inaugural struck the keynote of sympathetic co-operation in these words reported in the "Denver Republican" the following day:

"It is with great timidity that I accept the honor unanimously conferred upon me, and I trust that I shall have the co-operation of all the ladies. The undertaking is arduous, but we have taken it in hand in time to give it our earnest moments, our wisest action, our best thoughts. The women whom we have enlisted are women who know no such words as fail. I do not propose to make any set rules of action; we shall be guided by circumstances, and the credit of success will be due to all the ladies of the Eisteddfod."

Many times did the Board of Directors compliment the ladies for their efficient work, and acknowledge that they had brought to the support and honor of the old and glorious national festival the best minds of the city and State. Long live our women of culture. May their tribe increase. May our daughters of Cymru, and those of Cymric descent ever be faithful to Welsh tradition, and by their talent, learning and character make lustrous the name of beloved Wales, and make the world brighter and better.

A WELSH NOVELIST.

Wales is not rich in statues to the memory of her more brilliant sons, although history can point the finger to not a few leading lights in the realms of music, poetry, art and literature from the Principality. Perhaps it is that Welshmen prefer to honor those to whom honor is due during their lifetime, and not after they have passed to that "bourne whence no traveller returns." Certainly Wales is particularly fond of promoting testimonials, if that be any proof of their antipathy to honoring the dead. However that may be, the statue that the people of Mold have erected to the memory of the late Daniel Owen, the Welsh novelist, who was born in that North Wales town, is indeed welcome, for the author of "Rhys Lewis" will long live in Welsh history as a writer of just that kind of healthy fiction that it is pleasing to promote. Daniel Owen was the first Welshman to overcome the prejudices of the stricter set of Welsh Nonconformists regarding works of fiction. Doubtless it was the novelist's brilliant style as he depicted human life in all its various phases that enabled him to do this. On this point, the Liverpool "Mercury" says: "Puritan Nonconformists who had resisted all the attractions of English fiction flung their scruples to the winds when 'Rhys Lewis' appeared, and laughed and wept over the mingled humor and pathos of the book. Daniel Owen excels as a delineator of such characters as he saw around him. The preacher of all kinds, the saintly deacon, the smart, bustling tradesman, and other familiar personages of village life are depicted with the fidelity of the Dutch painters. Of plot he had little or no conception, and his philosophy of life was circumscribed by the limits of Mold and Bala. But in describing the daily scenes of Welsh life he has had no equal. He wrote easy and unaffected Welsh, and sometimes

came near to greatness in his handling of the more sombre themes of human existence. He deserves the honor which has been done to him; but it should not be forgotten that a still greater honor is to buy his books and read them." In addition to all these qualities as a writer, the name of Daniel Owen will stand out in one other direction that is well worthy the emulation of the youth of all ages.—Swansea "Cambrian."

—o: o—

A WELSH SCULPTOR.

The late Mynorydd was born at Merthyr, but removed to London well nigh 60 years ago, where he settled down, brought up a family of sons and daughters—notably Mrs. Mary Davies, whose fame as a vocalist is known far and wide, and be it said, brought them up faithfully in the creed and language of their fathers. Springing from a musical stock—his father, Mr. Moses Davies, being a musician of note in Merthyr when Merthyr was pre-eminently the musical centre of South Wales—he developed considerable musical talent when young. Nature had endowed him with a good vocal organ, and he displayed some ability in manipulating the violin, and particularly in playing the flute. When his voice "broke, however, the result caused all hopes in the direction of vocalism to be abandoned; and when the father, with the view of assisting the lad—for whom he evidently desired a musical career—gave him an opportunity to hear Nicholson, the premier flutist of that day, that result was equally unfavorable, for the youth in this case "broke" his heart, and never touched the instrument again.

But the consequence of these experiences was that his own wish was gratified—viz., to become a sculptor, or in Welsh "mynorydd," and hence the now well-known nom de plume. The story of his life as supplied by himself is summarized in the "Cerdor" for Au-

gust, published with a likeness in time for the National Elsteddffod held in his native town, to which he looked forward, and which he attended. That was probably his farewell visit to an Elsteddffod, and it was to "Henwlad ei dadau" and the town of his birth.

Mynorydd's interesting and intelligent face will be missed for many a day at the Elsteddffodau and other patriotic meetings where London Welshmen generally congregate, and still more so among the Calvinistic Methodist body, with which he had been connected so long, and at the church where he had labored so indefatigably and successfully as "blaenor" and precentor.

—o:o—

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

On November 8, 1851, Mr. John D. Pugh was united in marriage to Maria Ann Reece, the eldest child of Rev. Hugh E. Reece in Cincinnati Ohio. Ever since in sunshine and shower, in joy and sorrow, in poverty and affluence, they have been joined heart and hand until to-day they have rounded out the golden circle. Surrounded by children and grandchildren they received the congratulations of their dear ones. At the home of their youngest son, their only child that resides in Cincinnati an elaborate dinner was prepared and served by loving hands. The table was decorated with yellow satin ribbons and tall yellow chrysanthemums and ferns. The favors were yellow satin bows. On account of Mrs. Pugh's delicate health invitations were confined to the immediate relatives. Rev. H. W. Griffith, their pastor, made some very impressive remarks in their native tongue, and their son-in-law, Rev. John Roberts invoked heaven's richest blessings upon them. The camera played a very important part in the evening's entertainment. Mr. Pugh was a contracting plasterer in his earlier years, but twenty years ago retired to enjoy that which

he had accumulated, leaving the business in the hands of his son. Mr. Pugh is well and favorably known by the Welsh in the United States. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Pugh; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Pugh, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Pugh; Rev. and Mrs. John Roberts; Rev. H. W. Griffith; Mrs. John Bell; Mr. M. M. Reece; Miss Hattie Reece; Mrs. Mary Pugh; Miss Anna Pugh; Miss Jennie E. Reece; Masters Willie and Burt Pugh; Misses Bessie and Cora Pugh; Master John Pugh—Roberts; Miss Maria Grace Roberts. As expressed by one of their friends we echo the sentiment, "May the golden link have a diamond setting."

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 8, 1901.

—o:o—

SINS OF THE SAINTS.

The Rev. Geo. James Jones, D. D., is now preparing a series of fresh articles based on the most recent statistics, facts of history and philosophy on the general topic, "The Sins of the Saints." They are to run through most of next year; they will answer in part the question, Why the churchanity of the century does not meet the needs and approval of the age? Some of the statements are striking, startling, stimulating. A world of ideas and habits are brought together, and then the calcium light of logic is thrown on all, giving the reader in few tersely written pages the thinking and the experience of many.

It is the intention to publish these articles more elaborately in book form. Our readers are fortunate that we have secured them for "The Cambrian;" they are worth more than is asked for the magazine. Our friends should tell the news to their neighbors that many others should profit by these as well as by other bright features of the magazine. We aim to give an up-to-date magazine, and many believe that it is equal to the best \$1 magazine in the country.

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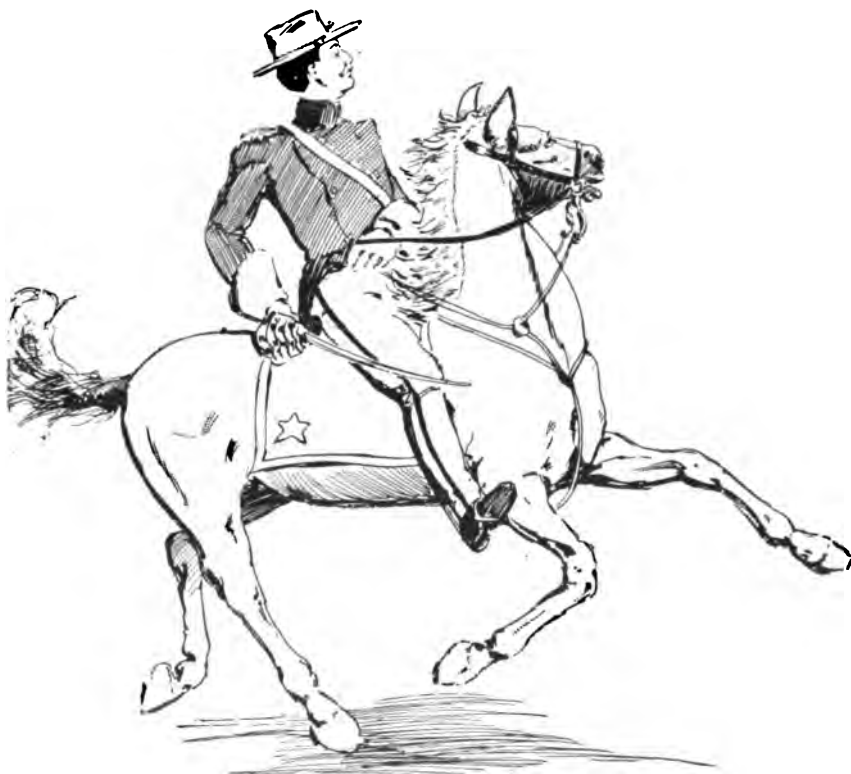
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